



"This Booke is mine.

IRENE ANDREWS:

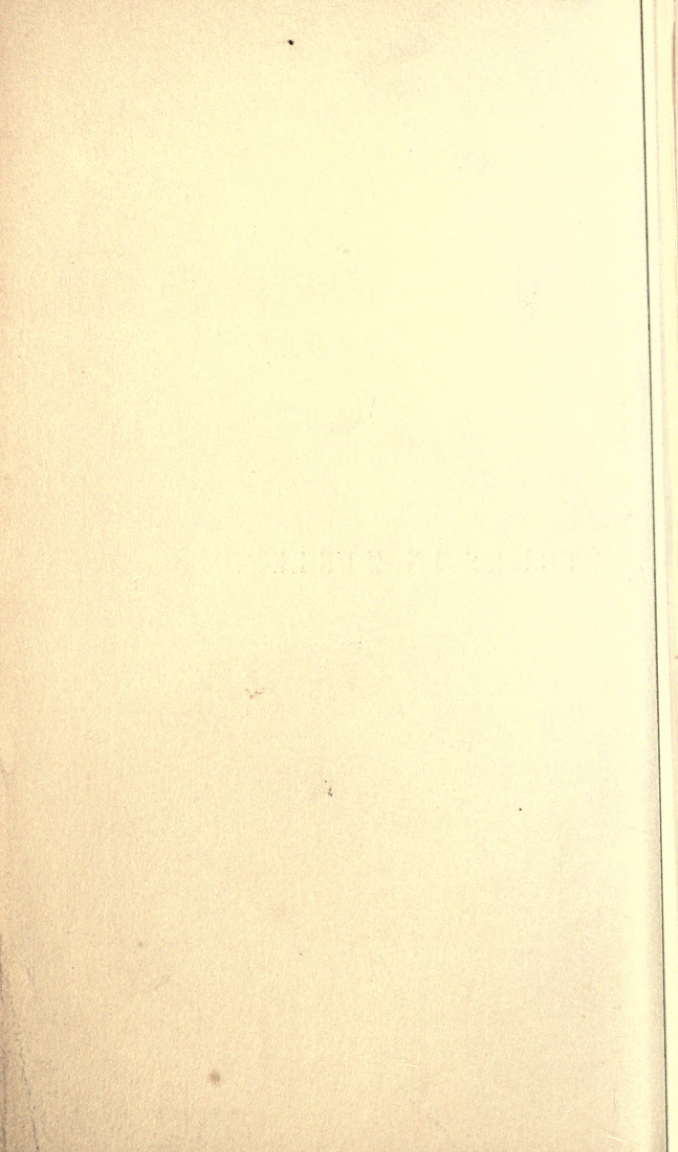
And I yt Loos And you yt find,
I pray you hartely to Be so
kynnd, that you will take a letel
payhe to see my Booke Brothe
home AGAYNE"

Irene Owen Andrews-

Nov. 1922

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TOURS IN ULSTER.

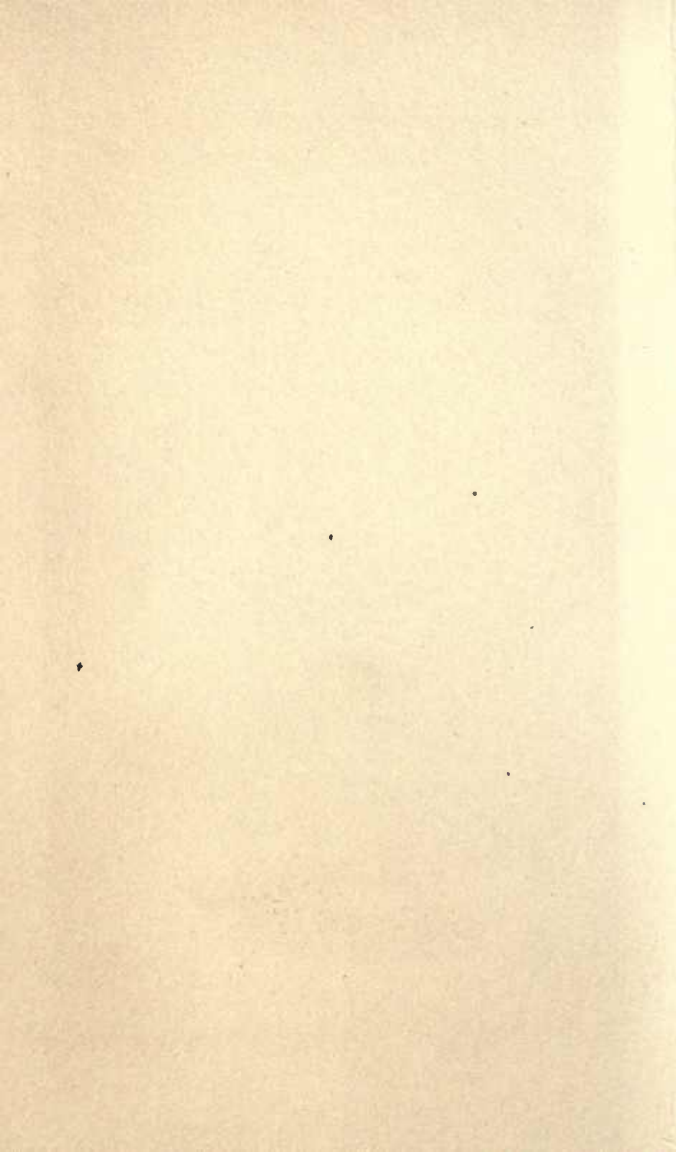


TOURS
IN
ULSTER
a Hand Book to the
Antiquities & Scenery
OF THE NORTH OF
IRELAND
by J. B. Doyle



D U B L I N

Hodges & Smith, Grafton Street





BELFAST

Dublin: Hughes & Son, 104, Leadenhall Street.

TOURS IN ULSTER:

A HAND-BOOK

TO

THE ANTIQUITIES AND SCENERY

OF THE

NORTH OF IRELAND.

BY

J. B. DOYLE.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS,

CHIEFLY FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCH-BOOK.

DUBLIN:

HODGES AND SMITH, GRAFTON-STREET,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.


1854.

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P R E F A C E.



THE Province of Ulster, distinguished alike by its early civilization and its present prosperity, has been comparatively little known to strangers, with the exception of a few of its more prominent localities, such as the Causeway, Belfast, Londonderry.

The object of the present work is to conduct the Tourist not only to these great centres of attraction, but to lay open many localities not usually visited, and which are possessed of considerable historic and scenic interest.

No part of Ireland affords a better field for the observation of character, whether we regard it as developed and brought to maturity in those busy hives of human industry—the manufacturing districts,—or in its primitive simplicity—in the glens and mountains of the vast tracts which lie either insulated or in the western and eastern highlands of Donegal and Mourne.

In the marked distinctions of the races which compose its population, the ethnologist will find much to stimulate inquiry and research ; for, notwithstanding the amalgamating influence of time and intermarriages, the names, habits, customs, and mental qualities of the ancient Erse, Anglo-Saxon, Scotch, and French Huguenots, can still be traced with tolerable distinctness.

As the theatre of the protracted struggles between the Irish and Danes, and, at a later period, with the English and Scotch, which finally terminated in the Settlement of Ulster, it is especially worthy of the notice of the stranger, who will eagerly trace out the scenes rendered famous by the hereditary gallantry of the O'Neils, and the exploits of the De Courceys and De Laceys, &c., of whom many striking anecdotes are given.

Notices of its Natural History, Geology, Mineralogy, and Antiquities, suited to the plan of the work, will be found in connexion with the localities described.

The benefits likely to arise from increased facilities of communication will have the effect of strengthening the bonds of commercial intercourse now so happily existing between the North and the sister country. Tourists from other parts of Ireland will also have an opportunity of seeing what may

be effected by the industry and energy of an enlightened and self-relying community.

The growth and culture of flax, which are now receiving so much attention, have been described at some length; and the relative value of the raw material and manufactured article is pointed out.

The author has noticed the great amount of Water-power rendered available by the improvements of the Erne and the Bann, with the view of drawing attention to the wide field which has there been opened to the capitalist for profitable investment.

The illustrations which enrich the work are numerous and varied, to suit its several details,—of which we may particularly mention, that the Portraits of those eminent men who, by their rank, genius, or industry, have shed a lustre upon this favoured district, have been obtained, and engraved at a considerable expense.

In making this selection, the author acknowledges to some embarrassment from the omission of many who are possessed of equal claims upon public notice, but in consequence of the limits prescribed to this portion of the work it was obviously unavoidable.

Although most of the illustrations are from the sketch-book of the author, he has to express his thanks to A. W. Forde, Esq., of the Londonderry and Coleraine Railway; to Alexander Johns, Esq.,

of the Ordnance Department, Carrickfergus; and to J. K. Arthur, Esq., of London, for their valuable co-operation.

The authorities chiefly relied upon are, "The Annals of the Four Masters," edited by John O'Donovan, LL.D.; the Rev. Dr. Reeves' "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor;" Dr. Stewart's valuable "History of Armagh;" the Essay upon the Round Towers, by Dr. Petrie; and many other standard writers, both ancient and modern, whose names are acknowledged in the proper place.

JULY, 1854.



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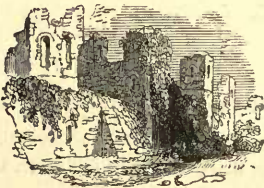
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INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the North is the special subject to which the present volume is devoted, yet, as the great majority of tourists enter Ireland by the Capital, we deem it necessary to devote a few introductory pages to guide them through the intervening districts. As to Dublin itself, we think it will be sufficient to direct attention to the admirable handbook published last year by Hodges and Smith, entitled, "DUBLIN: WHAT'S TO BE SEEN, AND HOW TO SEE IT,"—embracing as it does the city and surrounding country.

When the objects most worthy of attention have been visited, the tourist's first anxiety will be to reach the North by the most beautiful, as well as by the most expeditious, route, two conditions not often combined, but happily quite possible in the present instance by the northern line of railway. We may indeed call it the "Great Northern," for surely it is as great as any of them, and, as regards the

wealth, intelligence, and prosperity, and the scenic attractions of the district to and through which it leads, it is confessedly the "greatest" of them all.

Should the object be to "go ahead" to the northern capital at once *en route* to the Causeway, or to visit the beautiful watering-places in Downshire and the north-east coast, including Rostrevor, Killeel, Newcastle, Dundrum, Donaghadee, Bangor, Hollywood, &c., the route will be through Malahide, Balbriggan, Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, &c. If the object be to proceed to Derry and the north-west, the tourist must proceed from Dundalk to Castleblayney by the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway, which is now open to Ballybay. Let us follow the first route.

As the train emerges from the Drogheda Terminus in Talbot-street, the scenery of the river and Dublin Bay is of the most pleasing character, its great outline being defined by the promontory of Howth on the north, and the Killiney Hills on the south, forming a panoramic view of the unrivalled scenery of the spacious bay which is thus enclosed. The scene quickly changes as the train advances, and in the view to seaward the principal object is Ireland's Eye, with its steep, iron-bound shore and singularly formed crags; a distant view is soon obtained of the island of Lambay, to the north-east. A me-

lancholy interest attaches to these three localities—Howth, as the scene of the wreck of the *Victoria*; Lambay, as that of the illfated *Tayleur*; and Ireland's Eye, as the reputed scene of a tragedy still more appalling. Passing the Howth Station, the train arrives at Malahide in fifteen minutes. Its new and handsome terraces, and magnificent hotel, show its rapid improvement, and afford good evidence of the extent of accommodation provided for the summer visitors to this beautiful and convenient watering-place. Here the railway crosses a considerable estuary: the view is pleasing,—on the right the clean and yellow sand-hills, clothed with the bent star, forming a charming lounge for the ephemeral visitors who come down occasionally to keep holiday; and on the left, the lake-like estuary cut off by the railway, by which the Meadow Water, an excellent trout river, enters the sea. The ancient Castle of Malahide, the seat of Lord Talbot de Malahide, is pointed out just before the train reaches the station.

Two miles farther the line crosses another estuary; the view is still fine to seaward, the chief objects of interest being Lambay, the demesnes of Newbridge and Turvey are on the left, and Portrane, the seat of the late Colonel Evans, is on the right, its situation being marked by a monumental tower, erected by

his lady to his memory. The town of Rush and Kenure Park, the beautiful mansion of Sir Roger Palmer, are seen to the right, north of the estuary of Rush.

The line now tends gradually towards the coast, passing within a few yards of the sea at Ardgillan Castle and Hampton: the former the residence of Colonel Taylour, M. P., and the latter that of George Alexander Hamilton, M. P. for the University of Dublin. At Balbriggan the line passes between the harbour and the town. This is also a rising watering-place, with good accommodation and excellent bathing ground.

Passing Lowther Lodge, the marine residence of George Macartney, Esq., M. P., the line shortly after enters the county of Meath near Gormans-town, near to which, on the left, is Lord Gormans-town's Castle. From this to Drogheda no object of interest claims attention. The sea views, however, are still very charming.

At Drogheda, the new viaduct over the Boyne is an object of considerable interest; as the train moves very slowly over it, sufficient time is afforded for its examination. The Boyne is a river of historic fame; on its banks, about three miles up, the famous battle was fought which decided the fate of James II., and secured the Crown of England for

William III. The scenery of the valley is full of interest, and would form a delightful place for a day's excursion.

The Boyne tourist may avail himself of the Navan line which breaks off here to the west.

The Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway commences at Drogheda, and runs through the county of Louth at a considerable distance from the coast. Before reaching Dunleer it passes between the demesnes of Rokeby Hall and Barmeath, the latter the residence of Lord Bellew. From this to Dundalk there are no objects worthy of special mention. Dundalk is the county town of Louth. It is a large and thriving seaport. The bay is a large and shallow estuary, with extensive slobbs along its shores. The Carlingford Mountains, along its margin, present many interesting phases. The most remarkable object in the view is Trumpet Hill, the southern face of which is occupied by the richly wooded demesne of Belurgan Park.

At Dundalk the Enniskillen Railway turns off to the left; of this route to Londonderry we shall speak just now.

Leaving Dundalk, the line runs through Lord Roden's demesne, and soon after reaches the passes of the Forkhill Mountains, having the splendid demesne of Ravensdale, Lord Clermont's residence, on

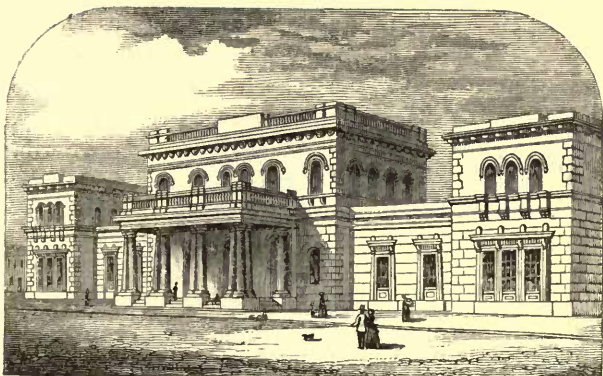
the right; and entering the county of Armagh, between the Claret Rock and Feede Mountain, it proceeds towards the valley of the Newry Water, within a short distance of the town. The lofty mountain on the left hand is Slieve Gullion, on the slopes of which are the beautifully situated demesnes of Hawthorn Hill and Killeavy. Here properly the northern tour begins, and we refer the reader to the regular details under their proper heads.

THE ROUTE TO DERRY

by the DUNDALK and ENNISKILLEN line may be accomplished by leaving Dublin by the 8.30 A.M. for Castleblayney. Upon the arrival of the train a coach starts for Fintona to meet the Derry and Enniskillen Railway; or, leaving Dublin by 7.15 P.M. train, on arriving at Castleblayney a coach starts direct for Omagh, to meet the train for Derry. To do this with the least inconvenience, passengers can be booked at the Imperial Hotel, in Dublin, for the whole line, where every information will be afforded.

The Derry and Enniskillen Railway is now open as far as Fintona, and it is expected that the entire line to Enniskillen will be completed before August.

July, 1854.



Terminus of the Ulster Railway,

CHAPTER I.

TOWN OF BELFAST.

Historic Outline—Public Buildings—Botanic Gardens, &c.

UPON the approach to Belfast by the Railway from Dublin, the tourist, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, is sure to have his admiration excited by the novelty and beauty of the scene upon which he has just entered. The two former can scarcely bring themselves to believe that they are really in Ireland, a land associated in their minds with the most unpleasing ideas, surrounded as they now are with all the indications of the most thriving prosperity, and in the midst of an intensely industrious manufacturing

population. As they glide by the numerous bleach-greens which stripe the verdant slopes on either hand, they might well suppose themselves to be in some of the more favoured districts of their own prosperous country. To the Irishman who is on his first visit to the North, the impressions are still more striking. He gazes for the first time in his life upon what has rendered England and Scotland so prosperous, and begins to feel no small degree of pleasure from the consideration that his own country is possessed of capabilities for prosperity, if properly developed, fully equal, if not superior, to those of the sister kingdoms.

Arrived at Belfast, the traveller is at once struck with the great difference which it presents to the southern cities, not only in its general aspect, but in the ordinary deportment of its inhabitants. The easy, promenading air of the citizens of Dublin, contrasts rather unfavourably, in a business point of view, with the active bustling of the Northerners. Here men seem to have something of importance to attend to, and to go about it in right earnest.

To the most cursory observer, the numerous factory chimneys, shooting up their slender towers far above the houses, pouring forth their endless volumes of smoke, are no mean index to the extent of the enterprise and industry which have made Belfast the most thriving and prosperous town in the kingdom.

The beauty of its public buildings, the number of its banking-houses, its many fine streets, its large and ele-

gantly appointed shops, and noble quays, are all calculated to impress the mind with the conviction of its extent and great commercial importance.

Nor is it more distinguished by its commerce and manufactures than for its cultivation of polite literature. It has been well styled the Athens of the North, and a very short residence will convince the stranger that it has not been misnamed.

Its literary activity is evidenced by the number of its private voluntary societies, most of which are well attended, and afford ample opportunities for the development of the various tastes and talents of the inhabitants.

The present Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade, Sir James Emerson Tennent, was largely identified with the youth of his day, as a distinguished member of these debating societies and literary institutions. He subsequently entered Parliament as representative of his native town, and identified himself first and last with the policy of the late Sir Robert Peel. In connexion with that party he became Colonial Secretary in Ceylon, from which post he had but recently returned when he was appointed to his present office. Under his own proper name of Emerson, he has acquired considerable reputation in the literary world by the publication of his Travels in the Levant, and his History of Modern Greece.

In addition to the Royal Belfast Academic Institution and the Queen's College, it has many academies of



Sir James Emerson Tennent.

high repute as training schools. Viewed either in its relation to science or commerce, Belfast may be regarded as an instructive illustration how perfectly compatible are the pursuits of the most intense industry with the highest literary cultivation.

To afford the stranger the means of gratifying his curiosity, and making a more minute acquaintance with this interesting city, we propose to conduct him to the objects most worthy of his thoughtful consideration,

omitting such as are of minor importance, which, however interesting in themselves, possess little to compensate for the loss of time in visiting them. Before we do so, we shall endeavour to give a brief outline of the history of Belfast, in order to enable the tourist to appreciate more fully its present highly important commercial position.

HISTORIC OUTLINE.

Belfast is situated at the mouth of the River Lagan, at the southern extremity of what was once termed Carrickfergus Bay, but now known as Belfast Lough. It is said to derive its name from the Irish words "Bella Farsad," or the "Mouth of the Ford," there being formerly a ford near the situation of the present Queen's Bridge.* It is built on an alluvial flat, and although only a few feet above the level of the sea, it is considered to be a very healthy town; to which, indeed, its proximity to the mountains must largely contribute. The arrangement of the streets is well calculated to effect its ventilation, as they almost invariably open in long vistas towards the hills, and act as funnels to admit a constant current of pure mountain air into the very heart of the town. Nothing can be more pleas-

* In the recent improvements of the river the situation of the ford has been ascertained, and the stepping-stones by which it was crossed have been taken from the head of the river, and are to be seen at Mr. H. Williams's, at Queen's Island; but it is much to be feared that these interesting relics will be lost sight of and be dispersed.

ing than the appearance of the hills as they arise around the town on every side, some of them to the height of more than 1100 feet. Of these Cave Hill, with its mural crown, formed by M'Art's Fort, is the most celebrated.

Before the English Invasion, so insignificant was Belfast that its name was scarcely known. It was little more than an obscure and mean village, situated at a ford at the mouth of the Lagan, between the counties of Down and Antrim. The first historical account which we have of it is that of its destruction by Edward le Bruce, who, in 1315, came over to Ireland on the invitation of O'Neil and other Irish chieftains, and wasted the English Pale, which, according to Spencer, then extended to Dunluce. From this period it remained for a long time in the undisturbed possession of the Irish; and it was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that Gerald, Earl of Kildare, finding it necessary to check the growing power of the O'Neils, sent several expeditions into Ulster, in one of which, in 1503, he took the Castle of Belfast, and dismantled it before he returned to Dublin. Upon his retreat it was rebuilt by the Irish, and fortified. Nine years after, however, it was again taken by the same Gerald, and destroyed. In 1552, the Lord Deputy Crofts fortified the Castle, and, having garrisoned it, committed it to the custody of Hugh Mac Neil Oge, of Clanhugh-boy, or Claneboy, who swore allegiance to the Crown of England. He was soon after slain in a conflict with some marauding Scots, after which Randolphus Lane, an Englishman, was ap-

pointed to the command. The O'Neils still held possession of the surrounding country, until 1571, when Elizabeth made a grant of it and a considerable tract, to Sir Thomas Smith, who, however, failed to subdue the district, or to fulfil several of the covenants contained in his grant, in consequence of which the whole Earldom of Ulster again reverted to the Crown under James I.*

In 1612, the town of Belfast, together with the Manor and Castle, and some large estates, were granted by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester as having been most active in forwarding the King's views, and by letters patent created him Baron of Belfast. The next year it was constituted a corporation, under a Sovereign, twelve burgesses, and a commonalty, with privilege of sending two members to Parliament. From this we may date the rise of Belfast, not only into political, but also into commercial, importance. In the year 1637, it obtained from the Crown the privilege of receiving one-third of the duties payable on goods imported into Carrickfergus, which town was compensated by the Earl of Strafford on the part of the Government. The trade of that town was rapidly transferred to Belfast. About this time the introduction of English and Scotch settlers into the north of Ireland took place, and the town was in a short time surrounded by their settlements. To this fortunate circumstance, not only may the prosperity of Belfast be attributed, but also that of the province of Ulster.

* "The Grand Inquisition of the County Down, 1621."

The first sovereign of Belfast was Thomas Pottinger, of Mount Pottinger, in 1661. This gentleman was the ancestor of the present Sir H. Pottinger, Bart., who is the thirty-first in lineal descent from Egbert, the first Saxon King of all England, and grandfather to Alfred the Great. This ancient and illustrious family was never more worthily represented than in the present Baronet, whose valuable services in India and China have been repeatedly acknowledged in Parliament, and on account of which he is now enjoying a pension of £1500 a year.

By the failure of the rebellion of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and the subsequent outbreak under Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, the Crown became possessed of 500,000 acres. It was at once resolved by the King to settle this vast district with Scotch and English settlers. Many families of the English Nonconformists came over, and gladly availed themselves of such a good opportunity to escape from the severe laws which had been passed against them. The Presbyterians found whole parishes with the glebes wholly at their mercy, there being no Episcopalian ministers in charge; consequently the members of their body took possession of the parishes; and, what was still more strange, many were ordained by the then Bishops of Raphoe and Down, and thus became to all intents and purposes rectors of their parishes, without abandoning their own mode of worship. It so happened that both these Bishops, Knox of Raphoe, and Echlin of Down, were Scotchmen, and therefore

favourably disposed to their countrymen and to their forms of worship. The good Archbishop Ussher also used his influence, being more desirous for the spread of true religion than for the domination of his Church.

It would be a painful and profitless task to enter into the cruelties which took place on both sides at this period: the country was wasted by fire and sword; thousands of the wretched natives died of starvation, and the lands, being thus depopulated, lay waste, until the country was settled by the immigration of the Scotch and English; the few remaining inhabitants were compelled, in general, to horde together in separate settlements, still called, by way of distinction,—“Irish towns.”

It was long, however, before the country felt the benefit of the Scottish settlement. It was more than a century before Belfast began to show any very remarkable signs of improvement. This was chiefly owing to the unsettled state of the country, from the wars in which the inhabitants were forced to take their share, especially in the reign of Charles I. The town was successively occupied by General Monroe and Parliamentary forces under Monk. It was again retaken by the Royalists; and, finally, after the reduction of Drogheda, Cromwell sent Colonel Venables, to whom, after four days, it surrendered; having stood no less than four sieges in six years, and as many times changed its masters.

In 1688 it received a new charter from James II., by which the burgesses were increased to thirty-five, and the privileges of the Corporation much diminished. Upon the arrival of Duke Schomberg, in 1690, he was received with joy; and some months after, William, who landed on the 9th of June at Carrickfergus, was received with every demonstration of loyalty and respect. Addresses were presented both by the Episcopalian and Presbyterian ministers. He remained five days in Belfast, stopping at the house of Sir William Franklin, the site of which is now occupied by the Donegal Arms, in Castle-place. His Majesty was so well pleased with the loyalty of the Presbyterians, that upon his arrival at Hillsborough, on the 19th June, he ordered the collector of Belfast to pay £1200 per annum to the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster, as a token of his approbation of their conduct. This was the origin of the “Regium Donum.”

The art of printing was introduced into Belfast in 1696 by Mr. James Blow; and in 1704 the very first Bible published in Ireland was printed in this town. Another interesting fact in the annals of newspapers deserves to be noticed: in 1757 a periodical publication—the “News-letter”—was commenced, and continues to this day.

Belfast had a fortunate escape from being sacked by the French in 1760, when a small squadron, under Admiral Thurot, entered the Bay, landed at Carrickfergus, and ordered Belfast to send forward contributions of

wine, brandy, and food of all kinds, to victual his crews and troops. The supplies were agreed to; but, owing to the patriotism of the inhabitants of the country parts, they were intercepted; and a rural levy of upwards of 5000 men having posted themselves within two miles of the Castle of Carrickfergus, the French were deterred from making the threatened descent, and after being closely invested, they were compelled to embark their troops, and set sail. Within a few days after, the whole squadron was captured by a small English fleet off the Isle of Man; Thurot was killed in the action. Thus ended the French invasion which had so long threatened the kingdom.

The apprehension, however, of similar attempts on the part of the French led to the establishment of the celebrated associations known as the Volunteers, headed by the patriotic Lord Charlemont. In their formation Belfast took a distinguished part. This great body was the means of effecting important commercial prosperity by securing the removal of many restraints upon Irish industry; and afterwards, in 1782, the independence of the Irish Legislature. It finally ceased to exist in 1793. The spirit, however, which animated this truly patriotic body could not be suppressed; and, embittered by their repression, and still further soured by the principles of revolutionary France, it finally developed itself in the establishment of rebellious clubs, known as the "United Irishmen."

By the vigilance of the authorities, however, this

spirit was broken, and while the counties of Down and Antrim were in a flame, Belfast was reduced to silence, and the disaffected kept in awe, by the wholesale executions and imprisonments of the many prisoners daily brought in.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the recent History of Belfast was the establishment of manufactures by water-power.

In the year 1771, at which time there was not a single cotton loom in the kingdom, Robert Joy conceived the idea of introducing the cotton manufacture, which has proved such a source of opulence to the sister kingdom. His first effort was to employ the children of the Belfast Poor-house to spin the cotton yarn, and several of them were set to work upon the common wheel. It was found, however, that the machinery of England was an overmatch for any efforts that could be made by hand-spinning upon ever so extensive a scale. Under the direction of a cotton and linen printer from England,—Mr. N. Grimshaw, who had settled in this country,—a spinning machine was constructed, and an experienced Scotch spinner was brought over to instruct the children of the Poor-house. A carding machine was also erected at the expense of Mr. Thomas M'Cabe and Mr. Joy, which was at first worked by water, but afterwards removed to the Poor-house and wrought by hand. A Firm was now established, consisting of the Joys, M'Cabe, and M'Cracken. By them a skilful mechanic was dispatched to England to acquire the knowledge of the most improved

machinery then in use; an enterprise involving much expense and personal risk, owing to the extreme jealousy with which the proprietors and inventors kept the secret from other countries. The experiment was successful; and the company having gained their object, and perfected the proper machinery, with a truly noble disinterestedness exposed the whole to open view, and even invited numbers to come from distant parts, and to be instructed in their factory.

Soon after, exertions were made upon a large scale by two men, whose names should ever be held in honour by their countrymen, the Messrs. N. Wilson and Nicholas Grimshaw. By them the first mill for spinning twist by water was erected in 1784, from which time the cotton manufacture may be said to have been established in Ulster. In twenty-three years from the origin of the enterprise by the Joys and M'Cabe, no less than 13,500 hands were directly employed, which, with assistants in various departments, amounted in the aggregate to 27,000 within a circle of ten miles, including Belfast and Lisburn. About 1828 the spinning of cotton began gradually to diminish, and that of linen-yarn to be substituted in its place. This great change was effected by means very similar to those by which the knowledge of the invention of cotton-mills was acquired; and in 1829 the first flax-mill was erected in Belfast, at an expense of nearly £30,000, which, in the course of a few years, was more than repaid. This improvement, which has been attended with the most important results, is chiefly



Andrew Mulholland, Esq.

to be attributed to the enterprise of the Messrs. Mulholland; and thus the flax spinning, which has secured the means of permanent prosperity to the North of Ireland, and given such an impetus to the city of Belfast, may be regarded as established. Since that time its progress, in every point of view, is almost un-

paralleled; it is said that its increase of population exceeds the ratio of Manchester or Glasgow. In 1821 the population did not exceed 33,000; at the present time it is beyond 100,000. Some idea of the success of the linen trade may be gathered from the recent returns of the manufacturing statistics, by which it would appear that not less than 500,000 spindles are at work, of which more than two-thirds belong to Belfast, affording occupation to not less than 250,000 hands in the province.

The transition state from the hand-spinning and hand-loom manufacture of linen was a period of intense suffering to the dense population of Ulster. At the commencement of the present century, and down to 1828-1829, no class of persons enjoyed greater comfort than the linen weavers of the rural districts. No branch of home manufacture admitted of so many household operations as that of flax. Every member of a family could perform a part, and even the smallest children might contribute to the general prosperity.

But a sad reverse followed when the spinning of the yarn was transferred from the cottage to the factory. The farms then became the principal reliance, and as these were very small, intended merely as an accommodation for the growth of a little flax and potatoes, thousands were compelled either to emigrate or to endure the pressure of very straitened circumstances at home. This they did, however, with a steady fortitude, until new channels opened for their industry. In time, matters

righted themselves, and now the people are in general as well employed and as comfortable as in their palmiest days, under the old state of things.

Such, then, is a brief outline of some of the more prominent points in the history of this interesting town. We shall now proceed to visit the monuments of its present civilization.

One of the first visits ought to be to

THE WHITE LINEN-HALL.

This building is the most characteristic of the genius of the people and the place. It is an extensive range of buildings, situate in the centre of Donegal-square, filling the whole of its central area, and surrounded by a handsome iron railing, upon a low brick wall, coped with stone. The dulness of such a pile in the midst of the Square is gracefully relieved by ornamental planting of evergreens and flowering shrubs between the railings and the Hall, through which there is a beautiful promenade, much frequented by the inhabitants. It was erected in 1715, at the expense of £10,000, upon a piece of ground granted by Lord Donegal. It is a quadrangle, two stories high. The front elevation is somewhat higher than the rest, and is ornamented with pediments, a tower, and spire. The interior is filled up with offices for the merchants and factors (a purpose for which it is well adapted). Formerly there was little business transacted here, as it was principally carried on by factors, who kept their offices in the Linen-Hall in

Dublin. But recently the system is quite changed, and a most extensive trade is carried on upon the spot, in a way better calculated to serve the interests of the buyer and seller. It is in the centre room of this building that

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING KNOWLEDGE

hold their meetings. It has a noble library of 10,000 volumes, a cabinet of minerals, and several philosophical instruments. Meteorological observations are regularly made by the Librarian. It is under the management of a President, Vice-President, and Committee, chosen annually.

Upon leaving the Linen-Hall the tourist should turn to the left, down Wellington-square, to

THE ROYAL BELFAST ACADEMIC INSTITUTION, AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

This Institute was founded in 1810 by voluntary subscription; when the proprietors became incorporated by Act of Parliament, and received a grant of £1500 per annum; which was still further increased in 1834 to £3400. It is situated in an isolated position in College-square. It has rather a heavy, dull appearance, without much pretension to architectural beauty. It stands upon an area of four acres, and is surrounded by a wall, with an iron railing in front.

It was the *Alma Mater* of the Presbyterian body in

Ireland, but is now in a great degree superseded by the Queen's College. It originally included two schools, one for the education of pupils intended for the learned professions, the other for instruction in the ordinary branches of commercial education.

For many years the Divinity Students of the orthodox Presbyterians were trained under Professors, one having the charge of the Students belonging to the General Synod of Ulster; the other of those in connexion with the Presbyterian Synod of Ireland. But the General Assembly having ceased to be connected with it, it is no longer to be regarded as a Theological Institution. In 1849 its Collegiate Department was transferred to the Queen's College; but its Schools, which occupy the greater portion of the building, continue in a high state of efficiency under six Masters.

In the northern wing of the Institution is

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

It is supported by a Government grant, and partly by local aid. It was opened in 1850, and was intended for the instruction of pupils of both sexes in the Arts of Design and Decoration, with a view to the improvement of the local manufactures. It is in connexion with the London School of Design in Somerset House, and is under the management of a General Committee. Lord Dufferin and Claneboy is the President.

The Pupils are charged at the following rates:—
Males, five nights in the week, 1s. 6d.; Females, two

hours each night, 9*d.* ; Private Classes, £1 1*s.* per quarter; attendance two days in the week.

Upon leaving this, and turning to the north side of the Square, you perceive on the right-hand side

THE BELFAST MUSEUM,

a very chaste and elegant building belonging to

THE BELFAST NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY,

who hold their meetings in one of its rooms, on the left of the Hall.

This Institution merits especial notice, not only from its interesting character, but from the laudable spirit in which it originated. It commenced with a few young gentlemen, chiefly engaged in business, who held their first meetings in a hired room. From the captivating nature of the subjects and investigations brought before them, their numbers speedily increased. In a short time their proceedings attracted the notice of the older and wealthier citizens, and a subscription was speedily entered into to afford the youthful Society a suitable edifice for their meetings. In a short time £1500 was subscribed; and on the 4th of May, 1830, the first stone was laid by Lord Donegal.

It contains a collection of Antiquities in the lower room, chiefly illustrative of the ancient history of the country. In the upper rooms specimens of Natural History are deposited, and a very interesting collection of young birds, chiefly native.

The Geological Department is very rich in specimens illustrative of the Palæontology of Ireland, but particularly of the North. It has recently been enriched with valuable donations from Sir James Emerson Tennent and Gordon Thompson, Esq., and others; and so great is the accumulation of specimens there is not sufficient space for their systematic arrangement. This Museum is the first that was ever erected in Ireland by voluntary subscription. It is open daily from twelve o'clock until four,—Sundays excepted.

Leaving the Museum, we would recommend the tourist to proceed next to the splendid

MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION,

situate in Rosemary-street, to which he may approach through King-street, Castle-street, and, passing the Northern Bank, into Hercules-street, the first turn on the right leads by the two Unitarian houses to this truly splendid building,—universally admitted to be the most gorgeously finished meeting-house in the kingdom. Its situation was unhappily chosen, the narrow street not permitting its proportions and elevation to be seen to advantage. A noble basement, ascended by twenty steps, supports a majestic Doric portico of ten columns, which is surrounded by a balustrade of pedestals and pierced work. Inside the portico is the grand staircase, quite in keeping with the structure. Upon entering the body of the Meeting-house, the eye is at once arrested with

the massive richness of its decorations. The pews, pulpit, and gallery are of solid mahogany. The ceiling is a fine specimen of ornamental stucco work, elaborate in execution and noble in effect. This house belongs to what is termed the orthodox Presbyterians, and is built upon the site of the original house, erected after the secession of the Presbytery of Antrim from the Synod of Ulster in 1722 ; the Unitarians keeping possession of the original houses, while those who adhered to the Synod built a house in the same street for themselves, and have continued to be a flourishing congregation ever since. Veneration for the old ground upon which the banners of orthodoxy were first hoisted may have been the chief inducement to build this elegant Chapel in a situation so unworthy of it.

Not far from this, and just at the end of the street, facing Donegal-street, are situated

THE COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

This is the most central public building in the city. It is chiefly built of granite, said to have been brought from the Dublin Mountains. It is rather ornamental in appearance, having a facade of Ionic pillars, resting upon a rusticated basement or broad cornice over the windows of the first story. The cost of the erection was £20,000, raised by shares of £100 each. The shareholders are incorporated.

In the interior is an area and a piazza supported on metal columns, which is occupied as an Exchange, and

appropriated to the use of the merchants, who assemble in 'Change from 12 to 1 o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

There is an extensive and well-supplied News-room, to which strangers have access upon being introduced.

There are numerous offices let to merchants and to persons wishing for a central situation. In one of the rooms the Commissioners of Police meet for the despatch of business. In another is the Permit Office. The Assembly Rooms are large, and well suited for the purposes to which they are usually applied.

There is a Coffee-room and a well-appointed Hotel for the accommodation of strangers, and much frequented by commercial travellers. Immediately opposite is

THE BELFAST BANK,

which is not only superior in its architectural beauty to all the other banking-houses, but is allowed to be one of the most elegant public buildings in the city. Its general style is Italian. Its Cash Office is little, if at all, inferior to that of the Bank of Ireland, which is so much celebrated. It is, indeed, a noble office, being sixty feet long by thirty wide, and thirty-eight feet from the floor to the ceiling.

Proceeding up Donegal-street, upon the left-hand side you will observe

THE BROWN LINEN-HALL,

an enclosed space of ground on which a number of platforms are erected for the convenience of those who

come to dispose of the linens in their unbleached state. Upon these the buyers stand and examine each web as it is presented. To a stranger unaccustomed to the business, it is an object of much curiosity to see the nicety and quickness displayed in determining the exact value of each piece. This Mart has occupied its present site since 1773, previous to which time it stood where

ST. ANNE'S CHURCH

now stands. This was erected in 1778 ; has a handsome Doric portico, and an Ionic tower, with a Corinthian cupola, formed of copper. The tower is of wood, and is out of proportion with the other parts of the building, giving the whole a rather heavy and unpleasant effect. The Church itself is, on the whole, an ornamental building, with comfortable accommodation for 1100 or 1200. The seats are mahogany. The roof is lofty and arched, and is supported by columns. Farther on is one of the oldest Institutions in the town, and very dear to the early recollections of many of its most successful inhabitants: we allude to

THE BELFAST ACADEMY,

of which Dr. Bryce is the principal. It is a building every way unworthy of its fame, and quite unfitted for the purposes of a great school. It was instituted in 1786. It is composed of four schools, each conducted by its own master, and the whole under the supervision of the Principal.

There is no object of sufficient interest to attract notice until you arrive at

THE INCORPORATED POOR-HOUSE

at the head of Donegal-street, in North Queen-street.

No stranger should leave Belfast without a visit to this important charity. It was erected by subscription in 1774, for the reception of the aged and infirm, and for the support and instruction of destitute children. Its expenditure is £2000 per annum, of which £750 is regularly apportioned on the town as water-tax. Subscriptions, bequests, donations, and weekly collections at the places of worship, go to support the Institution. The building is large and ornamental, consisting of a centre and wings, with a lofty spire which looks to great advantage from its elevated position. Its inmates exceed 400, including schools for both sexes; the whole is managed with great care, skill, and economy. Few institutions of the kind have been more successful.

Proceeding towards the eastward along North Queen-street, the Infantry and Artillery Barracks, situated in healthy and commanding positions, are seen upon the left hand; and upon the opposite side, and facing Henry-street, is one of those great factories to which so much of the prosperity of the town and province is owing,—the flax-mill of Messrs. Mulholland. As this is the largest in Belfast, and indeed we believe one of the very largest in the three Kingdoms, we would strongly recommend a visit. It was formerly a cotton-mill, but is

now devoted to the spinning of flax. Some thousands of hands are employed. To persons who are unacquainted with the complex and beautiful machinery necessary in such operations, no object in the city will be more calculated to arrest the attention or make a more lasting impression. Upon a proper application to any of the members of the firm, strangers are freely admitted.

As there are no objects of any striking interest remaining to be noticed on this side of the city, we would recommend the reader to return by North Queen-street, and, passing the Poor-House, proceed along the new Crumlin Road towards the County Buildings, in doing which he will gain a view of

TRINITY CHURCH,

not only worthy of notice for its own sake, as being possessed of much architectural elegance, but rendered especially interesting as a noble monument of private munificence, having been built at the sole expense of William Wilson, Esq., and Miss Wilson, his sister, in 1843. It is a Gothic structure, with an octagonal tower of the most beautiful proportions, and elaborately sculptured.

About a quarter of a mile farther on are

THE COUNTY BUILDINGS.

Of all the objects which attract the attention of the stranger, there is none more likely to gratify his curiosity than these truly noble piles, every way worthy of the

taste, public spirit, and rising importance of this great town. The Gaol stands upon the north side of the road, on an area of ten acres, in a most healthy and commanding situation. It is built upon the principle of the Pentonville Prison near London, and to those who have not visited that deservedly celebrated Model Prison, a visit to this institution will be a source of much gratification. It consists of a grand central hall, with four wings detached and diverging from the great hall; two of these wings are designed for females, and two for males; each consists of three stories, and the whole is capable of accommodating 350 prisoners. As in its great type, the church is an unfailing object of interest, being divided into separate compartments, by which the classification of the prisoners is effectually maintained. We cannot but think that there was much wisdom displayed in the erection of such an institution in the capital of Ulster, and to all who are interested for the moral reformation of the community, it affords a profitable and highly important subject for reflection. What a pleasing contrast do such buildings afford to those of a former age, in which the influence of indiscriminate contact was found to effect the entire demoralization of those who had been imprisoned for minor offences, or whose habits in vice were as yet unformed! and how benevolent the spirit which follows after the most degraded outcasts of society, to awaken them to a sense of the obligations of the social state, and which compels them to taste the sweets of wholesome industry! It is impossible to leave the

place without feeling a higher sense of the moral dignity of our free and enlightened country.

Immediately opposite, on the south side of the road, is

THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE,

a magnificent building of the Corinthian order of architecture, enriched with a hexastyle portico of columns thirty feet in height, in two intercolumnations, projecting in a most imposing manner, and supporting a massive entablature and tympanum, in the centre of which are the Royal Arms elaborately sculptured; in and upon the apex is a statue of Justice, a work worthy of the chisel of Mr. Kirk of Dublin.

The great hall, which is nearly fifty feet square by thirty feet high, is entered by three doors from the inner ground porch. The proportions are very pleasing to the eye, and being divided into two orders, the lower part Doric, and the upper Corinthian, the effect is good, and harmonizes with the noble characteristics of the exterior. The Courts are considered rather defective as to size and accommodation, especially upon occasions of any peculiar interest, but are well adapted for hearing, and are well ventilated.

The wings are very extensive, and add much to the grandeur of the elevation. In them are situate the Grand Jury apartments, and the offices of the County Officers. The Bar-room is much admired; it is thirty feet by twenty, and so placed that the barristers can enter the Court without passing through the public hall.

These buildings are allowed to be superior to any county buildings in the kingdom, and fully establish the claims of the intelligent architect, Charles Lanyon, Esq., C.E., to a high position in his profession. The Courts were formally opened for public business in the year 1850, greatly to the gratification of the county, which had been so long inconvenienced by the defective buildings at Carrickfergus.

As it is not our intention to give a professed guide to Belfast, but merely to notice such objects of interest as a stranger may be expected to visit during a brief residence, we omit intentionally many things not unworthy of the attention of those to whom time is no object. For further information we refer to local guide-books; but we assume, as a matter of course, that strangers will pay some attention to the style of the leading streets and shops; we therefore recommend a return to the great central thoroughfare,—

CASTLE-PLACE AND HIGH-STREET,

the Sackville-street of Belfast. A walk towards the Quays cannot fail to impress the mind with a favourable idea of the richness and taste displayed by the shops on either side. The Castle Buildings have a fine effect, although the general appearance of Castle-place is not improved by the Northern Bank,—a building every way unworthy of the growing prosperity and high standing of the Company. Proceeding towards the Quay,

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

is seen on the right. At first it does not appear to claim any peculiar attention, owing to the dulness of its situation and the unsightly appearance of the railings in front, yet a nearer inspection cannot fail to surprise and gratify the beholder. Very few indeed leave Belfast with a due impression of the beauty of the truly elegant and noble portico which graces the front of the "Chapel of Ease." Its history is interesting. It originally formed the front of the famous Balliscullion House, a palace erected by the Earl of Bristol, when Bishop of Derry, on the shores of Lough Neagh. Upon the death of that nobleman it was taken down, and this portico was purchased by Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Down and Connor, and presented to the parish in 1812. The stone was quarried from the Derry mountains, and cut by Irish artists. It consists of six lofty columns and pilasters, the latter fluted and finished with exquisitely chiselled capitals. The rest of the building is quite out of keeping with such a noble frontispiece. It is to be lamented that some effort has not been made to redeem its character by substituting a more elegant railing in front, with an ornamental area planted, to ruralize it, especially as it occupies a prominent position in relation to Victoria-street, now in progress of erection, and which promises to be the finest street in Belfast.

From this point the attention of the stranger is sure to be arrested by the grove of masts at the end of the street, and the bustle and activity apparent along the

line of Quays, just opening to the view ; nor will he find anything in Belfast better calculated to make a stronger impression of its commercial importance and public spirit, than a visit to this locality.

Within the last few years the most extensive improvements have been made in the quayage and harbour ; a new channel, with nine feet at low water, has been made along the Carrickfergus shore ; and the old winding channel, which caused so much delay and inconvenience to the navigation, has been superseded ; the Quays have been extended outwards towards the new channel, giving an ample breadth for the vastly increasing business of the port. The old unsightly docks, which ran into the terminations of High-street and Waring-street, have been filled up, and new and commodious ones, with the most modern improvements, substituted in their stead ; indeed, to one who had known Belfast a few years since it would be difficult to recognise this locality, so completely has it been altered. One of the most striking improvements is that of the new bridge over the Lagan, connecting the counties of Down and Antrim, and known as

THE QUEEN'S BRIDGE,

which has supplanted the celebrated long bridge built in 1682, but which received so much damage in 1689 by the passage of Duke Schomberg's heavy cannon before it had acquired solidity, that it never was regarded as a very secure structure ; being very long and narrow,

and a great impediment to the increasing traffic between the counties, it was determined, by a joint resolution of the Grand Juries of Down and Antrim, to remove it, and to erect a new one in its stead. This has been done, with great skill and elegance of design, by Mr. Lanyon, at an expense of £20,000.

A stroll along this bridge will amply repay the visitor. It commands some of the most pleasing views of the city and environs, embracing the river, with its fleet of steamers and merchant vessels, the magnificent range of quays, with their characteristic groups engaged in all the bustle of mercantile activity; and beyond this busy scene, stretching away behind the city, and skirting the harbour towards Carrickfergus, the mountains form a background of singular interest and beauty.

Returning from the Queen's Bridge, you are naturally led to inquire, where is

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

of this thriving port? Unaided, it is not likely that you will make the discovery, and your surprise will not be small when the old, inelegant, murky structure at the junction of High-street with Donegal-quay is pointed out. Yet the receipts of customs exceed £400,000 per annum. Surely it is a disgrace to the authorities that steps have not been taken to replace this shabby-looking building with one suited to the commercial rank of the second commercial city in Ireland.



Rev. Dr. Cooke.

Few strangers will leave Belfast without paying a visit upon the Sabbath to

DR. COOKE'S CHAPEL, IN MAY-STREET,

rendered more attractive by the well-known eloquence of the preacher, than by its architectural pretensions. It is, however, a very commodious building, and its internal arrangements display much attention to the comfort of the congregation, and to richness and elegance of finish. We are happy to be able to give a portrait

of this distinguished divine, who has exercised such a powerful influence upon the Presbyterian interests of the North of Ireland.

Amongst the remaining buildings which may be visited, we may notice

THE NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL, DONEGAL-SQUARE,

an elegant and commodious building, erected under the direction of Isaac Farrell, Esq., Architect, Dublin. There is a very fine organ in this chapel, built by Telford, of Dublin, the same that was so much admired at the Exhibition of Manufactures at the Royal Dublin Society in 1850.

Having thus conducted the tourist through the principal objects in the town most worthy of his attention, we turn to

THE SOUTHERN SUBURBS,

in which we shall find many of the most important institutions connected with the place.

Supposing him to return through High-street and Donegal-place, once a private street, but now occupied by some of the best and most elegant shops in Belfast, and passing on by the Institution to the Botanic road, the first and most striking object which will arrest his attention will be—

THE TERMINUS OF THE ULSTER RAILWAY,

a massive building, with a portico and two wings. Although of no particular style, it is very ornamental, and forms a leading feature in this highly fashionable and rising locality. There is a spacious station-house in the rear, with every accommodation usual upon the best railways, and well adapted to the prospective traffic of this great line.

The distance from thence to

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE

does not exceed a statute mile.

The situation of this building is well chosen. It is sufficiently removed from the bustle of the town, and not too far off for the convenience of the students resident in Belfast. This very beautiful building was erected by C. Lanyon, Esq. It is in the Tudor style, built with bright red brick, and profusely ornamented with cut stone. It presents a front of 600 feet. A massive tower, about eighty feet in height, rises over the principal entrance, the basement story of which forms the grand hall, about eighty feet by forty.

The internal arrangements are commodious and elegant, and although to an eye accustomed to the venerable and time-worn halls of Trinity or of Oxford and Cambridge, they have somewhat of a raw and unpoetical effect, yet it cannot be denied that they are well adapted to the great purposes for which they were designed.

The Examination-hall, to the right of the Entrance-hall, is a noble apartment, eighty feet by forty feet high. The Lecture-rooms, Laboratory, and Museum, are in one wing, and the residences of the President, Vice-President, and Professors in the other. In the rere the wings are connected by cloisters and ambulatories,—the whole forming a massive square. The College is situated in the midst of highly cultivated grounds, laid out with great skill and taste, and being upon a gentle rise, the effect is pleasing and impressive.

The influence of such an institution upon the youth of the provinces must soon be apparent. Jealousies and oppositions must give way before their proved utility. It will be found that, instead of being rivals to Trinity, they will supply a great desideratum, and occupy a position for the development of the talent of the country wholly independent of, and quite compatible with, the claims of the venerable and never-to-be-superseded University of Dublin. Calculations have been made, upon unquestionable data, which go to prove the utter inadequacy of the latter to meet the wants of a country boasting of a population like our own, and possessed of capabilities only beginning to be appreciated. They will yet be found to be the noblest monuments to the lasting fame of the great statesman whose comprehensive mind devised the plan, and had the manliness to carry it into execution; thereby, indeed, granting a noble instalment of the long-sought, long-expected “justice to Ireland.” By this timely extension of collegiate

instruction, her sons will be enabled to keep pace with the spirit of an advancing age. To use the words of the official Reports, just published: "The present state of society demanded the introduction of the applied, practical, and natural sciences, to as great an extent as is compatible with the essentials of a strictly professional education. This advancement on old established systems, now brought to the test of experiment, has confirmed all the general impressions entertained from the outset, of the importance of adapting instruction, even as it regards the professions themselves, to the wants of the community, and those economic purposes of which science is the real foundation."

The adaptation of the Belfast College for carrying out these important objects may be gathered from the programme of the Course of Instruction given in the Report, embracing, in addition to Classics and Modern Languages, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Geology, Civil Engineering, Agriculture, Political Economy, Law, Jurisprudence, *Materia Medica*, Midwifery, Surgery, &c. The College is endowed with thirty Scholarships of £24, eleven of £20, and four of £15; and, in addition, with two senior Scholarships of £40.

The late meeting of the British Association afforded an excellent opportunity to many intelligent strangers interested for the welfare of Ireland to study the bearings of this important institution.

Adjacent to the College are

THE ROYAL BELFAST BOTANIC GARDENS,

a highly important and interesting adjunct to the institution, although wholly independent of it, being the property of shareholders, and under the management of a committee of twenty gentlemen. These gardens were formed in the year 1827, for promoting the knowledge of botany and horticulture, and consist of a beautifully undulating tract of seventeen acres, admirably calculated to display the improvements to the best advantage, and to combine all the pleasures of an agreeable and elegant promenade with the scientific and practical objects for which they were designed. Upon a recent visit we were much pleased to observe the taste and judgment evinced by the Curator, Mr. D. Ferguson, in taking advantage of the many capabilities of the place.

In the arrangement, both the Natural and the Linnæan systems are observed, and every facility exists for aiding the young botanist in an acquisition of a thorough knowledge of systematic botany. The conservatories are extensive and well stocked. The beautiful and singular tribe, the Orchidaceæ, the cultivation of which is now becoming an object of much interest and curiosity, have not been neglected. The Ericas and Coniferæ are especially worthy of notice, the varieties being not only very numerous, but consisting of some of the rarest specimens to be found in any collection in the kingdom. Plants of the great water lily, the *Victoria regia*, are now under culture, and it is expected that a vigorous

bloom of this magnificent plant will reward the labour and pains of the highly intelligent Curator, and afford a rich treat to those who have not yet seen this glory of the tropics.

We know of no more rational gratification to the inhabitants of a city than a good Botanic Garden, and the more accessible it can be made to all classes the better, not only in a remunerative point of view for the proprietors, but in the moral and civilizing influence which the study of Botany is ever found to exert upon the minds of its votaries.

We would recommend a visit to

THE INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB AND BLIND,

one of the most interesting and benevolent in the place. It was erected in 1845, at an expense of £11,000, raised by private subscription. It is in the Tudor style, and is capable of containing 100 children. The situation is well chosen, being on a gentle eminence, terraced, and sloping to the road. Under Mr. Martin's care the pupils have progressed in the most satisfactory manner, and nothing is more calculated to awaken feelings of thankfulness, than a visit to a place where science and art have triumphed over apparently insuperable natural defects, and where, if the lost senses be not restored, their loss is compensated for, in a manner that renders the burden of the privation comparatively light.

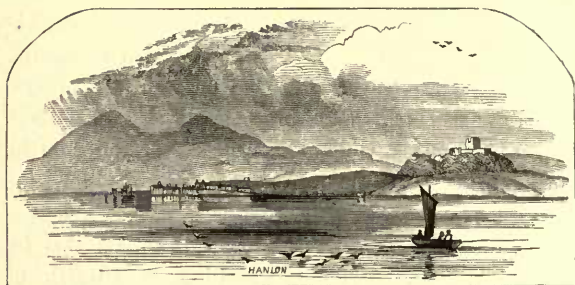
Not far off, upon the Falls Road, is

THE DISTRICT LUNATIC ASYLUM,

in a very flat situation, with little or no claims to architectural beauty, extent of accommodation being the chief consideration. To those who can endure to look upon the wreck of mind, in their anxiety to witness the application of the means by which the ruin in many instances may be restored, a visit may prove interesting.

By this time the visitor will begin to feel that he has seen a fair proportion of the objects most worthy of notice in Belfast, and to desire to make a few excursions into the highly interesting and picturesque country around.





Newcastle and Dundrum.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

Newry—Lordship and Abbey of Newry and Mourne—Newry to Rostrevor—Castle of Narrow Water—Bay of Carlingford, and Warrenspoint—Rostrevor—Obelisk to General Ross—Arno's Vale—Slieve Bane—Cloughmore—Carlingford—Mourne Mountains—Green Castle—Mourne Park—Newcastle—Tollymore Park—Slieve Donard—Ardglass—Downpatrick—De Courcy—Wells of Strewel—Ballinahinch Spas—Strangford—Lough Strangford—Portaferry—The Ards—The Montgomerys—Grey Abbey—Lord Castlereagh—Newtownards—Donaghadee—Bangor—Hollywood.

BELFAST commands so many points of interest it will require some forethought to devise routes that will embrace objects and places most worthy of attention. The first we recommend would be a tour embracing Newry, Rostrevor, and round by the Mourne mountains, to the

watering-places of Newcastle and Dundrum; and having made a detour, to return by Portaferry, the Ards, and Comber, to Belfast. To accomplish this we would recommend the tourist to leave Belfast by the early train to

NEWRY.

The approach to this important seaport is calculated to make rather a favourable impression. It is situate upon the Newry Water, embosomed in hills, in a somewhat gloomy valley. The older, and by far the larger portion, is built upon the steep slope of the high ground upon the eastern side of the river, in the County Down. As the streets rise tier above tier, its extent seems to be considerable, and the general effect is much heightened by the very picturesque situation of the old church, with its lofty Gothic spire, which is built upon a lofty eminence on the north-east of the town. Upon the low ground along the river, the buildings are of a superior style of architecture, some of them being finished with much taste and elegance. It is in this quarter that the public buildings are situate; many of the shops vie with those of Belfast; but the general appearance of the town contrasts with it very unfavourably. The old town, which looks so well in the landscape as you approach, is found to be very irregularly built, the streets narrow and inelegant; and in the lower and more modern part there is a degree of dulness never experienced in the former city. It was a place of much importance,

even from a very remote period. In the Annals of the Four Masters it is said that St. Patrick founded a monastery in it, and planted a yew-tree there.

So early as 1157 Maurice M'Laughlin granted a charter to a Cistercian Abbey, which charter is still in existence, and given in Dr. O'Connor's celebrated work, "*Rerum Hib. Script.*" This charter was enlarged by Hugh De Lacy in 1237. The privileges thus conferred are worthy of notice, inasmuch as they are still in force, and are of so peculiar a nature as to merit a distinct notice.

The Lordships of Newry and Mourne were subject to the jurisdiction of the Abbot, and this embraced the utmost powers that belong to the Episcopal or Ecclesiastical Courts. The Lord of Kilmorey has power to grant "marriage licenses, probates of wills, letters of administration, letters of tutelage, and all the plenary powers of the highest Episcopal Courts." Even the appointment of the vicar to discharge ministerial office is in his hands, who is responsible to the patron alone for the proper discharge of his duties, no Bishop having any authority over him whatever. These Episcopal powers were not abridged even by Henry VIII., when he converted the Abbey into a college for secular priests in 1543.

Upon the final dissolution of the Abbey in the reign of Edward VI., both the Lordships were granted to Marshal Bagnal, by whom the foundation of the subsequent

importance of the town was laid. He built several castles, and enlarged the town, and turned the Abbey into a private residence.

The Lordships of Newry and Mourne became separated in consequence of their becoming vested in two females, who by marriage conveyed the Lordship of Newry into the Needham family, and that of Mourne to an ancestor of the Marquis of Anglesey.

This town was anciently considered of much importance, being situated in the great pass between the counties of Down, Armagh, and Louth, and commanding the approaches from Carlingford Harbour. It was thus a constant object of contention. The bridges by which the counties of Down and Armagh were joined were protected by strong castles, and the masters of the pass always exercised considerable influence upon the destinies of war in this part of the kingdom. It was, in consequence, subjected to many vicissitudes. In the rebellion of 1641 it was seized by Sir Con Maginnis, in whose possession it remained for nearly a quarter of a year, when it was retaken by Lord Conway; after which it was rebuilt, and greatly improved, but only to sustain another reverse, having been entirely consumed by the Duke of Berwick in his retreat before Duke Schomberg in 1689, in order to check his advance upon Dundalk.

Newry is now the third town in the province, both as to size and commercial importance. Its situation is highly favourable for trade, not only as regards its sea-

board, but also from its peculiar relation to the midland and southern counties of Ulster. It is united to the noble harbour of Carlingford by the tidal river, the Newry Water, and a ship canal, capable of admitting vessels under fifteen feet draught.

By means of the "Newry Canal Navigation" it is united to Lough Neagh, and being thus connected with the Great Ulster Canal, its communication with the line of traffic from the Shannon to Belfast is established. The Company have the management of the port and canal, by whom the latter has been just completed, which has thus secured to the merchants of the town the utmost facility for extending their commercial relations.

There are few objects of public interest in the town, but we must not omit to notice the very elegant and appropriate obelisk monument of chiselled granite, erected to the memory of the late Trevor Corry, Esq. It is situated at the northern entrance. On the east and west recesses there are eulogistic inscriptions cut in black marble; and upon the northern and southern, the Corry arms, elaborately executed in Portland stone.

The vicinity of Newry presents many objects of interest both to the antiquarian and to the geologist. About a mile from the town there is a fort or rath, of a very peculiar form, which merits a passing notice. It is situated at Crown Bridge, due east of the town, so called, as it is said, from the fort, which has the appearance of a crown upon the hill. It is upwards of 100 feet in height, flat on the top, and unequal in its form, being

sixty-three feet one way, and only twenty-seven the other. A deep fosse surrounds it, twenty feet wide by 600 feet in circumference.

In connexion with the fort, just beyond the fosse, on the west side, there is a peculiarity which has puzzled antiquarians not a little:—a square platform, twenty feet high, and 130 feet on each side, surrounded by a fosse. What the use of this was, whether as an outwork of the greater fort, or a platform to assist in making an assault upon it, has not been determined. Tradition places it as the scene where two rival kings contested in single combat for a crown. That the large or conical fort may be regarded more as a barrow than a fort will be apparent to all who have taken the trouble to examine these curious remains in other parts of the kingdom. They belong to the most remote antiquity; perhaps the conjecture that they are akin to the Scythian barrows is not to be regarded as extravagant. Their pyramidal form and similarity of design as sepulchral monuments establish, at least, an identity of type. Their existence in every part of the world in which the Celtic nations have been traced impart an interest to them far beyond their external claims.

NEWRY TO ROSTREVOR.

We admire railway travelling, and delight in the sensation of flying at the rate of some thirty or fifty miles an hour. It is a glorious thing to be under the influence of the locomotive energy, outstripping the

fleetest courser, and be all the time as much at ease as if we sat upon a sofa in our own drawing-room. It has its pleasures, but we would willingly decline them in this short and beautiful route. To be shot down this vale to Warrenspoint in a quarter of an hour, shut up in a close carriage, and see the woods and mountains flying past, before you have time to open your eyes to look at them, or to receive impressions of the scenery around, is rather tantalizing. We would, therefore, recommend the tourist to take a quiet drive on an open car, and take leisure to examine and admire a river valley, which we think vastly surpasses that of the far-famed valley of the Lee, between Cork and Queenstown.

Scarcely have you emerged from the suburbs, than the scene opens before you in all its grandeur and beauty. The road skirts the Newry Water, a deep and peaceful river, bearing on its bosom vessels in full sail, and of considerable size; sometimes a powerful steamer, lashing it into temporary waves, breaks the deep quiet of the scene. On the opposite side rises, in the county of Armagh, the mountain of Fathom, 700 feet high, richly planted, and studded with little cottages and corn-fields, and tiny lawns between the clumps of trees; and on your left, Greenwood Park, embosoming in the midst of stately forest trees, a modern antique mansion, with mounted ordnance.

As you proceed onwards is the demesne of Narrow Water, the seat of Roger Hall, Esq., with its modern and elegantly turretted castle and thriving woods; on



J.D. Doyle

the opposite side, the Carlingford mountains, rough and serrated, begin to acquire an elevation which finally culminates over the town of Carlingford at 1900 feet. The sides of these mountains are wooded nearly to their summits, and, rising almost precipitously over the river, impart an air of grandeur to the scene that has won the admiration of every stranger.

Upon a low point of land, once an island, just jutting into the river, stands the ancient castle of Narrow Water, —a square tower in a most picturesque situation, and once a position of great importance for commanding the approaches to Newry by land and water. This pretty little castle was for a length of time disfigured by salt-works and an unsightly wall enclosing the premises, but the intelligent proprietor has restored it to its original appearance, and made it a highly effective feature in this unrivalled landscape.

Shortly after passing this scene the prospect widens, and the noble bay of Carlingford opens to the view, with the village and part of Warrenspoint in the foreground. The country now presents a slightly undulating appearance, and the two rival groups of mountains come fairly into view at opposite sides of the lough,—the Mourne mountains, with Knockbane, on the left,—Carlingford on the right. The view out to seaward, between these lofty ranges, is one of the finest that we know of.

Warrenspoint is a noted watering-place, and from the purity of the water and its perfect safety, it is much

frequented. It derives its principal importance from being the port of Newry. The town is built in the form of a square, and has an excellent quay, at which the ships and steam boats unlade their cargoes.

Along the quays extensive warehouses have been erected, and vigorous efforts are being made to increase the trade of the port. The income arising from harbour dues in 1850 amounted to £5000, and each year since there has been a steady increase. It is not improbable but this port may be made a harbour of refuge, which would confer a great and much-needed boon upon this part of the kingdom. The many and fearful wrecks which take place every year in the Bay of Dundrum would thus be avoided. In stress of weather vessels have no place to run for, so that if they lose their offing they are almost sure to be carried by the currents into that fatal Bay, and once there it is all but impossible to weather St. John's Point. Of the capabilities of this harbour, the Tidal Harbour Commissioners say:—"At a moderate outlay the port of Newry, lying as it does within Carlingford Lough, might be made a harbour of refuge, which would prove an inestimable boon on this part of the coast."

Steamers sail twice a week for Liverpool, and last year the tonnage of the merchant shipping exceeded 9000 tons.

The noble capabilities of Carlingford Lough and Port have not yet been taken advantage of according to their merits. The subject is worthy the consideration of en-

terprising capitalists. Vessels of 1000 tons can come up as far as Warrenspoint, and the largest afloat can ride securely in the Lough, fully six miles from the sea. Probably in no part of the world is there a more secure or a more beautiful harbour, enclosed between the Carlingford and Rostrevor mountains, which dip down sharply upon its shores; it is sheltered from the violence of every wind, and presents a noble basin, about eight miles long by four broad. The only drawback is the existence of a few sunken rocks at its entrance, which might be removed at a comparatively small expense; were this effected, we know of no harbour that could be compared to it. Of its unrivalled scenery we shall speak more at large when we come to refer to the places upon its shores.

Shortly after passing Warrenspoint the road turns off to the left, making a sweep round the Bay of Rostrevor. It has been well styled the Beautiful Rostrevor—the Montpelier of Ireland. It is deficient in no element of all the constituents of the fairest and noblest landscapes. Few will ever forget the emotions which a first view of it will excite, and few that have seen it will attempt to enlarge upon its beauties with a view to convey their ideas to others. Truly it may be said—

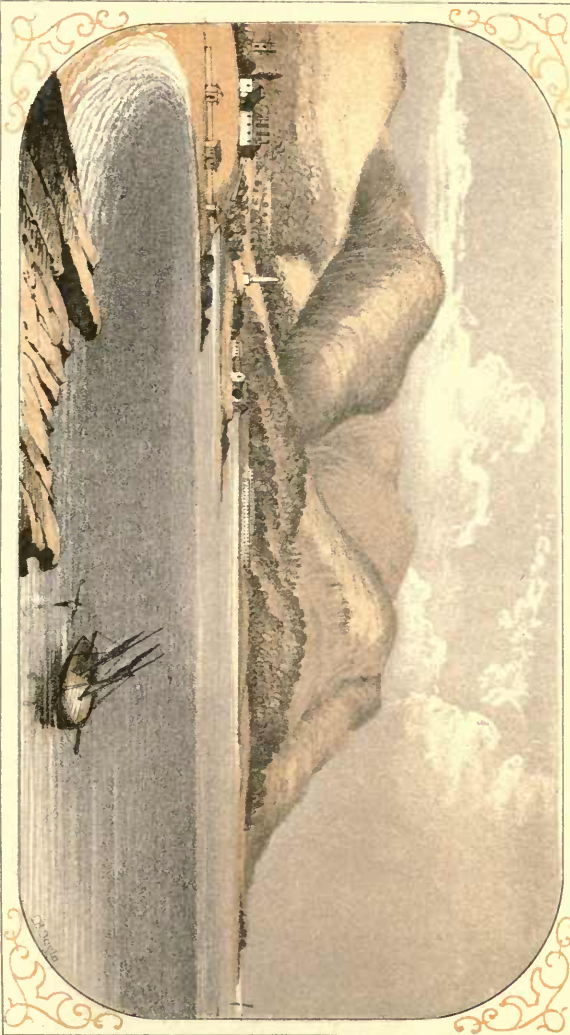
—“ To those who have seen it,—words are weak,—
To those who have not, what language could they speak ?”

ROSTREVOR.

It is only by comparison that we can judge of the relative merits of scenery. Many have compared Rostrevor to Killarney and Glengariff. To the latter it bears the closest resemblance; but we hesitate not to accord the palm to Rostrevor.

From almost any point between Warrenpoint and the town the bay has all the appearance of a spacious lake, embosomed amidst woods and mountains. On its shores are numerous villas; in the centre of which, on a gentle eminence beyond the town, you observe the obelisk monument erected to the memory of General Ross, who fell in the moment of victory in the battle of Baltimore, 12th September, 1814. It is a just and appropriate tribute to a brave and excellent man, and worthy of being placed in the midst of the beautiful scenery of his native place.

The aërial effects occasionally observed are well worthy of notice. Frequently during the summer, when the weather is perfectly calm, the scene which is here presented is one of the loveliest that can be imagined. The whole landscape is reflected on the unruffled bosom of the water with a distinctness that is truly surprising. The inverted mountains, with the woods and villas, hang as if within the hollow of a lower heaven,—the upper and reflected landscapes mingle into one, imparting to the scene a dreamy grandeur, a sublime magnificence, not to be expressed by words. Here and there a yacht with





snowy sails, or a becalmed ship, drifts listlessly along the silvery line which marks the almost imperceptible boundary between the real and the reflected landscape. All is stillness and beauty; and the only appearance of life is the occasional passage of the snowy sea-fowl as they glide along or plunge into the water after their finny prey. Indeed, at all times the scene is one of ever-varying interest. As the sun changes its position, or the clouds their hue, the landscape assumes a corresponding aspect. But perhaps the most striking effect is produced when the evening sun causes the shadows from the Carlingford Mountains to stretch along over the bay; deepening the waters to an amethystine hue, and wrapping the lower grounds in purple gloom, only to cause the golden beams that flood the upper landscape along the woods and cliffs of Slieve Bane to glow with a richer lustre.

We feel convinced that the tourist will linger amidst such scenes. A day or two will not be thrown away where months could be delightfully occupied. Let us suppose, then, that there is a halt made here. We would recommend a visit to

ARNO'S VALE,

on the left of Rostrevor. It has been called the "Tempe of Ireland." We quarrel not with the application of a name so suggestive of all that is beautiful, in a scene where beauty is indeed a reality. The glances to be met with as you proceed will lure you on.

It is in this vale that Mr. Ross's beautiful seat is situated. It was formerly called "Bladensburgh," but now, from the curious complication of its architectural style, "Topsy-turvy." Shortly after, you pass by another residence, with an equally capricious name, "Carpenham;" so named after Mrs. Hamilton,—an abbreviation of "Catherine Penelope Hamilton." A still more attractive spot lies a little farther on,—"Green Park," the beautiful residence of the Countess of Belmore. The views from the front of this mansion are some of the finest about Rostrevor.

This is the farthest extent of the walk in this direction. Retracing the same route, it will be found that the vale has not lost its charms by a first inspection. In returning, the beautiful vistas which open to the view in the distance, and the endless diversity of the sylvan scenery around, will more than keep the attention alive, and induce you rather to linger than to hasten forward. Perhaps a rest may be desirable before the ascent of Slieve Bane is attempted: if so, return to Rostrevor.

This beautiful village is situate in the far extremity of the bay: it is quite a secluded spot. Designed to be rather the residence of private individuals than a place of business, there is nothing of the hurry and bustle so common to maritime villages. Many of the houses even turn their backs upon the street, that a better view of the charming scenery of the bay may be obtained.

Rostrevor is comparatively a modern name: it was originally called Carrickavraghad. Under the Magen-

nisses, it was called Castlerory. When it passed into the possession of the Trevors it received its present name,—Ross Trevor. Ross, in Irish, signifies a promontory,—Trevor's Promontory, or Headland. Some will have it that it was so named after Rose, the beautiful daughter of Sir Marmaduke Whitechurch, and Edward Trevor, a captain in Elizabeth's army, in compliment to whom, on their union, the name was bestowed; and for many years it was the seat of the head of the Trevor family as Barons of Dungannon. The site of the Castle can now be discovered with difficulty. The following lines are an appropriate lament over its fallen glories, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott:—

“ Ah! Clandeboy, thy friendly floor
Slieve Donard's oak shall light no more;
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love nor hero's praise.
The mantling brambles hide thy path,—
Centre of hospitable mirth;
All undistinguished in the glade
Thy sire's glad home is prostrate laid:
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war;
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy.”

The tourist will find every attention in the very compact and well-appointed inn; and should he desire to prolong his stay, it will not be difficult to procure suitable quarters in the village. There are no public buildings except places of worship. A neat Gothic

church of cut stone, adds much to the effect of the charming village scenery. There is also an old Catholic Chapel in the town, adjacent to the National Schools.

The aspect of Rostrevor is peculiarly suited to invalids. Sheltered from the north and east, and partially from the west, it may be said to be open only to the south. As a watering-place it is every way desirable; and its beautiful walks and charming scenery are well calculated to soothe and cheer the minds of those who come in quest of health.

After a rest and suitable refreshment, the ascent of

SLIEVE BANE

may be attempted. Looking from the village, the height appears considerable. This picturesque group of hills form the western termination of the great Mourne range, the highest of which, Slieve Donard, according to the Ordnance Survey, is 2796 feet above the sea. Slieve Bane is only 1600 feet; but most tourists, especially those of the fair sex, will, from the steepness of the ascent, find this a sufficient elevation to try their strength. We would recommend the tourist to walk out by "The Cottage," past the New Quay, and on to Wood House, a charming spot in itself, and well worthy of a visit. The house is built upon a narrow slope of land included between the road and the sea. Its privacy is so effectually preserved by the height of the wall that, were it not for the fluted and twisted chimneys which catch the eye, you would hardly

suspect that there was anything to be seen. Upon gaining an entrance, which is never refused, a perfect little fairyland is discovered.

The Wood House is an elegantly proportioned villa in the Elizabethan style, standing in the midst of an ingeniously arranged pleasure-ground, at a point which commands some of the finest views about Rostrevor; from it the town and ancient ruins, and picturesque mountains of Carlingford, are seen to great advantage. Beneath your feet, as you stand upon the promenade in front of the house, the waters of the bay wash the tiny cliffs and wooded shores of this exquisite little demesne; and altogether, we do not recollect to have seen more ingenuity and taste combined to take advantage of a site, than has been displayed by the courteous owner. After leaving this, just from the opposite side of the road, behind the house, you may commence the ascent of the mountain to

THE CLOUGHMORE.

Having climbed up about 900 feet, you arrive at this singular Druid stone, being a vast block of granite, about forty tons weight. It lies upon a projecting protuberance or ridge on its under side, which may have stood upon some other blocks, and thus have formed one of the curious monuments known as Logan stones or rocking stones. It is quite a puzzle to account for its existence at such a place. Conjecture is idle as to the means by which it may have been transported thither; whether

by an erratic glacial deposit, or by art, it is impossible to say. Its peculiar situation on the brow of a hill, with a valley between it and Slieve Bane, is not opposed to the idea of its being transported by glacial agency, and its enormous weight seems utterly to exclude the notion of its being placed there by the art of man—yet there it is. Who can account for it? Apart from these speculations it will be found to be a most agreeable resting-place, especially upon a sultry day in July, and to afford a beautiful illustration of the grateful “shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” Beneath its refreshing shade, while the body is recruiting its exhausted strength, the eye roams over the splendid scene which lies below and all around; beautiful as this is, it is much enhanced by the needful repose. On the extreme left, the highlands of Mourne are seen, in all their grandeur and variety,—at their base, and stretching far and wide to the east and south, is the illimitable prospect of the sea; far off upon its bosom you just discern the shadowy outline of the Isle of Man, like a little cloud staining its tender azure with a deeper tint,—the Wicklow mountains,—the promontory of Howth,—and the paps of the Sugarloaves,—dimly discernible through the quivering haze that plays over the waters,—terminate the view far south.

The view of the Lough of Carlingford from this point is truly grand: its double basins, enclosed between magnificent mountains,—the ancient town of Carlingford on its little creek, with its picturesque ruins,—Rostrevor in

its little nook, embosomed amidst trees and villas, with its pretty church,—Warrenspoint, and its shipping,—and the deep valley of the Newry Water,—present features which must remain indelibly impressed on the mind of the beholder.

Cloughmore is the favourite rendezvous of *pic-nic* parties from Rostrevor and Newry, and a more suitable place could not be selected. From this point the ascent to the top of the mountain is nearly half a mile on the slant, although not more than 700 feet difference of level. Upon gaining the summit the same splendid scene described above, vastly extended, gratifies and repays the toil of the tourist. The counties of Down and Armagh, with their innumerable enclosures, farmsteads, and demesnes, spread out before you like a huge map. The surface of the County Down presents a singularly undulated appearance, caused by the many little hills into which it is broken. It has been sometimes compared to the appearance of “eggs in a dish of salt,”—no inapt illustration of its many plains and hillocks. Instead of being a sharp, well-defined apex, the summit of Sleive Bane presents a broad surface of mossy pasture of many acres in extent. It is also found to be only one of the lower steppes of the Mourne range, the highest of which—Slieve Donard—is nearly as high above it, as the mountain on which you stand is above the level of the sea. Seldom has the eye of man rested upon a more glorious scene than is here presented. We have stood upon some of the loftiest mountains in Ireland, and gazed on some of her

fairest landscapes, but we do not recollect to have looked upon one more fair, more truly beautiful, than the prospect from Rostrevor mountain. We shall not again particularize, but leave it to the contemplative tourist to appreciate a silence he will find on experience to be more becoming and expressive than the most elaborate description.

In some respects the descent is nearly as fatiguing as the ascent, although not so tedious. Returning to the Wood House, where the prudent traveller will have a boat in attendance, we would now recommend a visit, towards the close of the evening, to the town of

CARLINGFORD.

A row through the Lough, as the setting sun pours its tide of golden splendour down the vale of Newry,

“Gilding the woods, and flaming on the wave,”

will be remembered as one of the most rare and interesting scenes that is to be met with in the north.

We have enjoyed a sail upon the waters of Dublin and Killiney Bays, as the ruddy light of the sinking sun tinged their bosoms with a hue like molten copper, and rested upon our oars to contemplate the effects produced upon their interesting scenery, and have felt as if the mind could picture nothing more beautiful,—but the sublime features of Carlingford Bay,—the height and contour of its overhanging mountains,—the foreign, antique air of the old town, hid under the nodding brow of Slieve Foy,—the lofty arches and broken casements

of the ancient castle of St. John's jutting into the water,—and the old abbey in ruinous yet picturesque decay,—seen at such an hour, upon a calm evening in July, far transcends anything that can be realized in tamer scenes, however beautiful.

Landing at the quay, we would recommend you to visit King John's Castle. This ancient pile was erected in 1210. It is still a massive structure, of an irregular and unshapely appearance,—adapted rather to its rocky site than to the regular proportions of a given style. It was designed to command the narrow pass between it and the lofty mountain in the rere, as well as the entrance of the harbour, and the approach to Newry. No site could be better chosen for the purpose, and its great strength, some of the walls being from three to four yards thick, shows the importance that was justly attached to it. Situated as one of the frontier castles of the "Pale," it was exposed to continual dangers, and its state of preservation to this day shows how sufficient it was to withstand the shocks of the semi-barbarous warfare of the times. The town was surrounded with a wall, traces of which still remain, and several of the houses were castellated. Of these not more than three or four can now be traced. The Dominican Monastery, situated to the south side, is a picturesque ruin, and midway between it and the Castle there are the remains of a square building, ornamented with sundry grotesque sculptures of heads and animals, with some curious wreathings. The antiquary and the geologist will find

much to occupy and gratify their curiosity in this old town and neighbourhood. The mountain rises to 1900 feet over the town, and is composed of trap rock in various states of crystallization, from the amorphous basalt to the porphyritic and crystalline greenstone. The town has in general a very sombre aspect, from the fact that the sun is hidden from the inhabitants by the mountain in the rere, from a short time after noon until near his setting.

Carlingford is now a town of little note. It has a small pier for boats and smacks, built by a merchant in the town of the name of Matier; perhaps it derives its chief celebrity from its oysters, which are much esteemed. It is to be feared, however, that the greater number sold as real Carlingfords have never tasted the waters of the Newry. When genuine, their flavour is delicious, and the plumpness and richness of the fish serve to distinguish them above every other, not excepting the Red Bank and Lisadill, although much smaller in size.

Returning from Carlingford, the tourist ought to proceed by water along the Omeath side of Rostrevor Bay, and, if time permit, some pleasant walks may be taken along shore, or a ramble up to the top of Slieve Foy, the craggy mountain over Carlingford. The ascent is usually made along the Golden River, which enters the bay at St. Patrick's Bridge. The scene from the top of this mountain is somewhat similar to that observed from Slieve Bane.

There are several pretty villas at Omeath, and a very comfortable and well-appointed hotel. The peasantry of this district are remarkable for their thrifty and industrious habits. The Omeath "cadgers," or hawkers, are well known over the greater part of Leinster and Ulster, and are remarkable for their intelligence and fair dealing. Returning once more to Rostrevor, the trip round

THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS

by Kilkeel may be undertaken the next morning.

Having passed the delightful villa of Wood House, the aspect of the country changes from that of the most beautiful to one comparatively uninteresting. The land is rather poor, and indifferently cultivated; even the mountains on the left look bleak and barren. The eye will frequently wander backwards to catch a parting glance at Carlingford and the waters of the Lough. When, however, you have passed Ballyedmond, the country improves, and the mountains present many interesting aspects, changing as you proceed. Midway between Ballyedmond and Mourne Park, considerably to the right, the massive pile of

GREEN CASTLE

is observed. This was once a fortress of great strength, and was intended, in conjunction with the Castle of Carlingford, to guard the entrance to the Lough, and to keep the southern marches of Down in check. For both pur-

poses it was well adapted. It was probably built about the same time as the latter Castle, and in the reign of Henry IV. was under the command of the same Constable, one Stephen Gernon, who was paid a salary of £25 for discharging the important duties of the office. The Castle stands upon an elevated rock, about a quarter of a mile from the sea. The walls are double, and the outer one is looped at regular distances for archers, with passages to each floor. The central building is strengthened and protected by four square flanking towers at the corners, with a spiral staircase in each. Upon gaining the battlements a beautiful view of the Lough scenery is obtained; the most striking object, however, is the Castle of Carlingford, which looks to great advantage from this point.

Green Castle rendered important services in the rebellion of 1641. It served not only to protect the Protestants of the district, but exercised considerable influence in keeping the insurrection in check. A part of this old Castle is now in occupation, and the rest turned into out-offices for cattle. Returning again to the main road, you pass by

MOURNE PARK,

the seat of the Earl of Kilmorey, whose son, Lord Newry and Mourne, usually resides there for some portion of the year. There is nothing about the building requiring more than a passing notice. It is a plain square building, devoid of all architectural beauty. The demesne is extensive and well wooded, and has a very

picturesque effect from the fine background of mountains. On one, Knockcree, immediately in the rere, there is a small observatory, built by the late Lord Kilmorey, from which you obtain most extensive and characteristic views of the mountain and coast scenery of this romantic district; along the western side of the Park, in a deep and varied glen, the White Water River plunges headlong from rock to rock, over which, on the main road, the ruins of an old bridge, overhanging the rapid river, will attract attention, and be worthy of a place in the tourist's sketch-book.

Two miles farther on, you pass through Kilkeel, the capital of this mountain region, in which you will be rather surprised to find an excellent hotel, the Kilmorey Arms, built by the noble proprietor of the place, where, if the tourist fancies to remain a few days amidst these mountain fastnesses, he can be most comfortably and cheaply accommodated. If it were better known, its many advantages as a watering-place would be sure to attract the notice of all who can appreciate the blessings of the pure open sea, and a safe and beautiful shore. The angler, too, could enjoy many a pleasant hour along the banks of the White Water, which is well stocked with the finest trout. The river is only a short walk from the hotel.

Four miles from Kilkeel, you reach the fishing village of Annalong. The scenery as you advance increases in interest. The Mourne Mountains on the left, the sea

close upon your right,—have a most cheering and elevating effect upon the mind, as you proceed. From this direction Slieve Bingian presents some of its most striking phases. After passing Annalong the scenery is of the most sublime description. The road forms a sort of a causeway, some sixty feet over the sea, presenting in most cases a rocky front to the dashing waves, which, when the wind is east or south-east, break with a most sublime effect. In a storm it must present a scene of terrific grandeur. With Slieve Donard on the left hand, rising precipitously to the enormous elevation of 3000 feet, and the rolling sea thundering on the other, it is impossible to restrain emotions of awe and fear,—sensations which impart a solemnity to the sublime in the contemplation of the conjunction of two of the noblest manifestations of Almighty power.

Several minor objects of interest will occasionally draw off the attention and keep the mind aroused. Localities distinguished either by fortuitous circumstances or traditionary lore are pointed out as you advance. Halfway between Annalong and Newcastle you pass the “Roarer,” an insulated rock, so named from the boisterous dashing of the waves against its hollowed sides; farther on you cross Bloody Bridge, half-a-mile from which there is a very interesting natural curiosity, called Armor’s Hole, a cave worn by the action of the waves, and running under ground; a deep hole, like the shaft of a mine, on the top of a considerable elevation, marks its

termination. It is said that an old man of the name of Armor was thrown into this hole, about one hundred years since, by his own son. The body was found the next day at the opposite side of Dundrum Bay, and the deed was traced home to his unnatural child. A little beyond this is Magoy's Leap, a deep, sea-worn chasm. All along there are several caves or coves, in which the gurgling of the bellowing waters makes you feel as if the road upon which you are travelling would yield to the sudden and repeated shocks. A mile farther on you round the point, and reach

NEWCASTLE.

This is a sprightly little village upon the 'western side of Dundrum Bay, and at the very base of Slieve Donard. It is a favourite resort of the gentry and aristocracy of Down, and from more distant parts of Ulster. The situation is exceedingly well adapted as a watering-place, having ample accommodation for persons of every rank in its well-appointed and comfortable hotels and private lodges. The sea water is pure and strong, without any admixture of fresh water, and the beach, of the finest sand, is safe, and admirably suited to the softer sex; and not far off the most courageous swimmer has some of the most desirable situations from which to make his most fearless plunge. Every description of bath can be had upon moderate terms. Lodgings are cheap, varying from 10s. to £4 per week.

The visitor has every opportunity of gratifying his

taste for the enjoyment of scenery in this place. Walks along shore beyond the pier, or on the cliffs,—mountain rambles up Slieve Donard,—a stroll to the Hermit's Glen and Waterfall, along the river-side,—rustic seats to rest the weary or invalided,—in short, all that can amuse and occupy the attention and ward off *ennui* from the most listless, are to be found in this, as Dr. Knox calls it, “the Queen of northern bathing-places.”

It would be unpardonable to leave Newcastle without making a visit to Briansford and

TOLLYMORE PARK,

the magnificent demesne of the Earl of Roden. It lies three miles to the west, and is universally admitted to be one of the most interesting demesnes in Ireland; situated on the skirts and northern face of Slieve Donard, it is possessed of every possible variety of scenery. The entrance, through a lofty Gothic arch, with a gate of most unpretending plainness, is admirably selected for the purpose of making a “first impression,” which can hardly ever fade from the mind,—the pleasure grounds, richly interspersed with ornamental shrubs and evergreens, descend into the deep gloom of the valley of the Shimna,—from which, on the opposite side, wooded hills rise, tier over tier, to a great height,—above and beyond which the mighty Donard towers away with an *apparent* elevation, much beyond even its own vast proportions. Descending the carriage-way, you naturally expect to find a mansion suitable to this noble

park; in this, however, you will be disappointed: the house is low, but occupies an extensive ground-plan; but what it wants in external proportions is amply compensated for in the comfort and elegance of its internal arrangements, and the exquisite beauty of its situation,—being, we think, the very best that could be selected for realizing the varied attractions of the demesne, and coast and mountain scenery.

The grounds are thrown open with a frankness and liberality characteristic of the amiability and kind consideration of its noble and excellent owner, the Earl of Roden; the tourist will find that a judicious and provident attention to his convenience has been studied in the situations of the many rustic seats which are scattered through the Park, where he can enjoy a rest, and at the same time admire the rich scenery on every side.

SLIEVE DONARD.

Should you wish to ascend the monarch of the range, Slieve Donard, the following extract from the Dublin Penny Journal will be found to be a faithful description of it:—

“Slieve Donard is supposed to rise nearly four miles in gradual ascent, while its perpendicular height is about 2796 feet. From the northern brow of the mountain issues an exuberant fountain; this stream and many others uniting, form a river which, running through a channel of white stone, by ten thousand different breaks and windings, makes in summer a

prospect of waterfalls, cascades, jets d'eau, ponds, &c., the most varied and delightful; but in winter the roar and impetuosity of this fall are terrible in the extreme; from the top, down to the rocks hanging over the sea is one continued descent, and the lower parts, though craggy and rude, are covered with hazels, hollies, &c."

St. Donard, a disciple of St. Patrick, is said to have spent the life of a hermit on this mountain, and built a cell or oratory on the top of it, towards the close of the fifth century. A deep narrow defile divides Sleive Donald from Sleive Snaveen, or the Creeping Mountain, so called because you have to ascend it in a creeping posture; and through this vale winds a pretty serpentine stream, which discharges itself into the sea on the east side of the mountain. The Creeping Mountain presents to the view the appearance of a huge rock, resembling at a distance a fortification, very high, overhanging, and detached, as it were, from the east side of the mountain. After rain, a stream rushes from the west side of the rock which, shooting from the top, forms a large cascade, to the east of which is a large natural cave. This chamber is lined with ferns, grass, and several kinds of mountain plants, and inhabited by vast numbers of hawks, owls, jackdaws, &c.; at its farther end the light breaks in through several natural crevices. To the left of this you climb up through a very narrow passage to the top of the rock, and arrive at one of the most beautiful, most magni-

ficient, and romantic spots that can be conceived; you there find that the rock is only the advanced part of a large shelf which projects about half the height of the mountain with a sweep, and leaves the space of about two acres on the top. Round the north-west, west, and south of this area the mountain rises to a great height, and stands like a wall. The area itself is almost round, and slopes greatly from all sides towards the middle, where it forms a beautiful circular lake, as clear as crystal. To the west you see the rocky top of Sleive Bingian, on the east the stately cone of Donard.

There are two caverns upon the summit of the mountain, worthy of the notice of the antiquary. They are in a pyramidal form, of huge stones piled up so as to form several cavities; in one of them there is a cave or chamber formed by broad flat stones in the cyclopean style; in the other the arrangement is somewhat different, being arranged into rude walls and partitions, so as to form separate chambers. For what purpose they had been erected is not known,—whether as the works of anchorites or of Druids, or to commemorate the fall of some renowned chieftain is uncertain. We are not aware that any attempt at a solution has been made. The latter has been named the cell of St. Donard, and has been much resorted to in times gone by as a place of pilgrimage.

The Spa House is situated about half a mile from Newcastle, on the side of the mountain above Donard Lodge, the picturesque marine seat of the Earl of Annesley;

the pleasure-grounds are beautified by a stream that descends from the mountain, presenting a series of tiny cascades and waterfalls as it jumps from rock to rock down its craggy bed. In winter, however, it assumes the character of a considerable torrent, and rushes down the face of the hill with an impetuosity that has a very grand and striking effect as seen from the town.

The Mourne mountains are composed chiefly of granite, and abound in beautiful crystallizations: amongst the rarest and most esteemed are the beryl, or aqua-marina, the topaz, and some tolerably good specimens of the emerald. The principal place at which these may be obtained is the southern face of Slievenagh, or the Diamond Rocks. These rocks present a honey-combed appearance, in the cavities of which may be found beautiful crystals of topaz, beryl, garnet, and semi-transparent felspar. Near the Chimney rocks, on the south face of Slieve Donard, beryls have been found in great numbers.

Proceeding on our route towards the Ards are the village and castle of Dundrum, which give name to the bay, about four miles from Newcastle. This is quite a new watering-place, on the property of the Marquis of Downshire, by whom a commodious hotel has been erected, in friendly rivalry to that of Newcastle. The situation, although admirable in itself, is so inferior to Newcastle, either as a residence or a bathing-place, that few comparatively remain here.

Before you reach the town, midway between it and

Newcastle, at Sliddery Ford, there is a very fine specimen of a cromlech, with a circle of pillar stones. The castle of Dundrum is an imposing and interesting object. It commands the ford across the estuary which runs up to Blackstaff Bridge, and consists of a circular keep, surrounded by the ruins of some smaller towers and outworks, of which the barbican is the most perfect. "There is no inscription," says the historian of Down, "to discover the founder, or the period of its erection." Its style of architecture, however, is generally attributed to the time of De Courcy, immediately subsequent to the English Invasion. Local tradition states that it was built by that valorous knight for the Knights Templars, and that it was held by them until the beginning of the fourteenth century. When their order was abolished it underwent many vicissitudes. "When Dundrum Castle was in repair," says Harris, "it often proved a good guard to this pass; and as often an offensive neighbour to the English planted in Lecale, according to the hands that possessed it. In 1517, Gerald Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy, took it by storm, it being then garrisoned by the Irish; it was afterwards taken by the Magennises; and again retaken by Lord Deputy Gray, in 1538; it again fell into the hands of Phelim M'Ever Magennis, who yielded it in Lord Mountjoy in 1601. The castle was finally dismantled by Cromwell in 1652." The elevated rock or mount on which it stands has been planted, which gives it a very pleasing appearance. The view from the north-

east, embracing the town and castle of Dundrum, with the Mourne range in the back-ground, is worthy of a place in the sketch-book.

From this point you have your choice of two routes to Downpatrick, one by Mount Panther, the other by Ardglass. We prefer the latter, although a considerable round.

ARDGLASS

is a very pretty village and watering-place. It is a place of great antiquity, and appears to have been of considerable importance in the olden times. Several old castles or square towers still remain, and a very singular building, which has caused no small speculation as to the design of its erection:—it is a long range of 240 feet, by only 20 in breadth, with a battlement on the side of the sea, breast high, underneath which is a terrace or platform to walk on; on the land side it is fortified by three towers, and has no less than sixteen arched stone doors, with an equal number of windows, whereas on the sea side there are only spike-holes. It has been supposed to have been a fortified warehouse, built by trading merchants to protect them from the rapacity of the local chiefs, and was well defended by the castles and flanking towers adjoining. On the site of the King's Castle, which was very extensive, a new and handsome castle has been erected. Jordan's Castle is the most perfect, and celebrated for its noble defence under Jordan, in the year 1601. Altogether this pretty

little town and harbour have quite an antique air, well calculated to awaken an interest in their history.

Six or seven miles north-west of this you arrive at

DOWNPATRICK,

an ancient and venerable town. What tourist could pass through the land of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, without paying a visit to the place where his bones repose! According to tradition, it has triple claims upon veneration, as set forth in the following couplet:—

“Hi tres in Duno tumulo tumulanter in uno
Bridgida, Patricius, atque Columba pius.”

“Three saints do rest upon this holy hill,—
St. Patrick, Bridget, and St. Columbkil.”

Nevertheless, except for its ancient associations, and its Cathedral, there is nothing to demand particular notice. It is built upon the sides of several small hills, which form a sort of amphitheatre by their convergence into the valley, through which the Main-street runs. It is the county town, and a place of considerable mercantile importance, being situated in the centre of a rich and thickly populated district, and at a considerable distance from any rival.

The present Cathedral is a modern building, erected on the site of the old one, which was pulled down in 1790, by Arthur Marquis of Downshire, great grandfather to the present Marquis; but it was not finally completed

until 1829, in which year the tower was finished. "It is," says a modern writer,* "a stately, embattled edifice, supported externally by buttresses, comprising a nave, choir, and aisles, with a lofty square tower at the west end, embattled and pinnacled, and smaller square towers at each corner of the east gable, in one of which is a spiral stone staircase leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave by lofty, elegant arches, resting upon massive piers, from the corbels of which spring ribs, supporting the roof, which is richly groined, and ornamented with clusters of foliage. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion, the nave is lighted by a long range of clarestory windows, and the choir by a handsome east window, divided by mullions into twelve compartments, which appears to be the only window remaining of the last splendid edifice. Over the east windows are three elegant niches, with ogee-pointed orders, which formerly contained the mutilated effigies of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and Columbkille."

These effigies are said to have been discovered by Sir John De Courcy in 1185, with the above inscription written over them.

Of this town the antiquary of the Dublin Penny Journal observes:—"Few towns in this Kingdom can boast of a foundation more ancient. It is generally supposed to be the Dunum mentioned by Ptolemy;

* Mrs. S. C. Hall.

and though now possessing few traces of its former magnificence, it is represented by the early annalists as a place of considerable importance, distinguished by the number and splendour of its monastic establishments, the most important of which was the "Abbey of Canons Regular," which, from its connexion with the Apostle of Ireland, and with the adventures of the chivalrous De Courcy, cannot but prove interesting. The monastery was erected in the fifth century by St. Patrick, on a hill called Dun, granted to him for that purpose by the chieftain of the *Dal-dichu*, who had become a Christian; and here, in 493, was interred the body of its founder, who closed his labours in the Abbey of Saul, at the patriarchal age of 120."

DE COURCY.

It was in the churchyard of this Cathedral that the valiant and chivalrous John De Courcy was perfidiously taken prisoner by some of his own followers, who had been corrupted by his great rival, De Lacy, and sent prisoner to England. The circumstance is thus explained:—The province of Ulster was granted to De Courcy on consideration of his conquering it, and bringing it under English rule. He was not slow in executing his commission; and in a short time all the maritime ports of the province were in his possession. On the death of Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land, John Earl of Moreton usurped the crown of England, and the heir, Prince Arthur, was put to death. De Courcy impeached

his right, and expressed the utmost indignation at his unnatural conduct. The King having heard of his conduct through De Lacy, the Lord Deputy, summoned him to do homage for his earldom, which he treated with contempt; whereupon De Lacy and his brother were commissioned to seize upon the refractory baron, and send him to London. De Lacy, who was jealous of the popularity of De Courcy, hastened to execute the royal mandate, and marched an army into Down. A sanguinary battle ensued, in which the King's forces were defeated; and De Lacy, unable to overcome his rival in open war, had recourse to stratagem and bribery, suborning his own servants to an act of treachery. De Courcy, who was as religious as he was brave, was in the act of performing his penance upon Good Friday by walking barefooted around the churchyard, when his assailants, taking advantage of his defenceless state, fell upon him with much violence. Two of his nephews came to his aid; and the Earl, having seized a wooden cross, defended himself with such valour as to slay not less than thirteen of his assailants. But his nephews having been slain, he was finally overcome by numbers, and sent prisoner into England, and condemned to perpetual captivity.

In Stuart's History of Armagh we have some interesting notices of this great man subsequent to his imprisonment. King John being in Normandy, a dispute arose between him and Philip of France. It was agreed to decide the quarrel by single combat. A

knight was to be selected on either side; and King John, knowing that he had no such valiant knight in his kingdom as De Courcy, notwithstanding his hatred of him, determined to bring him over. At first he refused to obey a sovereign from whom he suffered so much; but when he was informed that the honour of his country was at stake, his patriotism got the better of all other considerations. His rigorous treatment was relaxed, and his health restored by care and nourishment. Having sent for his own trusty sword to Ireland, he went over to Normandy. The particulars of this singular combat are thus given by one of the old chroniclers:—"The day came, the lists were appointed, and the scaffolds set up. The princes, with their nobility on both sides, waited the issue of the battle. The French champion first issued forth, took a turn, and then retired to rest in his tent. De Courcy was sent for, but he was trussing himself up with strong points, and answered the messenger, that if any of the company were invited to such a banquet, they would be in no great hurry. He soon after went out, gave a turn, and went into his tent. When the trumpet sounded the charge, both champions issued forth and viewed each other. De Courcy eyed his adversary with a wondrously stern countenance, and passed by. The Frenchman, not liking his grim look and the strong proportions of his person, stalked still along; and when the trumpets sounded to battle the second time, De Courcy drew his sword, upon which the Frenchman put spurs

to his horse, and, breaking through the barriers, fled into Spain: whereupon the trumpets sounded victory, and the people threw up their caps and clapped their hands. King Philip desired King John that De Courcy might be called before him to show some proof of his strength. A stake was set in the ground, and a shirt of mail and an helmet placed thereon. De Courcy drew his sword, and looked wonderfully stern upon the princes, and cleft the helmet, shirt of mail, and stake, so far that none were able to pull out the weapon but himself. The princes asked him why he looked so sour upon them. He said, if he had missed his blow he would have cut off both their heads! But all was taken in good parts ; King John loaded him with gifts, and restored to him all his former possessions."

An immense sword, said to have been used on this occasion, is deposited in the Tower of London, and the Lords of Kinsale are privileged to wear their hats in the presence of Royalty, in commemoration of this exploit.

THE COUNTY BUILDINGS

are worthy of the rank and importance of the county. The Gaol and Governor's House are said to have cost no less than £63,000. There are no other public buildings of note except the Poor-House. The places of worship consist of two Presbyterian Meeting-Houses, two Methodist Chapels, a Roman Catholic Chapel, &c.

There are two principal hotels, the Prince's Arms and the Victoria, besides the Down Hunt Club House.

The present port of the town is situated a mile and a half, at the island of Inch, where there is quayage and some store-houses. It is called the Quoile Quay; but it is quite unworthy of the capabilities of the place, as only vessels of 100 tons can come up to it, and moreover, the navigation is tedious and difficult.

According to the late census, Downpatrick contains 814 houses, and 4620 inhabitants.

This rich and important town cannot increase its trade to any great extent unless aided by a railway to Belfast, or a short one to Ardglass, which might thus be made the port, and afford a suitable opening to the enterprise of its merchants.

In this vicinity, and not more than two miles off, is situate the ancient Abbey of Saul, said to have been founded by St. Patrick in A.D. 432. The present ruins are part of the structure erected on the site of the original abbey by Malachy O'Morgan, Bishop of Down, in the twelfth century.

To the east, about four miles distant, there is a Druid ring on the eastern slope, and a cromlech upon the top of Slieve na Griddle. From this point you obtain the best view of Lough Strangford and the vicinity of Downpatrick, and further south are the holy wells of

STREWEL,

so much celebrated in the superstitions of the country. Strewel mountain is thought to have been one of the Pagan sacred or high places. At present it is

much frequented, although by no means as much so as formerly. Several attempts have been made to put an end to the orgies practised at these wells but hitherto without effect. They are worthy of a visit. Should this be towards midsummer, an opportunity will be afforded of seeing the pilgrims at their devotions. The wells are artificial, and appear to have been formed by hollowing out basins at the side of a small rivulet that flows from Tobber Patrick, a well near the old monastery, said to have been built by the saint. This stream is regarded as sacred, and is conveyed to Strewel by a channel covered with flags. In no part of Ireland has superstition so thoroughly closed her eyes to public opinion, or to all the common notions of decency; and that it should still exhibit itself in the open daylight in such an enlightened district is much to be wondered at. As far as we can learn no priest attends the ceremonies. The penitents first procure some earth from St. Patrick's grave, and then resort to some private house in the town, where masses are said for their special convenience. They then proceed to Strewel mountain, which they climb upon their bare knees, up a narrow and rocky path. It is said that the more flagrant sinners, in addition to their load of guilt, carry a heavy weight on their shoulders whilst crawling as above described; and to render the ascent still more difficult and penitential, they are required to keep their hands at the back of their neck. When this part of their penances has been completed, they are placed

in St. Patrick's chair, a rock seat formed of four blocks of stone. The person who has charge of the place receives a small fee for his trouble. This worthy personage, it is said, is not a native of Down, but comes from the west, and claims it as a hereditary right. From this the pilgrims descend to the plain of cairns, consisting of two groups, one of seven, and the other of twelve; each penitent throws a stone on each cairn, and is obliged to go round them according to the amount of his guilt; the more venial sins are atoned for by a single perambulation, whereas the more criminal have to complete seven times seven and twelve times twelve rounds. This done, they resort to the wells. These are four in number:—the Body Well, or Well of Sins; the Limb Well; the Eye Well; and the Well of Life. If they pay a fee they can go into the first, in which they are accommodated with a place to undress; if not, they must go to the Limb Well, in which case they have to undress before the multitude, and repair in a state of nudity to the well, into which they plunge promiscuously. Having thus washed away their sins at the expense of their modesty, they repair to the “Eye Well” to wash the impediments to their spiritual vision, after which they partake of the “waters of life,” or, as some call it, the well of forgetfulness.

Not having been ourselves eye-witnesses of the scenes of jollity which follow, we shall draw the veil of charity over descriptions which we have heard, and instead of

yielding to an unseemly pleasantry at the expense of our ill-directed and benighted fellow-countrymen, we feel more disposed to indulge in sentiments of unfeigned regret that a people so credulous are not more earnestly directed to the only, the simple, but all-efficacious "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." The district was named "*Struile*," or "*Sluith-fuile*," *the stream of blood*.

Let us now turn to other wells devoted to a more legitimate purpose: we allude to the

BALLINAHINCH SPAS.

The tourist in search of health may be induced by our notice to pay them a visit. They are about eight miles to the west of Downpatrick, and are highly efficacious as restoratives to debilitated constitutions, being sulphureo-chalybeate. They have maintained a high reputation for nearly a hundred years, and were never more prized than at present. They are situated in a sheltered vale, and have a neat little octagonal spa-house erected over them; they are about two miles from Ballinahinch, where there is an excellent hotel; but persons desirous of living in their immediate vicinity can procure lodgings upon very moderate terms at several of the farm-houses, the charges varying from 10s. to £3 per week, according to the rank of the individual, or the accommodation required.

Dr. Harris, in 1774, describes the spa as "a rich sul-

phureo-chalybeate spring of very clear water, but of a strong smell, resembling the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, or the scourings of a dirty gun." Sir Robert Kane has analyzed the water, and declares it to be "devoid of iron altogether, and is nothing more than ordinary water containing lime, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, carbonic acid, and soda." Dr. Alexander Knox, in his valuable work upon "The Watering Places of Ireland," says that these springs are productive of the most beneficial results in torpor of the constitution, chronic ulcers, cutaneous eruptions, affections of the liver, intractable rheumatic pains, and paralytic debility, being stimulant and alterative; but are inadmissible in general plethora, febrile affections, deranged secretions, serous internal congestions, and organic diseases; but especially useful in functional derangements of the stomach of an atonic character, arising from intemperance, and chronic diseases of the cutaneous surface, &c.

The situation is healthful and bracing, being in a very elevated district adjacent to Slieve Croab. Many interesting places are within reach:—Montalto, the seat of D. Kerr, Esq., is in the immediate vicinity; delightful excursions can be made to Newcastle, Bryansford, Tollymore Park, Seaforde, &c., which places are always open to visitors upon application.

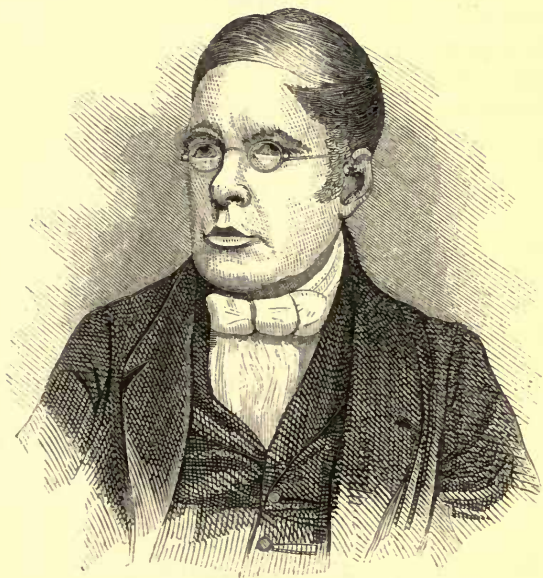
Should the tourist prefer the road to Belfast by Killyleagh and Comber, he may shorten the route and find

some objects worthy of interest, amongst which we may notice the Castle of Killyleagh, once a place of considerable note, which is supposed to have been built by De Courcy. It was dismantled by General Monk in 1648. It has been restored and modernized by the Rowan family, and was the residence of the late Archibald Hamilton Rowan, whose grandson now enjoys the property. The district then called *Ṭoubtṛian*, or "the Black District," and still called the barony of Dufferin, was ceded to the Mandevilles, and contained several castles, of which the most noted, besides Killyleagh, were Ringdufferin, Rathgorman, and Casclanegays.

There was also a large castle upon Ikatrick Island, the ruins of which are still considerable. The place is now associated with the name of the Rev. Dr. Hincks, whose researches in Oriental literature are so well known—as one of the many whose names shed a lustre upon the literary character of the North of Ireland.

Amongst the publications which have issued from his pen are various papers on Hieroglyphic and Cuneatic literature, chiefly in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; "Observations on the Turin List of Kings," in the Memoir which accompanies Sir G. Wilkinson's edition of the Hieratic Papyrus of Turin; and "Church Education, not the Church Education Society," a pamphlet advocating the propriety of the clergy connecting themselves with the National Board.

We have great pleasure in giving a portrait of this distinguished scholar.



Rev. Dr. Hincks.

Returning from the Spas to Downpatrick, the tourist may pursue his way to Portaferry and the Ards, passing by the old abbey of Saul, to the little town of

STRANGFORD,

situated at the entrance of the Lough. The name is said to be derived from the *strong ford*, or rapid current

of the tide, which is so strong as to render the navigation both difficult and dangerous. It is beautifully situated, and, with the town of Portaferry on the opposite shore about a mile distant, forms a very picturesque scene.

In its immediate vicinity is the splendid demesne of Castleward, the residence of Lord Bangor; and four of the twenty-seven castles built around the shores of Lough Strangford by De Courcy, the conqueror of Ulidia, still form striking objects. Of these, Audley Castle, north of Castleward, is the most interesting, being built upon an eminence overlooking the Sound, and from which fine views of the Lough may be obtained. Two miles south is seen the Castle of Kilclieff, in the best state of preservation of any of the castles around the district; Walshstown Castle lies to the westward, on the shores of the Lough towards the Quoile Quay; and on the opposite side, in the demesne of Portaferry, the fourth is situated.

Were it not for the length and intricacy of the channel, Strangford would be an important port. As it is, the export and import trade is considerable, and has entirely absorbed that of the opposite town of Portaferry.

LOUGH STRANGFORD

is an arm of the sea, completely land-locked, and containing many islands, some of them mere specks, while others contain more than a hundred acres; it is not very picturesque, the shores being generally flat; its length

is about sixteen miles long from north to south, by about five miles broad. It is a safe and a deep harbour, but of little value, owing to the difficulty of entering it, and the narrowness of the strait which joins it to the sea. Crossing this, you land at

PORTAFERRY,

the pretty little town observed from Strangford. It is cheerfully situated, and flanked by the well-wooded demesne of the Nugents, which adds very much to the beauty of the landscape. Of this town, little need be observed, the only object of interest being the old castle of the Savages, the former owners of the town and estate of Portaferry.

You are now in

THE ARDS.

This interesting district was formerly called "The heights of Ulster near the eastern sea," "*Altitudo Ulteriorum juxta mare orientale.*" Writers have not inaptly compared it to a bended arm (Down Survey). Although it bears a name indicating height, the average level does not exceed 90 to 100 feet. The soil is generally fertile, and the whole district thickly inhabited.

The following, from the old Down Survey, will be read with interest:—

"The Savages and other English families settled here under De Courcy, the conqueror of Ulidia, in the twelfth century, who maintained themselves in a flourishing condition for a considerable time; but in the confusion which followed the murder of Lord Burgh, Earl

of Ulster, in the reign of Edward III., the sept of Hugh Boye O'Neil, of the County Tyrone, drove the Savages out of the greater part of it, and confined them to a small portion on the south of the peninsula called the Little Ards, near the entrance of the Lough. From that time the Ards began to be called Upper Clan Hugh Boy, or *Clanebois*, from the sept of this Hugh.

“ In the eleventh year of the reign of Elizabeth, in consequence of the rebellion of Shane O'Neil, an Act was passed investing the Queen with all the lands of Claneboy, and the Great Ards, which were granted the same year to Sir Thomas Smith, the father, and Thomas his son, upon condition that they should expel the rebels out of these lands, and plant them with faithful subjects.”

The remains of many castles still in existence in this district show the warlike nature of the relations between the new settlers and the ancient inhabitants.

In proceeding towards Belfast the road leads along the eastern shores of the Lough. No object of remarkable interest is observed until you reach Rosemount, the seat of the Montgomeries of the Ards, and Grey Abbey.

THE MONTGOMERIES.

This ancient family settled in this country in the year 1600. Sir Hugh Montgomery, Lord of Braidstone, a follower of James, coveted some of the forfeited estates, which he at length acquired, and, singular

enough, with the entire "consent of the owner." The following story explains the matter. "Con M'Neil Mac Brian Mac Fertagh O'Neil, Lord of Clanebois, making a grand debauch at Castlereagh for his brothers and friends, sent some of his followers and servants for wine to Belfast. Getting intoxicated, and quarrelling with the garrison, the wine was taken from them by the soldiers; they returned to their master empty and bleeding. Con made a strict inquiry into the matter, and finding that the number of his followers exceeded twice that of the soldiers, he reproached them bitterly, and threatened that they should never serve him again unless they went back forthwith and avenged the affront on those *boddagh Sassenagh soldiers*. Stung with the reproof, they went back instantly, succeeded in killing one soldier, but were finally repulsed, with the loss of several killed and wounded. Con was now declared a rebel in having made war upon the Queen; he and his followers were seized and imprisoned in Carrigfergus. Lord Hugh heard of the whole transaction, and contrived his escape in the following manner:—He engaged Thomas Montgomery, of Blackburn, master of a trading vessel, to undertake it, which he did in the following manner. Having made love to Anna Dobbin, the Town Marshall's daughter, he contrived through her to acquaint Con with the design, and had him conveyed on board his ship, landed safely at Largs in Scotland; from thence he was conducted to Braidstone, and there entered into indentures with Montgomery to divide his estate with

him if he could procure his pardon. The matter was soon arranged, Con was graciously received at court, and kissed the King's hand." Montgomery was thus confirmed in his portion of the estate, in which family it is still retained.

Adjoining the demesne of Rosemount is the fine old ruin of

GREY ABBEY,

Founded in 1193, by Africa, the wife of Sir John De Courcy, and daughter of Godfred, king of the Isle of Man. It covers a large space of ground, and must have been a large and sumptuous building. The original abbey was destroyed by the O'Neils, but re-edified by the Montgomeries, as thus quaintly set forth in the Montgomery Manuscripts. "Neare and in view of Rosemount House, are the ruins of a large abbey of curious work (ruinated in Tirowen's rebellion). It is called in inquisitions and patents, Abathiu de Fugam Dei; in Irish, Monastrelia; in English, Grey (or Hoare) Abbey, from the order of fryars who inhabited it. The church thereof was in part roofed and slated by the first Lord Montgomery, and in 1685 it was new roofed again by the heirs of William Montgomery, and by contributions of other gentlemen concerned therein."

This is one of the most favourite places of resort to the inhabitants of Belfast, and from the facilities afforded by the railway to Newtownards, the number of visitors is much increased. A beautiful little temple has been erected on the grounds for their accommoda-

J. B. Doyle



GREY ABBEY

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tion, by which visitors have an agreeable retreat from the vicissitudes of the weather.

About two miles farther north you pass the noble demesne of Mountstewart, the seat of the Marquess of Londonderry. The mansion is large, and although not strictly regular is very beautiful, combining the Greek and Roman styles; the accommodation is ample and convenient. A beautiful little temple, after the model of the Temple of the Winds, with a lofty spire, stands to the south of the house. The demesne contains more than 500 acres, and is said to be well stocked with pheasants.

THE STEWART FAMILY.

The present Lord Lieutenant of the county, Frederick, fourth Marquess of Londonderry, was born on the 8th of July, 1805. He was educated at Eton, and continued his studies at Oxford, and afterwards at Edinburgh. He is descended from the illustrious and royal house of Stewart, both in the male and female line. The rise, descent, grandeur, and antiquity of this family are recorded by many historians. The Stewart, or male, line is derived from Sir John Stewart, of Bonhill, second son of Alexander, sixth Lord Stewart of Scotland, and grandfather of Robert II., the first Scotch King of the name of Stewart.

Sir John was killed at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, leaving a numerous issue by Margaret, daughter of Sir Alexander Bonhill, in whose right he became possessed of large estates, and especially of the barony of Bonhill.

John Stewart, Esq., of Ballylaun Castle, was the first who settled in Ireland, having received a grant from Charles I., in the fifth year of his reign, under the name of the "Manor of Stewart's Course." Upon his arrival he built a Castle and bastion of stone on the lands of Ballyveagh, and settled the estate with Protestants. On this manor he also built the Castle of Ballylaun.

His descendant, Alexander Stewart, purchased the estate of Mount Stewart, in the county of Down, from the Colvil family, where he resided, and married his cousin Mary, daughter of John Cowan, by whom he had a numerous issue, of whom Robert, the eldest, was the first Earl of Londonderry, born September 27, 1739.

The late Marquess, Charles William, whose brilliant military career is now a subject for history, married, in 1804, Catherine, fourth daughter of John, third Earl of Darnley, mother of the present Marquess, and through whom he is united to the Stewart line through Catherine, only sister and heiress of Charles, Duke of Lenox and Earl of Darnley, of the house of Stewart. The Earl of Darnley was descended paternally from John Bligh, Esq., who came over to Ireland in the time of Cromwell.

John Bligh, Esq., M.P. for Athboy in 1704, was created a peer, by the title of Baron Clifton, in 1721; and next year, 1722, he was created Viscount Darnley of Athboy, and Earl of Darnley. In 1725, his Lordship married Lady Theodosia Hyde, daughter and heiress of Edward, third Earl of Clarendon. By this marriage





Marquess of Londonderry.

the family of Darnley is related to the royal family of England through the Lady Anne Hyde, who was mother to Queen Mary and Queen Anne; and consequently the present noble Marquess is descended from the royal Stewarts through the paternal and maternal line. In the year 1826, just before he attained his majority, he presented himself as a candidate for the representation of the county of Down, to aspire to which distinction the possessions and influence of his family gave him a fair title. For a quarter of a century Lord Castlereagh has held one of the seats for the county of Down. His first speech in the House of Commons was in favour of the Emancipation Act. When this measure became law he accepted a seat at the Admiralty Board, under the Duke of Wellington's administration, and continued there for little more than a year, until Lord Grey came into power. Lord Castlereagh then attached himself to Sir Robert Peel, whose general policy he had throughout adhered to. In 1834 and 1835 he accepted the office of Vice-Chamberlain, and was nominated a privy councillor.

Although opposed, in the first instance, to the measure of Free Trade, he declined any participation in the attempt to restore a protective duty on corn, in consequence of which he lost the confidence of the great constituency which returned him to Parliament; and his early advocacy of the Roman Catholic claims, which had originally damaged his popularity with many, was not forgotten when he refused to aid in re-opening the

question of the Corn Laws. In addition to his other differences with the proprietary of the county of Down, he had been a consistent and unflinching supporter of the cause of Tenant-Right. On behalf of this question he has voted for the second reading of all Bills introduced into Parliament upon the subject, guarding himself, however, from assenting to such details as were objectionable, and studiously avoiding the extreme views advocated by many.

At the last general election Lord Castlereagh resigned the representation of the county of Down: nevertheless he received numerous requisitions to allow himself to be placed in nomination for that county. He was also invited to come forward as a candidate for the county of Wicklow; and, lastly, he received a requisition from Belfast, signed by nearly a thousand electors, to offer himself to that constituency. He, however, declined all these offers. On the death of the late Marquess of Downshire he was appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of the county of Down by Sir Robert Peel. His Lordship is colonel of the Royal North Down Militia, to which regiment he was nominated on the death of Colonel Forde, of Seaforde.

He married, on the 2nd of May, 1846, at Paris, Elizabeth, Viscountess Powerscourt, daughter of the present Earl of Roden.

Proceeding along the shore of the Lough, after a drive of four miles, you reach the town of

NEWTOWNARDS,

situated at the northern extremity of Lough Strangford. This town is very ancient, and is now the property of the Marquis of Londonderry, by whom it has been much enlarged and beautified. A railway between it and Belfast has just been completed, by which its future importance may be said to be secured. The principal streets are regular and well built, and, under the fostering care of the Marquis, and his active and intelligent agent, Mr. Andrews, it presents an air of neatness and comfort rarely surpassed even in the North.

An extensive manufacture of muslin is carried on here, which is embroidered by females employed by the Glasgow merchants, and by which a very large number are kept in constant employment. There are two inns and posting establishments in the town, and every facility for the tourist or commercial visitors for seeing the country, and for visiting the adjacent towns.

Before returning to Belfast, a detour round by Donaghadee, Bangor, and Hollywood will prove interesting.

DONAGHADEE

is one of the most agreeable little towns in the county, or perhaps in Ireland. It is eight miles from Newtownards, and is the nearest port to Scotland, not being more than twenty-four miles from Portpatrick. From the lofty mound in the rear of the town, formerly an ancient rath, but now converted into a magazine,

there are beautiful views of the surrounding country. In clear weather it is very agreeable to watch the progress of the steamers which ply between this port and Scotland, leaving the latter and gradually nearing the harbour; with a good glass, houses upon the Scotch shore are clearly discernible. Outside the harbour you observe the large and small Copeland Islands, upon one of which there is a lighthouse.

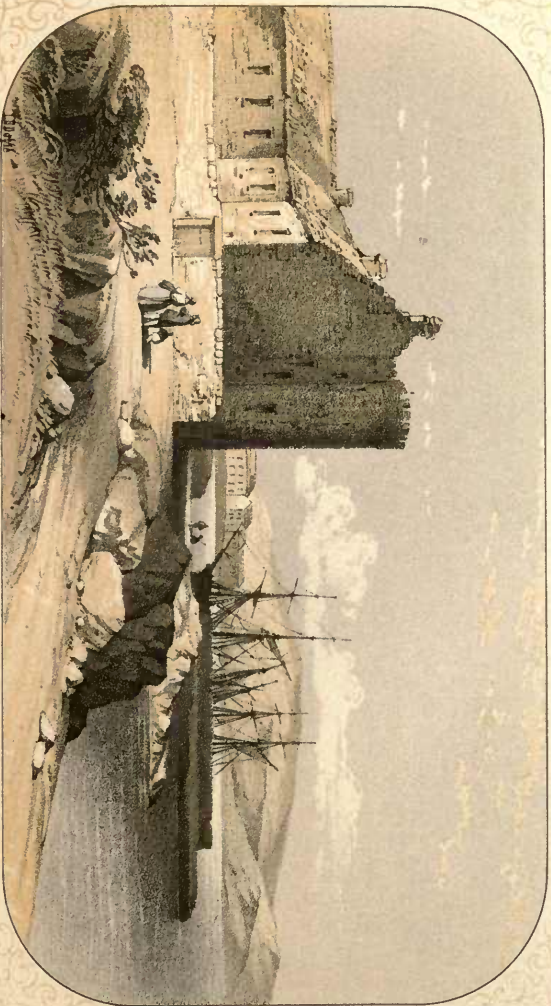
In this town and neighbourhood a great many females are in the employment of the Glasgow merchants, engaged in embroidering muslins for the foreign market.

Taking the coast road by Portavoe, the seat of D. Ker, Esq., many beautiful glimpses of marine scenery are obtained on your way to the ancient town of

BANGOR,

which by this route is nearly seven miles from Donaghadee, although only five miles by the shortest line. Its name is said to be derived from "Bane-choraidh," the White Choir. It is one of the best bathing-places in the vicinity of Belfast, and much resorted to in summer. Bangor Castle, the seat of Lord Bangor, is situated to the south of the town. In the vicinity are the seats of several branches of the Ward family, as well as those of Rathgail, the residence of Rose Clelland, Esq., and Balloo, the seat of E. Nicholson, Esq., J. P.; and about two miles to the south-west, Clandeboy, the beautiful demesne of Lord Dufferin. The harbour is small and badly sheltered, and the trade inconsiderable.





BANGOR

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BELFAST

rable. The view across the entrance of the Lough is worthy of note, of which Carrickfergus is the chief feature.

Leaving this, we may make a short stay at the pretty little watering-place of

HOLLYWOOD,

the would-be Kingstown of Belfast, and one of the most favourite resorts of its inhabitants for recreation and sea-bathing. The short but well-appointed railway affords facilities of which the citizens are duly sensible. As might be expected, the village of Hollywood is changing its aspect very rapidly, and becoming an important marine suburb of Belfast, to which we return once more; and, for the present, take leave of the tourist, to enable him to collect his thoughts, and to meditate upon the pleasures of his excursion through Downshire.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENVIRONS OF BELFAST.

The Giant's Ring—The Round Tower of Drumbo—Cave Hill—The Basaltic Formation of the North.

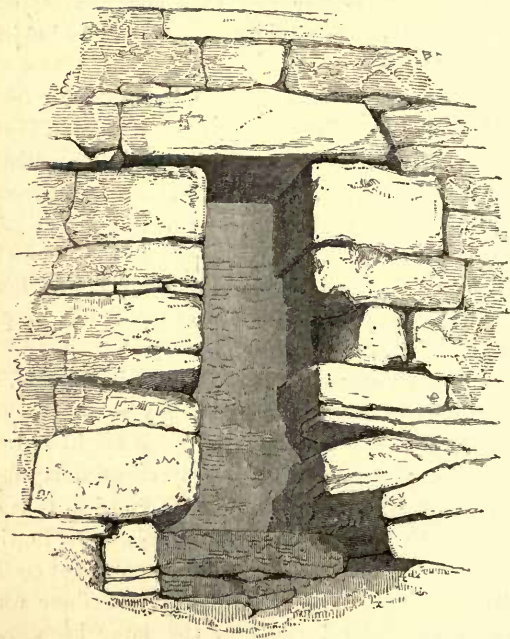
BEFORE we visit the coast scenery of Antrim there are a few objects of interest in the vicinity of Belfast, which could not be conveniently visited in the course of the last tour. One of those which will engage the attention of the antiquary is the Giant's Ring, a very remarkable and interesting Pagan antiquity. It is situated in the county of Down, beyond Malone House, near to Sir Robert Bateson's, of Belvoir.

It is a large circular area, embracing about nine acres, surrounded by a high moat or embankment. In the centre of this space there is a Druid altar. Notwithstanding the wasting influence of time, the mound is still sufficiently high to hide the surrounding country from the sight of persons within the enclosure. Few things were more calculated to awe the mind and to affect the imagination than this scene, when we contemplate it as a vast heathen temple, within the circuit of which many thousands of people may have assembled to witness the awful rites of their sanguinary religion; and where no objects could attract their attention from

the priest, the huge altar stone, the human sacrifice, and the glorious luminary that formed the principal object of their adoration.

This altar seems to have suffered considerably from the time of Harris. It was described by him in 1744, as a monstrous rock supported by two ranges of pillars, seven at each side, and besides which there were several other stones fixed upright, about four feet distant. At present there are only four supports to the cromlech, and only a few detached stones are discernible. Perhaps this is the finest specimen of the Druid temple now remaining.

The round tower of Drumbo, about two miles off, is remarkable as having its doorway only three or four feet from the surface, whereas the usual height is from nine to ten feet; the tower is only about thirty feet high. This tower belongs to the most ancient type of these singular buildings. On this subject Mr. Petrie, in his incomparable work upon the Round Towers of Ireland, says :—"The oldest towers are those constructed of sprawled masonry, and large hammered stones, and which present simple, quadrangular, or some circular arched doorways, with sloping jambs, and little or no ornament, perfectly similar to the doorways of the ancient churches. As an example, I have given the doorway of the Round Tower of Drumbo."



The Doorway of the Round Tower of Drumbo.

The principal residences in this district are those of Purdysburn, the seat of Mr. Batt; Belvoir Park, Sir Robert Bateson's; and Malone House, the residence of Mr. Legge. Returning to Belfast by the Newtown bridge road, you pass the demesne of Ormeau, the seat of the Marquess of Donegal. It is an extensive building in the Elizabethan cottage style. As its noble proprie-

tor seldom resides there, it is very much out of repair at present. The enormous estates of this ancient family are now being sold, to free them from the accumulated incumbrances of many generations, but it is expected that there will be a residue sufficiently large to enable the family to enjoy a greater amount of independence than it has known for the last fifty years. The tourist may obtain permission at any of the gates to drive through the demesne. It presents no object of peculiar interest; the timber is for the most part young, and the grounds low and unpicturesque. When the tide is in, the Lagan presents all the appearance of a noble river, being very broad at this place, but at low water large and unsightly slob, and a disagreeable effluvia from the sedimentary deposits, more than counterbalance the advantage. From this direction Cave Hill and the mountains adjacent are seen to great advantage.

CAVE HILL

is distant about three miles from the town, and is one of the most attractive points of interest both to citizens and to strangers. It is so called from the three caves which are situated in the face of the steep basaltic cliff which forms the escarpment of this picturesque mountain. Its ancient name was Benmadigan, but that is entirely superseded by the more modern name. These caves have excited much curiosity as to whether they are natural or artificial. Their external appearance would suggest the idea of the former,

although tradition ascribes them to the latter, and attributes their formation to the Mac Arts, who used them as places from which to observe the motions of the English, or hostile septs in league with them,—a purpose for which they were admirably adapted, as the watchers could not be discovered from without. The lowest of the caves is twenty feet long by seventeen broad, and from six to eleven feet in height. The second is much smaller, being only nine feet by seven feet high. The third is the largest, and is exceedingly difficult and dangerous to approach. It is not improbable that these caves were once filled with lignite or wood coal, which is frequently found enclosed in the basalt, and which may have been extracted at a remote period.

The mural brow of the cliff is known as Mac Art's Fort, a most picturesque and striking feature in the scenery. It was the stronghold of Brian Mac Art and of his sept, which was so cruelly exterminated in the reign of Elizabeth, by the Deputy Mountjoy. This chieftain's name is also perpetuated in the neighbouring village in the suburbs of Belfast, which is still called Bally-macarret, or rather, *Bally Mac Art*.

Upon Easter Monday this mountain presents a scene of the greatest festivity; numerous tents are pitched at the base of the cliff, and are frequented by crowds of people of the middle and lower classes from the town and surrounding country. Happy groups of both sexes are to be seen in every direction, dressed in their holiday attire:—some perched upon the dizzy precipices,

others reclining in happy circles upon the green sward, on the hillocks, or in the hollows that abound at the foot of the cliff. Games of various kinds amuse the younger portion, and here and there an adventurous youth or gleesome maiden may be seen climbing to visit the caves. Were it not for the occasional intemperance inseparable from such scenes of jollity, it would be exceedingly pleasing to contemplate these seasons of healthy relaxation.

THE GREAT BASALTIC FORMATION OF THE NORTH.

There is an interest, however, far more engaging to the scientific tourist than that excited by the beautiful scenery of the place, or the merry-making of the pleasure-takers who go up to enjoy it. The tourist will now find himself in the presence of, perhaps, the most extensive development of the basaltic formation which is to be found in any part of the world, and which, from the great variety of phases it presents, may be said to embrace all the characteristics of that great geological phenomenon, which has engaged the attention of naturalists of the greatest eminence for the last hundred years, and is still unexhausted. If the more recent lavas of Auvergne and Viverrais, and the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel, afford an inexhaustible theme for meditation and discussion, why should not this great and extensive lava field excite the curiosity and occupy the attention of the many scientific tourists who come from all parts of the world, year after year,

to see the far-famed and justly celebrated Giant's Causeway, which is but one of the innumerable objects of interest in this district. It is not our intention to write a geological treatise, but we deem it a duty we owe to a very large class of visitors to draw their attention to this region of extinct volcanic action; not by entering upon isolated details, but simply to give a distinct definition to its general boundary, and to point out its leading characteristics. The scenic illustrations shall be pointed out in their proper place.

Cave Hill, in its general features and structure, may be taken as a fair specimen of the escarpments of the many cliffs and headlands which adorn the outside boundaries of the entire field. It consists of an overlying mass of tabular trap in a vast series of strata strongly marked, and which in some places exceed 900 feet in thickness in the aggregate, resting upon a stratum of white chalk in a highly vitrefied state, of more than 90 feet in thickness, in which there is a large quantity of flint imbedded both in laminæ and nodules of the most fantastic shapes; the greensand underlies the chalk, beneath which the oolitic formation crops out—but of such a thickness that its series of beds of gray, white, and variegated gypseous marls have not yet been fully explored.

From this point the same formation can be distinctly traced northwards along the escarpments of the hills at Carrickfergus, Larne, Glenarm, to the Garronpoint and Red Bay; and, with the exception of a small district

around Fairhead, where the white limestone disappears, it can be traced round westwards by Ballintoy, Portrush, and Benyevenagh, where it turns southward by Keady, Benbraddagh, and Slieve Gullion; and from thence to the eastward by Soldierstown, Moira, Maheralin, and back to Cave Hill again. Thus it would appear that the lava had been poured into and filled a great calcareous basin of more than 120 miles in circumference, and about 160 square miles. Such basins are known to exist in other volcanic countries.

This region is skirted by the more ancient series of rocks, which present nearly similar indications at opposite points. Take, for instance, Ballycastle with its coal formation on the north-east; and Coal Island, near Dungannon, of precisely the same character; or the red sandstone formation in the vicinity of Belfast, with its red marls, gypsum, greensand, and lias in the south-east; and the same formation at Magilligan on the north-west. The similarity is very striking, and was, we believe, first ascertained by the geological investigations made by the officers of the Ordnance Survey. By inspecting the very beautiful Map of Ireland, engraved under the direction of Major Larcom in 1837, the similarity of contour in the series of hummocky, detached masses on the eastern and western boundaries will be at once strikingly apparent. This area presents the appearance of a great plain or basin upheaved at its eastern, western, and northern boundaries, to a considerable elevation, varying from 500 or 600 to 1500

feet above the level of the sea ; whereas the centre of the field towards the south, in the vicinity of Lough Neagh, is not more than 50 or 60 feet. This space is traversed by a crack, as it were, in the stratum which forms the valley of the Bann. The general shape is that of a square, of which Lough Neagh forms the south-western portion.

From what vent or vents such a deluge of basalt flowed forth has not been ascertained, and possibly never may, but the subject invites inquiry and investigation.

In many places of this great area lignites have been found, and in some places in great abundance. In some instances basins of this coal are found enclosed in the basalt, as in the vicinity of Ballymena. In such situations the consolidation is so perfect that the woody fibre and annular rings are almost effaced; in others the very form of the trees, with their bark, and the fragments of their boughs, have been retained. The largest and most remarkable deposit of lignite is to be found at Glenavy, extending around Lough Neagh as far as Dungannon, a district of more than twenty miles in circumference. Associated with the lignites silicified wood has been found in abundance.



Shane's Castle.

CHAPTER IV.

SHANE'S CASTLE—THE O'NEILL—LOUGH NEAGH.

Antrim—Round Tower—Ram's Island.

THERE are few tourists who will not pay a visit to Lough Neagh and Shane's Castle. Instead, then, of proceeding by the old Shankill road, the traveller is almost sure to give the preference to the less picturesque but more speedy route by the Ballymena Railway. Arrived at Randalstown, we would recommend that a car be hired for the day to visit Shane's Castle, Massareene Park, and Ram's Island. Entering Shane's Castle demesne by the Randalstown gate, the avenue leads

through thick plantations of fir, larch, and evergreens, to the old castle.

The noble proprietor resides in the buildings in the stable-yard, which, with some additions, have been converted into a very comfortable but a very humble residence for the representative of this princely family. Strangers may find some difficulty in finding their way to the house, as the finger-post directs you on the left "to the stable-yard." Upon going to the right, "to Shane's Castle," the tourist arrives at the fortified esplanade in front of the ruins, upon which the splendid conservatory is erected. It is the only relic of the ancient castle, and is still kept up in perfect order.

It is impossible to look upon these ruins without regret. Not yet venerable from time, they convey the idea of recent dissolution; and from the traces of the conflagration still remaining, you can scarcely believe that even so many years have elapsed since the Castle was destroyed. This event took place in 1816. The fire was purely accidental, being occasioned by the burning of the chimneys, the flues of which burst in consequence of the ignition of the nests of jackdaws with which they were loaded. There was a large party stopping at the Castle at the time, and the most strenuous exertions were made to stay the progress of the flames, but in vain. With such rapidity did the fire extend, that the splendid library, and most of the valuable pictures, were destroyed. The mansion has never been rebuilt, although the late Earl had more than once entertained the idea,

and had even cleared the foundations of the ground-plan upon the old site.

The Castle was defended on the side of the lake by a strong battery of guns, which are still kept in order on their carriages, and pointed through the embrasures. Such a parade of strength seems almost ridiculous in such peaceful times as the present, but no doubt it was quite necessary in the olden times, when flotillas on the Lough were not uncommon. Of this fact we have some melancholy notices in Stewart's History of Armagh, from which it appears that the Irish, who occupied the fort of Charlemont on the Blackwater, built in 1642 a fleet of boats for the purpose of making predatory excursions on the lake. An army of Scots, which was sent to reduce the rebellious Irish to obedience, built a fort at Toome, and equipped a fleet of one large and seven smaller gun-boats, manned by three hundred men. The hostile flotillas met near Clanbra-zil; an engagement ensued, which terminated in the entire destruction of the Irish fleet, with the loss of upwards of sixty men slain, and as many more taken prisoners. (Stewart's Armagh, p. 374.) Happily such scenes are not likely again to disturb the serenity of these waters. The late Earl having died without issue, the estates descended to his brother, General Sir John, now the Viscount O'Neill, who, like his brother, has never been married, and with whom the time-honoured and nobly sustained title of O'Neill becomes extinct.

The following sketch of this distinguished family,

condensed from the pen of Dr. Stewart, will be read with interest:—The family of O'Neill is of Gothic descent, having sprung from Belus, a Gothic king of the Orkneys. They landed in Ireland in the latter end of the ninth century, and were then called Nial, or O'Neal, or Hy-Nial, which signifies a chief or prince. Having married into the family of an Irish prince, they soon became the paramount chiefs of Ulster. They opposed the Danes, and defeated them in 1165, and for several centuries bravely opposed the encroachments of the English, nor were they subjected to that power until the time of Elizabeth, at which period the celebrated Shane O'Nial flourished. He claimed sovereignty over the principal chiefs of Ulster in virtue of his hereditary descent, counting the Magennis, the Macguire, the O'Reilly, O'Hanlon, Mac Brien, O'Hagan, O'Quin, Mac Kenna, Mac Cartan, and all the Mac Donnels, as his gallowglasses.

He is described as a person of singular energy, "subtle in mind, alert in action, quick in expedient, haughty, vindictive, unrelenting, social, munificent, hospitable, but intemperate at table." His cellars were well supplied, and are said to have contained at times no less than two hundred tuns of wine besides usquebaugh. When intoxicated, his attendants resorted to the following singular method of restoring him to sobriety again:—At his command they placed him chin-deep in a pit, and then cast earth about him. In this clay bath he remained until the velocity of his blood abated. This renowned chieftain was the son of Con O'Nial, who made

his submission to Henry VIII., and received the title of Earl of Tyrone, "with remainder to his reputed son Mathew." Shane, however, fired with a spirit of independence, raised a considerable force, burst into the English Pale, and attacked the territories of several of the Irish chieftains. Lord Deputy Sussex was sent to check his progress. The Queen's forces being an overmatch for the chieftain, he was advised to submit, which he did to the Queen in person. He repaired to London, where he appeared rather as an independent chieftain than as a vassal to the English crown. "The citizens of the British capital beheld with lively emotion this renowned Ulster chieftain accompanied by a splendid train of Irishmen, arrayed in the proper costume of their country. A body of gallowglasses marched with O'Nial, armed with battle-axes. Their long curling hair descended on their shoulders from their uncovered heads; their linen vests were died with the crocus; long sleeves, short tunics, shaggy cloaks, rendered them singularly conspicuous. He was greatly distinguished by the royal favour, and for a short time acted with great zeal for the Queen as her chosen champion."

The Shane's Castle family are the representatives of O'Neal, clan Aodh Buidhe. This is a branch of the princely O'Neals from whom most of the royal families of Europe have descended, and amongst the rest, through Kenneth Mac Alpine, a descendant of Connary, a prince of the Hy-Nial blood, of our present gracious Queen.

The clan of Aodh Buidhe O'Nial, that is, Hugh the

Yellow, possessed a tract of country extending from Lough Neagh to Lough Cuan. There were many collateral branches, and all were distinguished by their noble presence and lofty bearing, of which the late Earl and the present Viscount were no bad specimens. Of the O'Neals of Banville, an offset of the same family, Stewart says: "Owen O'Neal, father to the late John O'Neal, was a man of the most majestic form, princely deportment, affable manners, and unbounded benevolence. An ancestor of this Owen, Con an Aithe, the seventh in descent (junior branch) from Hugh Buidhe, is described as a man remarkable for his lofty bearing and generosity. He is thus described by a bard, one of his contemporaries:—

"Mile pailte dhuitre a Chuinn
 Chuḡain air tuinn chum du tḡipe peim
 A nḡhíl onopa anabhpa dhuinn
 A bpearda ḡrín do clauna Neil
 Ne bpeacog a bhí aun do tḡeach
 Acht maipṑ-pheoil cpeach ip chuipm
 Ol piona aḡur malairṑ each
 buib do chine leatpa Chuinn."

ANGLICE.

Hail, prince of Erin! honour's noblest son,
 A thousand welcomes greet the dark-eyed Con.
 Soft heave the waves—the breezes waft him o'er,
 And give our chieftain to his native shore.
 O'Neil! offspring of a noble race,
 In all thy acts a liberal soul we trace:

The heart of hospitality commands
Thy doors to open, wide the portal stands.
Enter, O people! 'tis no miser's hoard
That crowns so sumptuously your festive board ;
But Generosity, whose hand divine
Bears the rich viands and the laughing wine, &c.

It would far exceed the limits we propose to ourselves were we to discuss the records, or to recount the many anecdotes which belong to this ancient family. Subjoined we give a sketch of the O'Neil chair, the ancient seat upon



O'Neil's Chair.

which so many chieftains of the family were inaugurated. It is now in the possession of Roger Walker, Esq., Barrister at Law, county of Sligo. It is to be regretted that this gentleman, whose good taste is so well known, has not presented it either to the Royal Irish Academy, its proper resting-place, or to the Belfast Mu-

seum, from the local interest which belongs to it, having been taken from the Hill of Castlereagh. We give an engraving of the well-known Red Hand, from a signet-ring in the possession of Alexander Johns, Esq. The tradition of this armorial sign is somewhat singular and characteristic. In one of the very earliest expeditions for the conquest of Ireland, it was announced by the leader of the party that the first that *touched* the land should be Lord of the territory. As the boats were nearing the shore, two took the lead; in the hindermost of these there was an O'Neil, who, fearing that the other boat would land first, seized an hatchet, and severed his left hand from the arm, and threw it forward on the land, and thus *touched* it first, and became the founder of that family which gave so many chieftains to Ulster, and whose blood is mingled in the veins of so many royal families. The Red Hand, sinister, gules, with the monograph O, is the well-known armorial sign of the province.

Before leaving the demesne of Shane's Castle, a visit to the private burial-ground, near the Castle, will be rewarded with a sight of one of the tombs of the O'Neils, of which the annexed sketch gives a faithful representation. It bears the subjoined epitaph, which, for genealogical prolixity, is scarcely surpassed by the high-sounding titles of a Spanish grandee.



O'Neil's Tomb.

THIS VAULT . VVAS
 BVILT . BY . SHANE . M^c
 BRYÆN . MAC . PHELM .
 MAC . SHANE . MAC . BRIEN .
 MAC . PHELM . O . NEILL .
 ESQ . IN . THE . YEAR .
 1722 . FOR . A . BURIAL .
 PLACE . TO . HIMSELF .
 AND . FAMILY . OF .
 CLANEBOYS .

LOUGH NEAGH.

The appearance of the Lough from the fortified esplanade partakes very little of the picturesque. The shores are tame and uninteresting; the expanse of water is too great to permit the eye to distinguish any objects of interest around its circuit. On the Tyrone and Derry sides the mountains fade away into the distance without adding by their bold contours or deep shadings, the much-needed background to give effect to the monotonous scene; nor is its surface broken by islands. It is, in truth, a little inland sea, being about twelve miles in length by eight in breadth, and has nothing of the charm of lake scenery about it.

A curious question here arises:—How was such a large basin of water formed within the very precincts of the basaltic area? By the Ordnance Survey its general level is only 48 feet above low water mark. The soundings made by Lieutenant Graves show that in some places it is above 100 feet deep, or about fifty feet below the level of the sea. It is evident, therefore, that the Lough is the result of a great subsidence and crack of the strata; and to this corresponds the very remarkable subsidence of the chalk basin at the Causeway, in the vicinity of the columnar formation, a state of things which has been observed as a matter of course wherever the columnar basalt occurs. Now, such a columnar formation occurs on the very shores of the Lough at Shane's Castle, as discovered by Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, R. E., and may be seen in the rear of

the gardens of the Castle. May it not then be supposed that the subsidence of the chalk has left the large basin which has been filled by the waters of the Bann? The columns are not so perfect as that of the Causeway, but the heads of the pillars form a polygonic pavement well worthy of examination: and to those who have not seen that great natural curiosity it will convey a very good idea of the nature of that singular formation.

The shores of Lough Neagh are celebrated for their pebbles, all of which are of a siliceous nature. They are of various colours; some are of a milky-white chalcedony; others red, almost equal to good cornelian; some are merely striped with red, like the fortification agates—these are the most esteemed; others are dark, shining, and having the rich colours of the jasper agates. In general they are very hard, and take a fine polish. They are now little sought after, except as specimens by the curious. These pebbles are not confined to the Lake; they are met with throughout the whole basaltic area, and many of them present the appearance as if they had been in a soft state, and received the impressions of the harder bodies with which they came in contact.

The natural history of Lough Neagh is not devoid of interest. It is frequented by many rare and curious aquatic birds, a correct list of which is still a desideratum. Of the fish we may mention that the salmon (*Salmo salar*) is abundant; several varieties of trout, many of which grow to a very large size, afford amuse-

ment to the angler, and are a source of profitable employment to the fishermen around the Lake; of these we may mention the Breddagh trout (*Salmo lacustus*); the yellow trout (*Salmo fario*); the char (*Salmo alpinus*)—it is known in this locality as the Lough Neagh whiting. The perch (*Percha fluviatilis*), and bream (*Cyprinus brama*), and pike (*Esox lucius*), are very abundant. The perch was introduced by the grandfather of the present Viscount O'Neil, and have multiplied to a surprising degree. But perhaps the most characteristic fish is the pollan, or fresh-water herring (*Salmo laveretus*), a gregarious fish like the herring, and is taken in great numbers during the spring and summer, affording to the poor of the vicinity a plentiful supply. It is reckoned an insipid fish, and particularly disliked by strangers. They are sold from six pence to eight pence per dozen. It was long thought to be peculiar to Lough Neagh; but it has been found in other large lakes in the kingdom, and also in some of the Continental lakes.

While upon this subject we may notice the popular belief of the petrifying qualities of the waters of the Lough. Until very recently it was a received opinion that these waters had a petrifying quality. This notion passed current since the time of Nennius, who wrote about the eighth century. It has now been satisfactorily proved that the water has no such quality. The specimens of petrified wood found upon the shores have been washed down by the river, or thrown up by the waters of the lake. In the district all round the Lough,

extending some miles inland, petrified wood has been found in large quantities deposited in the tertiary clays which abound in that neighbourhood. Barton, who wrote in 1755, and who was one of the most indefatigable and accurate observers, and is considered the safest guide upon these formations, discovered one splendid specimen more than 700 pounds in weight; and at a place called Waterfoot, near Glenavy, he discovered a quantity of silicified wood embedded in lignite. The reader who is desirous of pursuing this subject further will find in the Dublin Geological Transactions, vol. i. p. 233, a most valuable communication from Dr. Scouler on the silicified woods and lignites of Lough Neagh; and also in Colonel Portlock's Geological Memoir.

In returning to the town of Antrim the tourist may walk through Massareene Park, the seat of the Massareene family. The mansion is a stately pile, in the olden fashion, and the grounds somewhat formal, in the French style. The present proprietor, the Viscount Massareene, has not only displayed much taste in the improvements around the Castle, but has likewise greatly improved the extensive park which lies to the south of the town, through which he has opened a great number of beautiful drives and walks.

The town of Antrim is contiguous to the Castle, and is the property of the noble Viscount. It is a neat little town, upon the Sixmilewater, which flows through it into Lough Neagh.

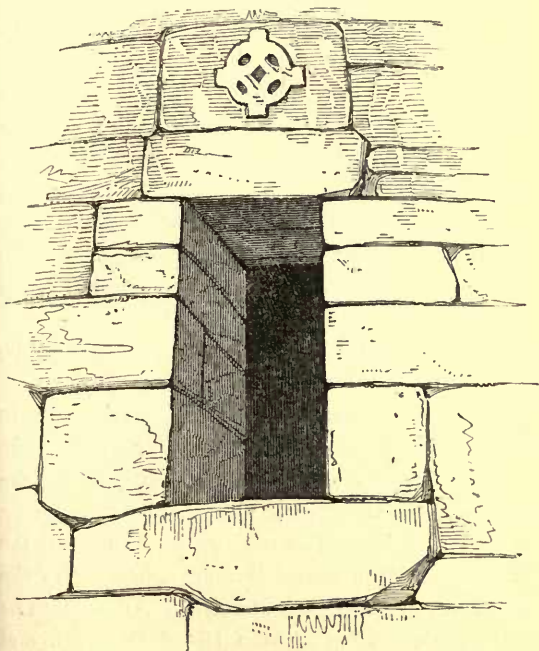
In 1649 General Monroe reduced it to ashes, and

here also Lord O'Neil lost his life in 1798, in a vain attempt to prevent a conflict between the King's troops and the rebels. At first the soldiers gave way, and lost three of their guns, which were again recaptured, and the rebels totally defeated.

The valley of the Sixmilewater is one of the most beautiful and fertile in the county. Its natural advantages have been turned to account for manufacturing purposes. The beautiful bleach-greens of Mr. Chainé are justly celebrated, not only for their great extent but for the very judicious and tasteful manner in which the natural features of the scene have been taken advantage of. Besides corn and flour mills of considerable power, the manufacture of paper has been long established in this locality.

A little to the north of the town is the demesne of Steeple, the residence of Mr. Clarke, in which there is one of the finest specimens of the Round Towers in the north of Ireland; it is ninety-five feet high, tapers upwards, diminishing from fifty-two feet in circumference, at the base, to thirty-six near the top. The door is twelve feet from the ground, and is of the square shape. Over the entrance there is a device in open stone-work, resembling a Maltese cross, which would strengthen the idea of these towers having been erected within the Christian period. It is the opinion of Dr. Petrie that this tower was built by Goban Saer in the seventh century, a celebrated architect of that age, to whom also is ascribed the erection of those of Kilmacduagh and Kil-

bannon, near Tuam. The peculiarity of the doorway and open cross will be readily understood from the annexed sketch from the pencil of the learned antiquary above mentioned.



Doorway of the Antrim Tower.

In driving towards Ram's Island several residences, agreeably situated, will be pointed out, amongst which we may notice Cherry Valley, Greenmount, Glenconway, Greenvale, and Thistleborough.

RAM'S ISLAND

Is a sweet little fairy land, adorned with a lovely cottage, and the grounds richly ornamented with hundreds of rose-trees and flowering plants, and neat little parterres. The ruins of a Round Tower give it a peculiarly picturesque effect. It is needless to say that there are few places of greater attraction than this little isle, and no pleasanter place could be selected for a summer *pic-nic*. It is somewhat more than an Irish mile from the mainland, with which it seems to have been formerly connected in the direction of Gartree Point.

Ram's Island is very dear to the peasantry, who take great delight in celebrating it in the traditional songs of the neighbourhood.

Within view is the demesne of Langford Lodge, the seat of General Sir Hercules Pakenham.

The tourist may now take his choice to return to Belfast by Antrim and the railroad, or to take the car onwards over the Shankhill Mountain. By the latter he will have to traverse a bleak and uninteresting tract for some miles. The road gradually ascends the great inclined plane caused by the upheaving of the eastern boundary of the basaltic field. All at once he comes to the great gap between Dives' Mountain and Cave Hill; and whatever weariness may have been experienced in the journey so far, it is soon forgotten in gazing upon the magnificent prospect which here opens to the view. From one point he can perceive the three great Loughs: Lough Neagh to the west, occupying the



BELFAST

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great depression formerly noticed; to the east, beyond the undulating hills of Down, Lough Strangford is seen, studded with innumerable islands. Nearer, and stretching some miles to the northward, Belfast Lough, with its shipping and richly improved shores, occupies the great valley between the counties of Down and Antrim. The town itself, with its groves of chimneys, steeples, and public buildings, occupies the foreground of this noble prospect.

Many pleasant thoughts arise in viewing this scene, beautiful in itself, but doubly so from the contrast with the tame and dreary tract just passed. Rapidly descending, the traveller finds himself once more in one of the comfortable and well-appointed hotels of this beautiful city.



CHAPTER V.

Lisburn—Paul Jones—Castle Gardens—Hillsborough—The Marquess of Downshire—Dromore—Banbridge—Guildford—Moyallen—Portadown—The Bann—The Pearls of the Bann—Improvements of the Lower Bann.

ARRIVED at Lisburn by rail from Belfast, the tourist may proceed direct by Moira and Portadown to Armagh; but we recommend a detour by Hillsborough, Banbridge, &c. The ancient name of the town of Lisburn was Lisnagarvey, probably signifying the fort or fortress of a native chieftain of the name of Garvey or Garvin. It was a place of much consequence in the olden time, as here was the bridge over the Lagan leading southwards. It was burned down in 1641 by the Irish, since which time it has been called by its present name Lisburn—the River Fort, or fort commanding the river. This district was granted to the Viscount Conway by Charles I., by whom the Castle of Kiltullagh was built, which became the head of the manor. He induced several English and Scotch settlers to establish themselves here, and the town soon rose into notice, and is now considered the third in the county of Antrim, having 972 houses, and a population of 6097.

The chief objects of interest are, the Market-House, standing in the centre of a triangular area, having a

handsome tower, surmounted by an ornamental cupola; and the Church, with a lofty octagonal spire. It contains the monument of the great and good Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who died in the year 1667, and also that of Lieut. Dobbs, who fell in action with the notorious Paul Jones, on the 24th of April, 1778, outside of Carrickfergus Bay.

PAUL JONES.

There is a romantic story told of this adventurous buccaneer, of a circumstance that occurred the day before the action above alluded to. The vessel which he commanded was called by the characteristic name of the *Ranger*, and having been cruising for some days about the channel, he at length landed a party on the coast of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, with the intention of seizing Lord Selkirk. Fortunately his Lordship was from home; but Jones's men were so ungallant as to make a visit to the Castle, unknown to their commander, and forced Lady Selkirk to deliver the whole of her plate into their hands. They were on their way to Brest with this and other booty when they were met by the *Drake* sloop of war. In the engagement the captain of the *Drake* was killed at the commencement of the action, and Lieutenant Dobbs mortally wounded, after which she struck her colours to the *Ranger*, which continued her voyage, and sold her prize and booty in the town of Brest. Paul Jones was the purchaser of the plate taken from Lady Selkirk, to whom it was conveyed with scrupulous exactness; he even went so far as to pay the carriage of it to Scotland,

THE CASTLE GARDENS

Are kept in the most exact order at the expense of the noble proprietor, Lord Hertford, under the liberal management of the deservedly popular and kind-hearted agent, the Rev. Dr. Stannus, Dean of Ross. These gardens are liberally thrown open to the inhabitants of the town, and form a most healthful and agreeable promenade.

The damask manufactory of the Messrs. Coulstons merits a visit. This truly benevolent family have long been the promoters of the best interests of their locality. With a noble disinterestedness, they refused to adopt the modern improvements in the power-loom manufacture of damasks, and continue to use not only the handloom, but even the handspun yarn, with a view to extend employment to the cottagers without compelling them to send their sons and daughters to the contaminating influence of the congregated hundreds who attend at the power-mills, where, notwithstanding the increased attention and oversight of the proprietors, morality is too frequently endangered by indiscriminate contact during the susceptible years of opening youth. The damask table-linens of the Coulston factory are in high repute, and are esteemed as not inferior in workmanship or design to the best German damasks.

This town returns a member to Parliament, and confers the title of Earl and Viscount upon the family of Vaughan.

Two very interesting routes are now open to the vi-

sitor—the first by Hillsborough and Banbridge, through the vale of Guildford, by Moyallen, to Portadown; the other direct by rail through Lurgan and Portadown to Armagh. Let us take the former.

Four miles from Lisburn, and ten from Belfast, you pass through the sprightly little town of Hillsborough, built on the slope of a hill adjoining the demesne of the Marquess of Downshire.

The Church is the most conspicuous object in the town, being a handsome Gothic building, with tower and spire more than 200 feet high. It is ornamented with stained glass windows, and consists of a nave and cross aisles. It is a stately memorial of the munificence of the grandfather of the present Earl, who is said to have expended £15,000 on its erection. Two monuments will claim the attention of strangers,—one by Nolekens, to the memory of Archdeacon Leslie; the other to the late highly esteemed and justly popular nobleman. The Market-house is a beautiful building, and was erected by the late Marquess. It also serves as a Court-house.

Hillsborough gives the title of Earl to the eldest son of the Downshire family, who are also hereditary Constables of the old Castle of the same name, now a ruin in the park. It was in this Castle King William III. slept while his army encamped on the Moor of Blaris, two miles on the left of the road to Lisburn, which tract has ever since been exempted from the payment of tithe.

This patriotic and popular nobleman is the lineal descendant of Sir Moyses Hill, who came over with Essex to quell O'Neil's rebellion, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Olderfleet Castle, in Lough Larne. The family was of Norman extraction, and was anciently called De la Montagne. In the reign of Edward III. the members of it were styled Hill, *alias* De la Montagne. They resided in the counties of Down and Stafford. These estates, after having been a long time in the family, were at length wasted and disposed of in the reign of Elizabeth, by Robert Hill and his son Edward, whose younger brother, afterwards Sir Moyses Hill, was destined to lay a new foundation for the dignity of the family. As a reward for his prudence, zeal, and sagacity, his sovereign, James I., conferred many honours upon him, raising him to the rank of Mareschal of Ulster, and Governor of the Royal Fortress of Hillsborough, an honour which is hereditary in the family. Large grants of land were conferred upon him as a more substantial mark of the royal favour, and as a means to secure the English interests in these parts.

His Lordship is the fourth Marquess, and was born August 6, 1812. Like his late noble father, he has turned his attention to the development of the resources of his extensive estates, especially in a mineralogical point of view. His recent searches for coal near Carrickfergus and the discovery of some lead mines upon other portions of his Lordship's estates, are calculated to stimulate others to follow his example. As an excellent country gentleman,

and an improving landlord, his Lordship stands deservedly high in public estimation.



Marquess of Downshire.

Five miles farther south is the little town of Dromore, which is the residence of the Bishop of Dromore. It

forms a striking contrast with that just left, being in a very decaying state, not possessed of a single object worthy to detain the tourist, if we except the very fine old rath or fort to the north-east of the town. This mound is more than 200 feet in diameter at the base, encircled with a broad rampart and parapet, with a fosse 12 or 14 feet wide, and a square fort of 90 or 100 feet in diameter, terminating at a precipice. It was said that there was a covert way between it and the Lagan, 250 feet long, by 7 high, and 9 feet deep. The present name is a corruption of the ancient, which is admirably characteristic of its situation:—Druib, or Druin Mor, signifies the Back of the Hill, being very significant of the town on the side near the old fort.

The Church has no pretensions to notice except as having been built by the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Taylor, whose remains are said to be interred here, notwithstanding the monument to his memory in Lisburn.

The mail-coach road from Dromore to Banbridge is not characterized by any remarkable object. The towns are seven miles apart. Banbridge derives its name from the bridge across the Bann, on the left bank of which it is situated. It is a cleanly town, quite “Northern” in its appearance, and is the centre of an extensive flax district. It consists of one principal street, rather well built. The trade is good, and markets are well attended. The Market-house was erected by the late Marquess of Downshire, and has a suite of spacious rooms, devoted to the purposes of a news-room and library.

The communications between it and Belfast, and Newry and Lurgan, are regular, by means of the royal mail-coach, and the morning and evening cars, which start at given hours. The importance of the district requires a better means of communication, and ere long it is expected that a railway will connect it with the capital of Ulster.

From the Vale of Bannbridge the road to Portadown passes through the picturesque village of Guildford and the district of Moyallen, so much admired for its highly improved appearance, and for the neatness of the residences of the members of the Society of Friends, by whom it is chiefly inhabited. Of these, Moyallen House, the residence of the Wakefield family, is the most considerable.

Four miles farther on is the thriving little town of

PORTADOWN,

situate upon the Bann, in a very superior trading position, having a sufficient depth of water to float vessels of fifty or sixty tons burden. By means of the Ulster Canal it carries on a communication between Belfast and Enniskillen, and with Newry, by the Newry Navigation. The railroad between Armagh and Belfast opens up another important commercial communication. The markets are well supplied with agricultural produce, and with linens and yarns from the surrounding country. The town, though small, is wealthy and respectable, and is much noted for the spirit and enterprise of its merchants.

THE BANN.

We have now, for the first time, come in contact with the Bann, one of the most celebrated of Irish rivers, the waters of which have been, perhaps, turned to more profitable use than almost any other in the kingdom.

It takes its rise below the Eagle mountain, on the northern side of the Mourne range, and running northerly by Rathfriland and Banbridge, turns westerly through the Vale of Guildford and Moyallen, and, running northwardly through Armagh, enters Lough Neagh near Bann Foot Ferry. This division of it is called the Upper Bann. Issuing from the Lough, it forms a second sheet of water, called Lough Beg ; after which it continues its northerly course, dividing the counties of Antrim and Derry, and flows into the Atlantic to the north of Coleraine. It is celebrated for its fine salmon fisheries, but still more as the source of the greatest amount of manufacturing enterprise and commercial prosperity of any district in the kingdom. The traveller who is desirous of forming correct notions of the extent and prosperity of the linen trade of the North, would do well to pay a visit to the quiet and beautiful valley between Banbridge and Moyallen. It has not failed to produce a powerful impression upon the mind of every intelligent stranger who has passed through it. As a quiet river scene it is very beautiful. The wooded slopes give a shelter and an air of repose, the effect of which is greatly heightened by the peaceful flow of the river, as it winds along be-

tween verdant banks, which are not unfrequently enlivened with the snowy slopes of the bleach-greens. The elegant mansions of the merchants peep out here and there from dense masses of foliage, or stand upon the level lawns which skirt the river. At first all seems quietness and beauty, but a closer observation shows that it is a scene of the most active industry. Manufactories and bleach-greens occupy the lower grounds, and hundreds of hands—indeed we might say thousands—are busily and profitably occupied in prosecuting the staple trade, which has given to this province a more than European fame. The water-power of the Upper Bann has been greatly increased by the great reservoir constructed by the merchants at Lough Island Reavy which embraces an area of more than 100 acres, affording a sufficient supply at all seasons.

THE PEARLS OF THE BANN.

The river Bann was much noted for its fine pearls—some of these have realized large sums. An instance is given by Sir Robert Reading, in a letter to the Royal Society, in 1688, in which he states:—"That a vast number of merchantable pearls are offered to sale every summer assizes, some gentlemen of the county making good advantage thereof; one pearl was bought for fifty shillings, which weighed 36 carats, and was worth fully £40." Again: "A miller found a pearl which he sold for £4 10s. to a man who sold it for £10, who disposed of it to Lady Glenawley for £30, with whom I saw it

in a necklace, for which she refused £80 from the Duchess of Ormond."

The pearls are not sought after as much as formerly, although very frequently valuable ones have been found. Those of the brilliant rose tint are the most esteemed. They are found in a species of muscle (the *Unio atratus*), of an oval shape, about four inches long, by two or two and a half broad. It is generally in the deep pools with loamy bottoms that the fish are found. In the shallower pools or still waters they are taken by wading in and collecting them by the foot, and throwing them up upon the bank. In the deep waters they are taken by thrusting a long stick between the valves when the shell is open; the white substance of the fish directs the eye to the mark. It is most generally in diseased shells that the best pearls are to be had. These are known by their wrinkled and branded appearance. When a large quantity has been fished up they are left in heaps to decompose, after which they are carefully washed, and the pearls collected from the residuum.

THE IMPROVEMENTS OF THE LOWER BANN

Are well worthy of notice. For several years the Drainage Commissioners have been engaged in a series of operations which have for their object the drainage of the flooded lands affected by the overflowing of Lough Neagh, and in improving the navigation of the Bann. More than 30,000 acres of rich alluvial land are annually being subject to inundation. By lowering the

waters of Lough Neagh to the summer level, a vast area of some of the best lands in the North will be rescued from the destructive effects of sudden overflows. The lands lying along the Blackwater, the Moyola, and Callan, are of a superior quality, and are usually let from £4 to £6 per acre, for grazing or meadowing; but, owing to the frequency of the floods, great loss has been annually sustained by the injury done to the crops. It has been found that it amounts, in the course of six years, to two full crops, being one-third annual loss of the entire. These floods deposit a thick coat of mud upon the grass, which renders it unfit for cattle for a long period, so that the proprietor who lets his lands has frequently to pay damages to those who have contracted with him; and thus, instead of realizing a profit, sustains a heavy loss.

After heavy rains the rise of the water has been found to amount to four and a half inches daily; and when we take into account not only the area of the flooded lands,—say 30,000 acres,—but also the vast area of the Lough itself, some idea may be formed of the difficulties to be overcome by obtaining a suitable egress for such a body of water. A rise of four and a half inches per day, over the whole area of Lough Neagh alone, would give the enormous quantity of 1,604,691,226 cubic feet; and as the difference of winter and summer level averages from four to six feet, it must be admitted that the undertaking is one of singular boldness, and of the greatest interest in a hydrological point of view.

In connexion with this undertaking, the improvement of the navigation of the Bann has been carried out with great success, under the Board of Works, by Mr. Otley, and it is said by competent engineers to be one of the finest specimens of inland navigation in the kingdom. The waters of this deep and beautiful river have been opened to the sea by a canal at the falls or "cuts" of Coleraine, and the perfect and skilful manner in which the works have been constructed there has been the theme of admiration to all who have taken pains to examine them. The contrivances by which the boats are saved from the action of the descending waters are novel and important, and will, no doubt, be copied by all engineers who may be called upon to encounter such difficulties.

But here we may advert to one of the strangest paradoxes that is to be found in the north of Ireland. We have already alluded to the manufacturing activity evinced by the merchants of the Upper Bann, and the splendid reservoirs constructed by them at Lough Island Reavy. But what shall we say to the proprietary of the Lower Bann, or to the want of enterprise on the part of the manufacturing capitalists, when we consider that they have left unoccupied for ages one of the finest sites for the successful application of water-power that is to be found in the kingdom? At the Rock of Portna there is a fall of fully fourteen feet, with a water-power of 100,000 cubic feet per minute, being equal to 2500 horse-power, sufficient for the requirements of twenty-

four factories of 102 horse-power each, for twenty-four hours' work, or for forty-eight factories for twelve hours' work, during the summer months. In winter the power is fourfold, being equal, during the rainy months, to 400,000 cubic feet per minute. Upon the most moderate calculation made upon the average value of water-power, there is thus an unoccupied site, capable of yielding an income of £21,000 per annum; and all this vast supply running to waste in the very focus of manufacturing industry.

It is impossible to look at the map of Ulster without being struck with the physical capabilities of Lough Neagh, and the rich alluvial lands abutting thereon or lying along its tributaries. Compared to the artificial reservoir of Lough Island Reavy, what a noble water head do the two Loughs present! They are, in fact, great compensating basins to prevent the destructive effects of sudden floods upon the Lower Bann. Were it not for such expansion, the sudden rush of waters, after heavy and continuous rains, would be most fearful. It not only prevents these violent ravages, but forms a source of commercial wealth of almost incalculable extent. It is fondly hoped that these observations may catch the eye of some enterprising tourist, who will take the trouble to visit the scene, and judge for himself.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CITY OF ARMAGH.

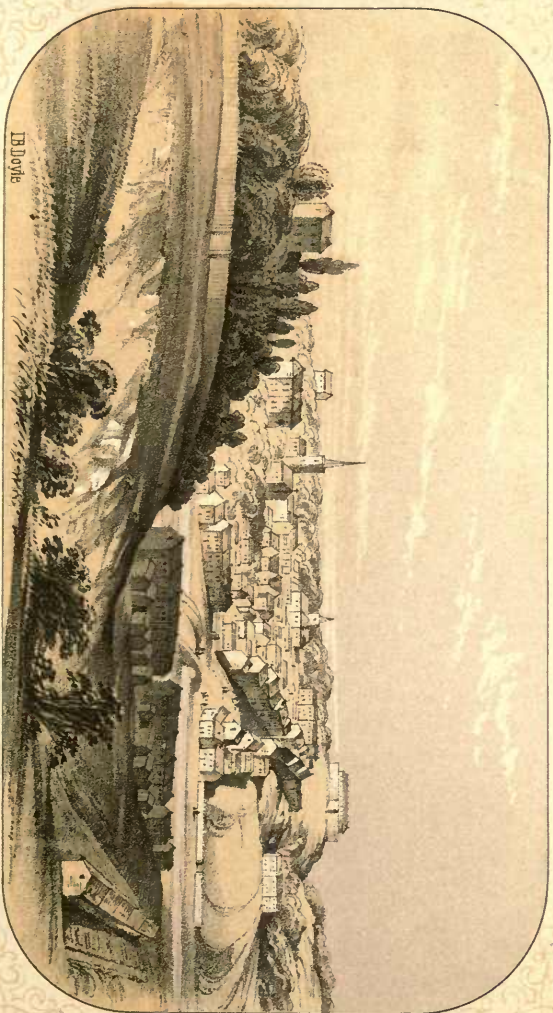
City of Armagh—Its ancient Schools—Ancient Palace of—Fergus Fodha—The Navan Fort—Niall Caille—Present State of Armagh—Munificence of the present Primate—Observatory—Dr. Romney Robinson—Court-house—Library—Royal School—Improvements of Lord Rokeby—Ingratitude of the Citizens.

ABOUT nine miles west of the thriving little town of Portadown is situated the primatic city of Armagh. The country around is undulating, richly cultivated, and ornamented with numerous demesnes and plantations.

This clean and elegant little city is built upon the ancient hill of Drumsailech, or the “Hill of Sallows.” Its apparent elevation is much increased by the lofty and venerable cathedral which crowns the summit, and gives to the whole town a singularly bold and interesting appearance.

The buildings are generally of a substantial character, and most of the streets are built of the beautiful red marble so abundant in this county, and flagged with the same, which, when washed by a shower, has a very curious and sprightly appearance, from the quantity of fossils embedded therein. This town, venerable from its antiquity, and greatly distinguished in the Annals,

IB Doyle



owes its origin to St. Patrick, who founded it in the year 445, A.D., and built a church upon the site of the present cathedral.

In visiting such a renowned locality the well-instructed stranger must feel a chastened and a solemn interest, when he reflects that while the rest of Europe was involved in the darkness of idolatry and ignorance, Armagh was a centre of illumination, sending forth her scholars and her missionaries through the length and breadth of Europe. In the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick we are informed that the first school or college in this kingdom was founded by this eminent missionary about the same time that he built the church, and to so great a degree had its celebrity increased, that in the time of the Venerable Bede, who wrote eleven centuries ago, we are informed that the nobility and gentry of Britain resorted thither for their education; and, in the spirit of a magnificent liberality, strangers were not only educated, but were supplied with books, and gratuitously maintained. His words are: "Erant ibidem multi nobilium simul et mediocrum de gente Anglorum qui relictâ insulâ patriâ vel Dwina Lectionis, seu continuationis vitæ gratiæ eo secesserunt. Quos omni Scoti, libentissime suscipientes victum iis quotidianum sive precio, libros quaque ad legendum et magisterium gratiatum præberi curabant."—*Hist. Gent. Ang.*, lib. iii. c. 27.

We are informed by the learned Camden that "the Saxons flocked to Ireland as the great mart of learning."—*Camd. Britan.*

There is a letter still extant of Aldhelm, written in the seventh century, to his friend Eafrid, in which he complainingly inquires, “Cur (inquam) Hibernia quocumque ex hinc lectoris classibus advecti confluunt ineffabile quodam privilegio efferetur? Ac se istic, fecundo Britanniae in Cespite, Didascali Argivi Quintes reperiri munere queant.” “Why should Ireland, to which students sail from hence in such prodigious numbers, enjoy so great a privilege, as if in the fruitful soil of Britain Grecian and Roman masters could nowhere be found?”

In this ancient school Swithbert, the apostle of Westphalia, and Willebrord, Archbishop of Ulrich, were educated in the latter end of the seventh century. Gildas Albanus, the most ancient British historian, and who died in 512, was a disciple of St. Patrick, and presided over the Armagh College. Feargall, or, as better known on the Continent by the name of Virgilius, long before the days of Copernicus, so early as the year 748, maintained the sphericity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. We learn also from the Venerable Bede, lib. iii. c. 7, that Aigilbert, the first Bishop of the Western Saxons, and afterwards Bishop of Paris, and Alfred, King of Northumberland, were educated in Ireland. It would far exceed our limits to give an outline of the many and great names of those who were educated in this country, and who founded religious establishments in almost every part of Europe and Britain. Poetry, music, theology, grammar, rhetoric, logic, astronomy, &c., were taught in the Irish colleges;

and so early as the fifth century Martianus Capella digested these subjects into a disquisition, as a synopsis for the use of the schools. At one period 7000 pupils were to be found in the College of Armagh, and, according to the *Annals of Ulster*, it is said that in the year 1162, an ecclesiastical synod decreed that no person should be allowed to teach publicly "unless he had studied at the Armagh College."

It would appear, therefore, that at the time at which Ireland was invaded by the Danes she was in a state of high civilization and refinement, and even in the midst of the devastating wars, from that time to the landing of the English, she still maintained her schools of learning. Bede speaks of it as a rich and happy kingdom in 678; of its riches and the improved state of the arts we have abundant proof in the elegantly executed gold and silver ornaments, even still so frequently found in all parts of the kingdom, of which there are so many and beautiful specimens to be seen in our Museums, especially in that of the Royal Irish Academy.

These considerations entitle Armagh to the highest rank amongst the most remarkable places in Ireland. Although the city contains no monuments of antiquity worthy of notice, owing, no doubt, to the frequency of its devastation by fire, and the desolating spirit of the barbarous hordes, who made it one of their principal scenes of their atrocities from the eighth to the twelfth century, yet it is within view of many objects of great historical interest. Turning to the invaluable *Annals of the Four*

Masters,* the great and only fountain of Irish history, we find that the ancient regal palace of the kings of Ulidia, called Eamhain, or Emainia, stood within the girth of the Navan Fort, a mound only inferior to the far-famed Tara, and about two miles west of the present city. This palace was built in the year of the world 3603, by Cimbaoth, King of Ireland; and was destroyed so far back as the beginning of the fourth century by the brothers of the family of the Collas, at the instance of Muireadhach, king of Tara, who held out an inducement particularly agreeable to these daring and ambitious brothers. "The lands," said he, "of that kingdom will form a territory for you and your posterity." Fergus Fodha was at this time King of Ulster, a valiant prince, who nobly resisted the invaders notwithstanding the defection of some of his principal nobility, and about 7000 troops. He gave battle to them in a district then called Fearnmuighe, in the county of Monaghan, but was defeated after a desperate and sanguinary action.

Undaunted, he rallied his broken forces, and for seven successive days renewed the conflict, on the last of which, his army was entirely routed, and himself slain; after which the conquerors marched against the regal palace of Eamhain, which they pillaged and set on fire, from which time it ceased to be the residence of the kings of Ulster.

It was Daire, a Hy-Nialan prince, a descendant of

* Edited by Dr. O'Donovan, and published by Hodges and Smith.

Colla da Croich, one of the brothers, who granted the hill of Drumsailech to St. Patrick.

The Navan Fort, upon which this palace was built, is still a place of great interest. It is an elliptical moat, enclosing more than twelve acres, and embracing two smaller forts within its area, which no doubt were intended to protect the royal residence. The hill commands a prospect of unusual richness and beauty, and overlooks another adjacent site of antiquarian interest. In the townland of Tray there is a mound to which tradition assigns the name of the king's stables, as noted on the Ordnance Map, sheet 12 of Armagh; and immediately adjacent was the palace of the Knights or Champions of the Curaidhe Na Craobh Ruadh, or the Knights of the Red Branch, celebrated for their military prowess. The townland of Creeve Roe, a name which in English letters conveys exactly the ancient name, marks the site of this once celebrated military station. (See *Annals of the Four Masters*, &c.)

Armagh stands in some relation or another to almost every event which happened in the kingdom, either under the Danish or English invasion; and from its pre-eminence in the ancient times it was equally distinguished in the contentions of the rival kings or chieftains, so that to write a history of Armagh would be to give that of some of the leading facts of the history of Ireland at large.

This has been done with singular ability by the late learned Dr. Stewart of Belfast, whose work may

be regarded as one of the most valuable acquisitions to the literature of the country of which we can boast. It would far exceed our limits to enter into minutiae of detail. There is a historic fact, however, which we cannot pass over in silence, especially as the scene is distinctly marked, even at the present day.

NIAL CAILLE.

On the banks of the Callan Water, about a mile from Armagh, as you drive towards Keady, a portion of a tumulus called Nial's Mound marks the resting-place of the gallant and generous Nial the Third, better known as Nial Caille. In the year 846, this valiant prince made vigorous efforts to dispossess the savage Ostmen from the territory over which he reigned.

Having overthrown them in a pitched battle in Tirconnel, he marched into Armagh, the head-quarters of the savage invaders. The Danes, confident of victory, met his troops in advance, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter by the Irish. The survivors fled towards the River Callan, to gain the Fort of the Navan if possible, and were pursued with relentless vengeance until night closed the contest. Meantime a torrent of rain had swelled the river, and a sudden flood arrested the progress of the conquerors in their advance upon Armagh. At the foot of Tullamore Hill, where the river divides from Umgola, Nial halted his troops. At his command one of his warriors endeavoured to pass the ford on horseback, but was instantly hurried from

his steed by the impetuosity of the river. Nial, who with strong emotion of pity saw him struggling for life, commanded his guards to make every effort to save him, but in vain, for they were so benumbed with fear that none moved to his rescue. At length, the king, unable to endure the sight, dashed forward; but the bank giving way beneath his horse, he was plunged headlong into the boiling waters, and perished; his body was found, and deposited in a grave at Tullamore, on the banks of the Callan.

Another interesting trace of the scene of this battle was discovered in the year 1798. Four brazen trumpets were found in the boggy lands of Loughnashade, near Armagh, a place tradition ascribes as the spot where a portion of the Danish army was cut down by Nial's troops. Several trumpets of the kind here found are preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and are objects of singular interest, some of them being more than eight feet in length. Skulls and bones, preserved by the antiseptic quality of the bog, were also found,—a further identification of the place with the tradition.

From the date of its foundation in 445, by St. Patrick, to the days of Elizabeth, the history of Armagh consists of a series of sieges and burnings unequalled by any town in the three kingdoms. It was burned and sacked no less than seventeen times from the eighth to the fifteenth century; and it was not until after the

perfect consolidation of the English power in the beginning of the eighteenth century that it might be said to have enjoyed a permanent repose.

The present state of Armagh is worthy of its ancient fame. The cathedral, which was so often destroyed and violated in the wars of the Danish invasion, and finally by the renowned Sir Phelim O'Neil, in the year 1642, was built by the venerable Primate Margetson, in the year 1675, and sustained partial repairs and additions by Primate Lindsay, in 1713, Boulter, in 1729, Robinson, in 1766 and 1784. In the year 1834 or 1835, the present Primate conceived the idea of its entire restoration. With a munificence truly noble he has, with some slight assistance from other quarters, expended nearly £30,000 upon it. These renovations were conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Cottingham, who had previously distinguished himself in the restorations of Rochester Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Alban's. His success in the present instance has been allowed by the most competent judges to be worthy of his former efforts. Taking the original model as his guide, he stripped it of the unseemly mass of heterogeneous additions which had accumulated by piecemeal, and it will now bear a comparison with the finest specimens of church architecture in the kingdom.

Next to the cathedral, the Observatory, which is beautifully situated on a hill to the north-east of the town, is deserving of attention, not only from the interest which its well-appointed astronomical apparatus is cal-

culated to excite, but from the eminence of the present astronomer, the Rev. Dr. Romney Robinson.

Of this distinguished scholar it would afford us pleasure to speak in terms in accordance with our convic-



Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, D.D.

tions of his pre-eminent ability, did we not know we should run the risk of inflicting pain upon a mind as remarkable for modesty as for talent. It affords us no

small pleasure, however, to be able to enrich our pages with a correct portrait of him, which, we believe, is the first that has been published.

Dr. Robinson's University standing is thus given in the University Calendar:—He was elected Scholar in 1808. In 1810 he obtained a Gold Medal at his Degree Examination. In the same year he obtained Law's second Mathematical Premium. In 1813 he obtained the second Prize at the Fellowship Examination; and next year was elected Fellow, which he vacated in 1823 for the rectory of Enniskillen. As yet he has not distinguished himself as an author; but the records of the Royal Irish Academy, and Proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, give ample evidence of the universality of his knowledge, of which at the meeting of the latter Society at Belfast he gave decisive proofs that won the admiration of that learned body, and became a subject of general observation. Although the Observatory of Armagh has not attracted public attention by the number or interest of the celestial discoveries made there, it is said that a Report which is now in preparation will show that, considering the range of the instruments, the interests of science have not been lost sight of by the learned professor, notwithstanding the multifarious nature of his engagements.

This Observatory was built in the year 1789, and endowed by the Lord Primate Robinson, being the last public building that was erected by him. It is said that

the Primate's friendship for the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Dean of Cloyne, one of the most eminent practical astronomers of the day, was the immediate inducement for its establishment. Dr. Hamilton was appointed the first astronomer to it, his commission bearing date July 31, 1790; from which year until 1815 he held this important post with credit to himself and advantage to the scientific world.

Besides the expense of the buildings and apparatus, it was most liberally endowed by his Grace not only with the lands of Derrynaught, but with the rectorial tithes of Carlingford, a farm in the county of Tyrone, and twenty-two acres of a demesne around the observatory.*

The Deanery lies a little to the northward of this. It is a plain, comfortable building, but not of sufficient interest to claim more than the passing notice of the tourist.

THE COURT-HOUSE

Is situated at the base of the hill, and was built in 1809, fronting the Mall, the principal fashionable promenade in Armagh.

On the north-west of the Cathedral is the County Infirmary, near to which is

THE LIBRARY,

another foundation of Primate Robinson, situated in Abbey-street, built in 1771. At present it contains

* See Stewart's Armagh, p. 450.

over 14,000 volumes, many of which are very rare. The principal room is 45 feet long, by 25 broad, and 20 feet high.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ARMAGH

should not be passed over in silence. It is a Free Grammar School, founded by Charles I. in 1627, and vested in the Primate Ussher and his successors. The endowment consisted of certain lands, containing about 750 acres, producing an income now of about £1200 per annum. It is to this grant the present classical school owes its origin. The buildings, which are very extensive and commodious, were erected in 1774, at a cost of £5000 sterling, of which sum Primate Robinson, the same munificent patron of the arts and sciences so often referred to, contributed £3000.

The ancient College of Armagh, of which we have spoken above, was endowed by the monarchs of Ireland with the most princely liberality. In Archdall's *Monasticon Hibernicum*, page 26, &c., the names of the lands and benefices attached are set forth at large, and show the vast importance attached to learning by the native sovereigns.

No city in the empire is so much indebted to private munificence as Armagh. The successive Primates who have filled the archiepiscopal chair have beautified it with many useful buildings or local improvements. By one, as we have already noticed, the old Cathedral was built after its destruction by Sir Phelim O'Neil. But

it is to Primate Robinson, afterwards Lord Rokeby, that Armagh owes its present distinction and many noble institutions.

We have already spoken of the munificence of the present Lord Primate Beresford, in restoring the ancient Cathedral at his own expense. Monuments less ostentatious, but not less noble, are not wanting to prove the generous benevolence of his nature. His charities, although dispensed with the greatest privacy, are yet upon the most princely scale, and as discriminating as they are kind. It is known that in some years they exceed one thousand pounds. His patronage of public institutions is no less distinguished, and his delicate consideration of the poorer incumbents within his jurisdiction is shown by the extent of his contributions for the support of additional curates in those parishes where their services are required. In some years he has expended more than eleven hundred pounds in this truly praiseworthy manner. We are happy to be able to give a portrait of this distinguished Prelate, by the kindness of Mr. Graves, of London. His Grace, who is son to the first Marquess of Waterford, was born in the year 1773. We quote the following personal sketch from the Dublin University Magazine of 1840, to the general correctness of which we heartily subscribe:—

“In person, the Primate is considerably above the middle size; of a countenance singularly expressive of the qualities of his mind; at once, mild and dignified,—gracious and commanding. We do not ourselves know any other individual who so happily reconciles in him-

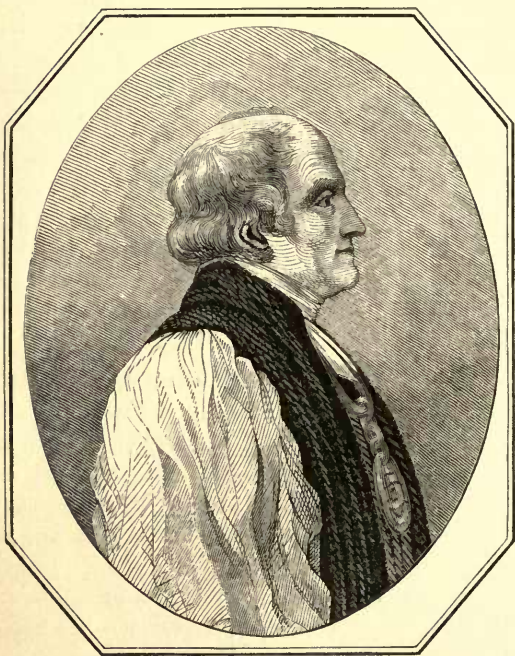
self qualities apparently the most contradictory. He is gentle, yet firm; tender, yet resolved; combining the blandest courtesy, with the most fixed, and, if need be, stern determination. With a bashfulness of character that would lead him, if he indulged it, to decline the duties of public life, he yet, when called upon, has been found equal to emergencies by which the most able and energetic public characters would be most severely tried; and it is always when he is thus forced to act a distinguished part, that he appears to most advantage."

We may add that, notwithstanding his Grace's advanced age, his mind is still vigorous, and his public spirit unabated, as is evidenced by the magnificent erection now being made at his expense, in the Library Square of Trinity College, Dublin, which is designed for a bell-fry or campanile, to grace this ancient and distinguished University, the expense of which will exceed £5000. His munificent contributions towards the establishment of the College of S. Columba, from which, however, he has now withdrawn his patronage, have been even more liberal.

Nor can we omit to mention, in connexion with Armagh, the new Roman Catholic Primate, Dr. Dixon, who is also engaged in the erection of a Roman Catholic cathedral, which promises to be a distinguished addition to the list of the public buildings of the city. The following sketch from the pen of one of his earliest friends will be read with interest:—

"The Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, is a na-





Right Hon. and Most Rev. Lord John George Beresford,
Primate of Ireland.

tive of the archdiocese of Armagh, having been born within a few miles of the ancient town of Dungannon, in the year 1806. At the age of sixteen he entered the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, and, after a course of very remarkable distinction, became a Scholar of the Dunboyne establishment in 1828. In the year 1834 he was appointed to the Chair of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, then vacant by the promotion of the Rev. Dr. Renahan, the present President of the College. This Chair Dr. Dixon continued to hold up to the period of his elevation to the Primacy. In the year 1852, he published a course of lectures under the title of 'A General Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures.' (2 vols. 8vo.)

"On the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, in 1849, Dr. Dixon was selected as his successor by a large majority of the clergy of the archdiocese; and his name was sent forward as the first of the three names submitted according to custom to the Holy See for election to the Primacy. The Pope, however, in the exercise of his prerogative, departed in this instance from the ordinary routine, and, passing by the recommendation of the clergy, appointed the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, at that time President of the Irish College in Rome. Dr. Dixon's honours, however, were not long deferred. On the translation of Dr. Cullen to the archiepiscopal See of Dublin, Dr. Dixon's name was again sent forward as the first of the three recommended by the native clergy; and, in October 1852, he was appointed by the Pope to succeed Dr. Cullen in the Primatial See, and was consecrated on the 21st of November in that year."

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSIONS FROM ARMAGH.

Loughgall—Rich-hill—Obelisk at Castledillon—Charlemont—Moy—Castlecaulfield—Castle of Benburb—Dungannon—Royal School—Dungannon Castle—Hugh O'Neil—Dunglass Collieries—Stewartstown—Cookstown—Dr. James Kennedy Bailie—Cairn of Knockmaney—Tanderagee—Drumbanagher—Cairn of Carn Bane—Gosford Castle—Vicar's Cairn.

WE would recommend the tourist to make a few excursions from this central city. The country around is very fertile and highly cultivated. The red mountain limestone is largely used for agricultural purposes, as is evident from the great number of quarries and kilns in the district. Loughgall is a highly improved locality, and has ever been admired for its rural beauty. Rich-hill, the seat of the Richardsons, is considerably elevated, and presents a pleasing appearance from the railway.

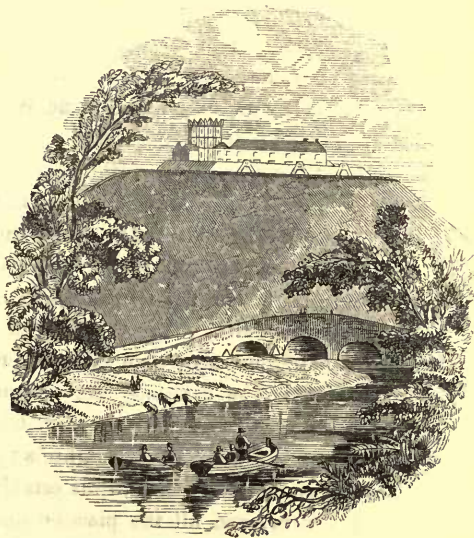
At Castledillon, two miles off, the seat of the Molyneux's, an Obelisk, bearing the following inscription, perpetuates the memory of the celebrated Irish Volunteers:—"This Obelisk was erected by Sir Capel Molyneux, of Castledillon, Bart., in the year 1782, to commemorate the glorious Revolution which took place in favour of the constitution of the Kingdom."





Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, D.D.,
Roman Catholic Primate of all Ireland.

About six miles distant is the garrison town of Charlemont, once an important fortress, commanding



Charlemont Castle.

the passes of the Blackwater. The Castle was built by Lord Mountjoy in 1602, and in 1664 it was sold to Charles II. by Lord Charlemont for £3500. In the wars between James II. and William III., it was besieged by Colonel Castlemotte, a French officer under Schomberg, from Legar Hill.

The governorship of the fortress was usually be-

stowed upon some old and gallant officer, but chiefly on the Lords Charlemont, whose local claims to the distinction were paramount to all others, not only from the proximity of their possessions, but for the hereditary and military patriotism of the family. The office was abolished in 1831, and vested in the Woods and Forests. The Castle is now one of the principal Ordnance depots of the North of Ireland.

On both sides of the river is the little market-town of Moy. It was designed in 1764 by the late Lord Charlemont, after the plan of Marengo in Italy. Since then, it has been largely indebted to the same noble family for the improvements which have taken place from time to time. Quays at either side of the river have been built, and a handsome market-house, news-room, &c. In the vicinity is the demesne and mansion of Roxborough, the beautiful residence of Lord Charlemont. The Blackwater is navigable for lighters to this place, and a ready communication is thus established between Belfast, Newry, and all the places connected with the Ulster navigation. About three miles to the north are "The Argory," the seat of W. M'G. Bond, Esq., and Church Hill, the seat of Sir William Verner.

The ancient Castle belonging to the Charlemont family is situated upon a limestone crag at the village of Castlecaulfield, and is a most picturesque object. In the year 1531 this Castle was taken by Nial Oge, son of Art, the son of Con O'Neal. It was then in possession of O'Donnelly, and was called Bally-ui-Donnghaile,



or Ballydonnelly, from Donaghail O'Neill, the seventeenth in descent from Nial the Great. It was granted to Sir Toby Caulfield by James I., as a reward for his gallantry, from whom it assumed the name of Castle Caulfield. It had twenty-four ballyboes of land attached to it. (See *Annals of the Four Masters*, vol. v., p. 405.)

The linen manufacture is in a very prosperous state in this vicinity, and several mills and bleach-greens are in full operation.

THE CASTLE OF BENBURB,

lying to the south of Charlemont, is situated on a lofty crag, more than 120 feet above the level of the river Blackwater, which winds round it upon two sides, rendering it easy of defence during the period of the wars which so long desolated the North of Ireland, and at a period when artillery was but little used. It has a bold and picturesque appearance. The date of its erection is uncertain. Unlike the generality of such structures, it is built in a very inferior style of masonry; and notwithstanding the abundance of the very best building stone, it was built of rounded pebbles, or boulders, picked up from the fields. Many important events connected with the history of the North occurred in connexion with this fortress. Here it was that Hugh Earl of Tyrone defeated and slew Marshal Bagnall; and here also, in 1646, was fought one of the most desperate

battles that distinguished the wars between the native Irish and the Scottish and English invaders, under General Monroe. Owen Roe O'Neil, assisted by Sir Phelim O'Neil, was attacked by Monroe, aided by Lords Blayney and Montgomery. The wary O'Neil amused his enemy all day with various manœuvres until the sun began to descend in the rear of the Irish, and shed a dazzling glare in the eyes of the enemy. O'Neil, seizing the advantage, charged the English and Scotch with such fury that they gave way before him. The gallant Lord Blayney fell in the heat of the action; Lord Montgomery and twenty officers were taken prisoners; and Monroe was completely routed, leaving his artillery, tents, baggage, and a great quantity of arms, in the hands of the victor. As a ruin, the Castle is still in tolerable preservation, notwithstanding the rudeness of its masonry.

Should the tourist wish to visit the populous and wealthy district in Tyrone, embracing the barony of Dungannon, he has now entered upon that county, and we may direct his attention to a few of the most interesting localities, commencing with

DUNGANNON,

which is five miles from Moy. It is one of the most populous and wealthy districts in the North. Although it is not the shire town, it is yet the largest in Tyrone, and returns a Member to the Imperial Parliament. It is situated in the centre of a dense population, of the

most industrious habits, and consequently, as a business town it occupies a very important position. A railway connecting it with Armagh is now in contemplation, the surveys of which are in progress. The manufacture and bleaching of linens is extensively carried on. Agriculture is also pursued with great diligence; and few districts in the North of Ireland can boast of a more highly improved and cultivated appearance than the whole of this large and populous barony. The town is lighted with gas, and is well cleansed, and, from its elevated position, it is healthy and agreeable.

The College or Royal School of Dungannon has long enjoyed a high celebrity as a training school for Trinity. It was founded in 1628. The present house is another monument to the liberality of Primate Robinson, who contributed largely towards its erection. The income from the lands which form its endowment exceeds £1200 a year.

Adjoining the town is the demesne of Dungannon Park, the seat of the Northland family; and within two miles, near the village of Castlecaulfield, is Packenaur, the seat of John Ynyr Burgess, Esq.

Dungannon was the earliest seat of the O'Neils, and so continued until 1607. The Castle stood upon a hill crowning the town, but was destroyed by Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, and not a trace of it left remaining. From the warlike tendencies of this noble race it was exposed to the constant vicissitudes of war. The history of the last of these powerful chieftains—

HUGH O'NEIL,

is one of the most striking in the records of the family. He held a commission in Queen Elizabeth's army, serving in the south of Ireland in an expedition against Desmond in 1587; and having thus evinced his loyalty, he made application for the restoration of the title of Tyrone, which had been conferred by Henry VIII. upon Mathew, the son of Con, by a blacksmith's wife. He was successful, and obtained the title, subject to a number of reservations and restrictions, limiting the exercise of his authority to the county of Tyrone, and forbidding the exercise of authority over the bordering lords. In consequence of this grant, Turlough O'Neil surrendered the district to his spurious relative. Patient, hardy, spirited, vigilant, athletic, temperate, and valiant, he was capable of enduring the extremes of privation without a murmur. He was a man of polished manners, acute intellect, industrious, and of deep dissimulation.

Scarcely was he invested with the title than he began to make preparations for his aggrandizement and independence. He assumed the title of The O'Neil, "which he considered far more honourable than the title of 'King of Spain;'" levied cesses off the M'Mahons; seized 2000 cows from Turlough; and entered into alliances, offensive and defensive, with the Ulster Scots. He commenced a system of raising levies in the most prudent and artful way. Being allowed by the Queen to keep six companies of soldiers for the defence of

Ulster, he had these trained to military evolutions and exercises, and then dismissed them, raising others in their place; and thus, without exciting suspicion, he diffused a practical knowledge of arms throughout a large body of his devoted vassals. In 1595 Lord Tyrone was chosen Commander-in-chief of the great northern confederation of the O'Neils, Magennises, M'Mahons, O'Cahans, and M'Donnells.

The English Government took the most active measures to quell this insurrection. Sir John Norris was sent to Ulster. Marshal Bagnall, brother-in-law to Tyrone, and towards whom he indulged the bitterest hatred, marched on the 24th May to encounter the Irish. He forced his way through a narrow pass, defended by Tyrone in person, and, entering Monaghan, compelled the Irish chieftain to raise the siege of that town. In July, Tyrone burned Dungannon and the adjacent villages, to prevent their occupation by the English, now in full march upon him, under General Norris. The forces came to conflict at Cluin Tibber (Clontubbert), where Norris tried to force a passage. A singular incident is related by Sullivan connected with this battle, which is so characteristic that we make no apology for its insertion.

Tyrone's troops defended a narrow strait between surrounding marshes, through which Norris had to force his passage. Norris's horse was shot dead under him; his brother was also badly wounded in the heat of the action. At this juncture, Sedgrave, a Meathian officer, a man of gigantic strength, galloped forward,

and made good his passage across the ford. O'Neil met him in mid career, and the spears of the two champions were shattered on their armour. But Sedgrave, with desperate valour, seized his adversary by the neck, and dragged him from his horse: O'Neil also firmly grasped his adversary, and they fell struggling to the ground, the Earl undermost; and the contending armies thought him slain, when he thrust his dagger into Sedgrave's groin, beneath his mail, and killed him in a moment. The English, dispirited, fled from the field; and Tyrone, master of all the adjoining country, took Armagh, but soon afterwards evacuated it.

After being defeated by De Burgh, he raised the siege of the Blackwater Fort, and fought the battles of Benburb and Beal na ath Buidhe, in both of which he was victorious; but being worried by Mountjoy, and his country laid waste, he surrendered, and finally fled the country in 1607, and died in 1616 at Rome. Some years afterwards, his son was found strangled in his bed at Brussels, and thus ended the race of this renowned chieftain. His conqueror, Mountjoy, was created Earl of Devonshire; but died soon after the defeat of O'Neil, in the year 1606, of disappointed love,—“an incurable malady,” says Stuart, “in minds susceptible to the tender passion.”

Within a mile of Dungannon are the Drumglass collieries, now worked with much spirit under the management of their proprietor, Samuel Hughes, Esq.

Immediately in this district, and in the northern

part of the county of Armagh, the geologist will have an opportunity of examining the extensive tertiary district, extending ten miles in length by five in breadth. It is composed of white, brown, and greenish-blue clay, with white and gray sand, and irregular beds of lignite; and on the margins of Lough Neagh silicified wood is found imbedded in considerable quantities. On the shores of Sandy Bay the lignite is so abundant that the inhabitants sink pits, and raise it for domestic purposes.

About five miles north of Dungannon is the neat village of

STEWARTSTOWN.

It carries on an extensive business in the manufacture of linen and cotton cloth. About two miles to the east is the seat of the Earl of Castlestewart. The country around is fertile, and highly improved. The ruins of Arboe and Mountjoy are within reach of the antiquarian, and will, from their historical interest, be worthy of a visit. The former is situated at Arboe Point, the latter near to the lake to the north-east of Dungannon.

Farther north about six miles, the unique village of

COOKSTOWN

cannot fail to interest the visitor by the singularity of its appearance. It consists of a single street, of great width, lined with trees on either side, combining the rusticity of an avenue with the sprightliness of a town, and producing a very striking effect. It is a great market for the sale of raw linens and yarn, and sums of

money exchange hands upon the market days to an amount scarcely credible. The demesne of Killymoon, the seat of the late Colonel Stuart, is adjacent, whose manor embraced the town and estate of Cookstown.

This whole district is celebrated for its bleach-greens and linen factories. In the parish of Desertcreaght the establishments of the Messrs. Greer deserve especial notice, and the many establishments conducted by the members of the Society of Friends have all that air of simple elegance and comfort for which that excellent body is so remarkable; indeed, the whole country presents to the eye of the stranger an air of comfort and prosperity highly gratifying, although, happily, not unusual to the Ulster tourist. This important district is about to be opened up by a branch of the Coleraine and Londonderry Railway, the northern portion of which is in progress.

To the north-east of Stewartstown is the village of Ardtrea, the head of the rectory of that name, the present incumbent of which is the Rev. Dr. James Kennedy Bailie, another of those distinguished scholars whose pen has added so many interesting contributions to philological and archæological literature. We regret that circumstances have prevented us from giving a portrait of this distinguished divine, whose works are so familiar to the learned world, and which afford such a lasting monument to his industry and research. The following may be enumerated :—His celebrated edition of Homer ; Prelections on the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece ; Translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus ;

Collection of Greek Inscriptions, in three large quarto volumes ; several Essays on Polite Literature, in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, &c. &c.

The barony of Dungannon forms a striking contrast to the rest of the county of Tyrone. It partakes both of the fertility and populousness of the county of Armagh, which it very much resembles in its general contours: there are, however, very few or no more objects of such striking importance in it as to attract the tourist farther than we have done, with the exception of the very fine cairn of

KNOCKMANY,

about five or six miles south-west of this barony, on the top of the mountain of Knockmany, in the demesne of



Cairn of Knockmany.

Mr. Jervis, of Cecil. Some mystic characters, in a rude style, are sculptured upon one of the large standing

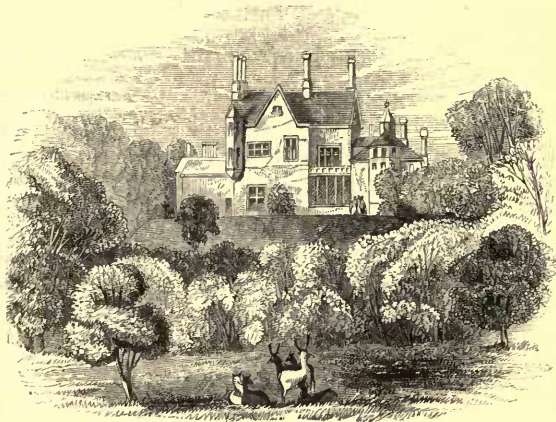
slabs, of which we give a correct sketch. This cairn was opened some years since, and earthen urns found within it, one, a small one, containing some rich black mould, and another, of a much larger size, with the fragments of bones. These were for some time in the possession of the Jervis family. We leave the further consideration of this county to another place, in connexion with the Derry and Enniskillen Railway.

Returning to Armagh, we shall visit some of the most remarkable places south as far as Newry.

THE TOWN OF TANDERAGEE,

within five miles of Portadown, is pleasantly situated on a declivity sloping to the south. The name is said to signify "back to the wind," which is very expressive of its situation. The country around is richly cultivated, and the approaches from the county of Down are really charming. The baronial mansion of the Duke of Manchester, lately enlarged and beautified under the judicious direction of Isaac Farrell, Esq., architect, is immediately adjacent to the town, which, with the noble plantations, gives it a very beautiful and picturesque appearance. The Castle stands upon the site of the old seat of the chiefs of the O'Hanlons, whose lands were forfeited in the reign of James I., and given to Sir Oliver St. Johns. The grounds are generously thrown open by the noble proprietor, and form a delightful place for relaxation to the respectable inhabitants of the town. Under his fostering care several institutions

calculated to elevate the moral tone of the district are in full operation. A Mont de Piété, on the plan of Barrington's of Limerick, has been established. A Female



Castle of Tanderagee.

Asylum, and very many schools, daily and Sunday, are supported by His Grace.

A little to the south is Acton, a pretty, well-built village; beyond which is Poyntzpass, so called from the circumstance of this important position having been forced by Lieutenant Poyntz, of the English army, against a large body of Tyrone's soldiers. For this exploit he received a grant of 200 acres in this barony. Roger Hall, Esq., of Narrow Water, is the present representative of this gallant family. A Castle commanded the pass, of which scarcely a vestige can be traced. This

part of the country is well fortified by Nature, and was selected by Tyrone during his contests with the English: traces of "Tyrone's Ditches" can still be traced. These entrenchments are also called—

"THE DANE'S CAST,"

and can be traced through a great extent of the southern part of the county. There is no doubt that this singular line of fortification is much more ancient than Tyrone's period. Its formation is generally attributed to Turgesius the Dane, and consists of a fosse and rampart of great extent, which in some places, where it is perfect, is from 60 to 80 feet across. It may be said to commence at Scarva, at the old triple moat of Lisnafad. A variety of warlike implements have been found in the trenches from time to time, consisting of bronze spear-heads, swords, flint arrows, stone celts, &c. Mr. Bell, of Dungannon, was the first who traced it out in its whole extent, and it has been subsequently carefully laid down on the maps of the Ordnance Survey.

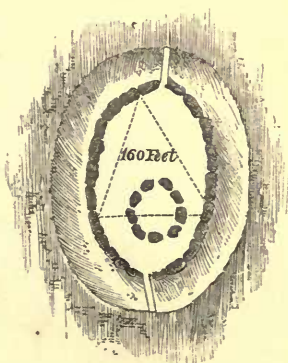
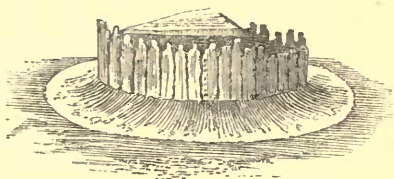
A mile and a half farther south is the princely mansion of Drumbanagher, the seat of Colonel Close: it is in the Italian style, and built of Scotch sandstone. Its erection is said to have cost £80,000. Between this and Newry is the last of the formidable passes of the Down Marches. It is called variously, Lamb's Pass, Turreshane, and the Tuscan.

Between this pass and Newry, not far from the canal, are the remains of one of the most remarkable cairns in Ireland. Although much injured, it is still an object

worth visiting. The following extract and drawing from Coote's Armagh will be read with interest:—

“THE CAIRN OF CARN BANE,

has a deep, sloping bank outside the central mound, enclosed with upright stones, and which is about 200 yards in circumference, covering above a rood of ground. The



Carn Bane.

stones are of a hard grit, resembling granite. Within the glacis, or slope, the base of the Temple gradually rises towards the mound, which is 160 yards in circumference, and is completely girth with long and ponderous

stones set upright, and closely joined together. On the north-west the entrance is formed by a simple bank of easy ascent. On the opposite side is the altar, the slab of which is very ponderous, resting upon three upright stones, each 10 feet long. Nine smaller stones form the paling of the altar; they only serve to wedge up the three principal stones. The triangular slab is 20 feet each side. The outer paling has been nearly destroyed, but the ground plan and drawing accurately represent it as it stood when perfect."



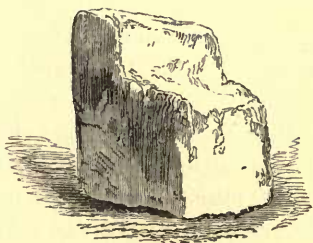
Pillar-Stone of Kilnasaggart.

The pillar-stone of Kilnasaggart, supposed to have been erected to the memory of St. Kieran, and bearing an Irish inscription, is an object worthy of the notice

of the antiquary. It is situate near Jonesborough, about four miles south-west of Newry. We subjoin a correct sketch of this interesting relic.

Returning to Armagh by Market Hill, the tourist may call at Gosford Castle, the seat of Lord Gosford, a massive pile, in the ancient style of castellated mansions. It is richly ornamented with the fine marbles of this country.

Near to Market Hill is Vicar's Cairn, 840 feet high, which was opened in 1815 by Mr. Bell and Mr. Henderson, but nothing worthy of notice was found. From this to Armagh the county improves in beauty and fertility; it is finely undulated, and many of the conical hills are crested with plantations, which agreeably diversify the landscape.



CHAPTER VIII.

BELFAST TO THE CAUSEWAY.

Tour to the Giant's Causeway—The Inland Route—Upton Castle—Lord Conway's Castle, near Toome—Tragical Occurrence—Ballymena—Rev. William Reeves—Galgorm Castle—Grace Hill—The Braidwater—Ballymoney—Bushmills—Manufactories, &c.

RETURNING once more to Belfast by railway, we start upon a tour more frequently travelled and much better known than the districts through which we have already conducted the tourist. One or other of two routes to the Causeway may be chosen,—that by Ballymena, or that by the coast. Let us first take

THE INLAND ROUTE

by railway, as before. The first remarkable place on the line is Upton Castle, the seat of Lord Templeton, formerly belonging to the Norton family. It was built about the time of Elizabeth, but has undergone many alterations and additions since that time. Devoid of historical interest, and unoccupied by the noble proprietor, it only claims a passing notice. Should the tourist desire to pay it a visit, permission can easily be had from Captain Brook, who has lately been appointed to the agency, and under whose care the estate is being much improved. The parish of Templepatrick is remarkable as being the

most Protestant even in Protestant Ulster. It is said that there is not a single Roman Catholic cess-payer in the parish; the great majority of the inhabitants being Presbyterians. Passing Antrim, as already described in page 119, we reach Randalstown, near to which, at Toome Bridge, are the remains of an ancient Castle, which was occupied, in 1664, by the Lord Conway, who built a range of stables 140 feet long, 35 feet broad, and 40 feet high, capable of accommodating two troops of horse. Some remains of the great garden wall, and a portion of the Castle, with one of the turrets, are still in existence, and show the former extent and strength of the fortress. There is a current tradition of a deed of cruelty, and a terrible revenge, which ultimately led to the destruction of the Castle, the leading facts of which are as follow:—A deranged friar, named O'Hagan, from Tirowen, in Donegal, having strayed as far as Toome, entered the precincts of the Castle, and, being rudely accosted by the officer, replied to his question,—“What brought you here?”—“The same that brought you;” which so enraged the officer that he ordered him to be dragged into the fortress and placed with the soles of his feet to the fire, in which painful situation he was kept until he expired. His brother, a man of daring courage, having heard of this cruel deed, resolved on revenge, and coming with a few trusty followers, who remained near the Castle, he boldly went up to the sentinel and demanded to see the commander under pretence of handing him a letter. On being refused he plunged a dagger to his

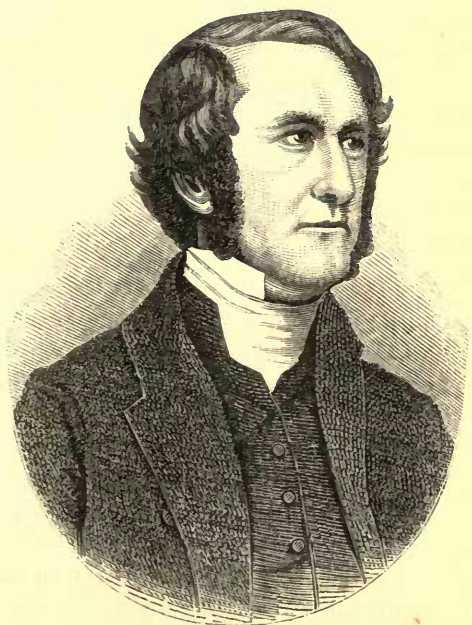
heart, and rushing forward surprised and slew the officer, exclaiming, as his victim fell to the earth,—“My brother is revenged.” Shortly after, the Irish from Charlemont, under an O'Neill, relative to O'Hagan, stormed the Castle, and reduced it to ruins.

From Randalstown the country on either hand is uninteresting and bleak, but you are relieved of its tedium by the celerity of the transit by railway, which is now open to

BALLYMENA,

the second town in size and importance in the county, and one of the most extensive linen and flax markets in the North. The town itself, although much improved of late, has no pretensions to architectural beauty, or picturesqueness of situation. It is situated in the parish of Kirconreola, or, as it is more properly written, *Kilconriola*. The original church stood in the townland of the same name, at a most inconvenient distance from the town. The present church was built in 1707, and by Act of Parliament declared to be the only parish church of Kilconriola for ever. The present incumbent is the Rev. Dr. William Reeves, the accomplished author of the “Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor,” and other works of archæological interest. Through the kindness of a friend we are enabled to give a portrait and brief sketch of the life of this popular and already distinguished author, as a fitting tribute to one who has devoted so much of his time and talents to the development of the ancient literature of his country.

The Rev. William Reeves, D.D., M.R.I.A., is the son of Boles Reeves, an eminent solicitor of Dublin, by Mary, daughter of Jonathan Bence Roberts, who had served



Rev. William Reeves, D.D., M.R.I.A.

as captain in the American war, and was born at Charleville, in the county of Cork, on St. Patrick's eve, 1815. He entered the University of Dublin in October, 1830,

and in the early part of his undergraduate course acquired the character of an assiduous and orderly student, and obtained scholarship in 1833. During that and the following years he earned for himself the reputation of a sound classical scholar, in a class whose roll contained the names of Graves, Fitzgerald, Carson, Stack, and Gibbings.

In 1835 he graduated Bachelor of Arts; and, having completed his collegiate exercises in divinity three years before the prescribed age for admission to holy orders, devoted himself with great zeal to the study of physic, and in the summer commencements of 1837 took the degree of Bachelor in Medicine.

March 18, 1838, he was ordained deacon in Hillsborough Church by Bishop Mant, as curate assistant of the parish of Lisburn; and on June 2, 1839, was admitted to priest's orders by Bishop Ponsonby, in the Cathedral of Derry. During the period of his continuance at Lisburn he received many valuable marks of esteem from the inhabitants of that populous and important parish; and, when leaving it, was, at a public meeting, presented by the rector and parishioners with an affectionate and honourable testimony of their regard.

In 1841 the benefice of Kilconriola, or Ballymena, becoming vacant by the promotion of the Rev. Hugh Smyth Cumming, the Earl of Mountcashell, who was patron, authorized the parishioners to nominate a successor; which they unanimously did in the subject of the present notice, and, having obtained the Bishop's

approval of their choice, submitted his name to the patron, who made the appointment accordingly.

In 1845, having become a member of the Down and Connor Church Architectural Society, his attention was directed to the study of ecclesiastical antiquities, principally in their historical bearing ; and in May, 1847, published his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore*, a work which was most favourably received by the reviews and journals of the day, and was pronounced to be an important contribution towards an ecclesiastical history of the country.

In the same year he was appointed by Bishop Mant one of his examining chaplains, and continued on terms of the closest intimacy with that distinguished prelate until the period of his death.

In June, 1849, he was presented by the Earl of Clarendon to the Diocesan School of Armagh and Connor, this being almost the first exercise of that Viceroy's official patronage.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1850, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity, *condonatis stipendiis*, in consideration of "literary merit and attainments."

In 1851 he edited, among the publications of the Irish Archæological Society, Primate Colton's *Visitation of Derry*, which was also favourably received.

He is at present engaged in preparing for the Press an elaborate collection of the ancient memoirs of St. Columba, with such collateral materials as can be gathered to illustrate the period of that teacher in the history of the

Irish Church. He is also preparing to extend his work on the three dioceses with which he is connected to the four provinces, and thus to lay the foundation of a parochial history of Ireland.

It is gratifying to know, that Dr. Reeves is in the early prime of manhood, and is blessed with a vigorous constitution, to second his efforts in the laudable course upon which he has embarked. His well-known habits of industry and laborious research afford no slight guarantee that his country will yet be indebted to him for a further illustration of the records of her ancient state and history, so as to place her claims, in a historical point of view, in a fair and impartial light before the world.

The country around Ballymena, without being very striking, is nevertheless of a pleasing character, especially in the direction towards Broughshane, and up the valley of the Braid Water, to the north-east, between the mountains of Slemish and Carncormick, and through which there is a road to Glenarm.

GRACE HILL.

This Moravian settlement was established in 1765, and is situated about a mile to the westward of the town. The village consists principally of neat cottages, with the exception of the square, of which three sides have been built, and the centre planted with rows of trees enclosing a small fish-pond and shaded walks. There is a house for the sisters of the community, in which a number of females are lodged and boarded,

who thus support themselves by useful and ornamental needle-work, the profits of which do not, however, belong to the community, but to the individuals themselves. The house for the unmarried brethren, in which suitable trades were to be carried on upon a similar plan to that of the house for the sisters, was not found to answer, and has been for many years devoted to the purposes of an academy for boys, of whom there are more than forty as boarders at present in the institution, under the care of the principal, with a sufficient staff of assistants.

A comfortable inn, with a small but well-appointed posting establishment, is under the care of a manager, who is responsible to the community. There are two Sunday Schools and a Widows' House, and two village schools, independent of the educational establishment for young ladies and gentlemen.

There is an air of tranquillity and neatness about the entire settlement quite in keeping with the simplicity of character for which the Church of the United Brethren is so much distinguished.

Adjoining to Grace Hill is the Castle of Galgorm, lately the northern seat of the Earl of Mountcashel, but recently disposed of, with all his Antrim estates, in the Incumbered Estates Court; it is an inelegant and stiff-looking building, of no peculiar or historical interest whatever.

The Clogh Water, on the north of the parish of Kilconriola, was the ancient boundary of the three

territories of the Glynnns, the Route, and Claneboys, respectively governed by the chieftains of the houses of Mac Donnel, M'Quillan, and The O'Nial.

From Ballymena to Ballymoney the country is bleak and boggy for the greater part of the way. In some of the bogs of this district curious enclosures have been discovered, formed by piles of black bog oak, forming small islands, to which access was had by means of narrow passes or causeways, which were formed by the same kind of piles. The purpose for which such enclosures were made is not distinctly known, but it is supposed that they were designed as retreats for robbers who were acquainted with the secret pathways that led to them.

Ballymoney presents no attraction beyond the ordinary claims of a thriving country town. Within a mile of it is a fine seat of the Leslie family, called Leslie Hill. Four miles farther is the little village of Dervock; beyond which, a little off the line, is Benvariden, a seat of the Montgomeries; and farther on is Ballydivity, the residence of Mr. Moore. Three miles to the north is the village of Bushmills, of which we will have to speak hereafter. There is a line of railway now in progress between Portrush and Ballymena, which, when complete, will draw many visitors along this route to the Causeway, and by opening up the intercourse between that far-famed line of Irish scenery, the stream of tourists will, no doubt, be very largely increased in future years.

MANUFACTORIES; CULTURE AND PREPARATION OF FLAX.

The inland route to the Causeway is possessed of so few scenic attractions that the tourist will sometimes have to seek his amusement in occasional visits to the rural factories that lie in his way. To those who have not visited a paper manufactory we would recommend a visit to the Dunadry Paper Mills, near the town of Antrim.

These are of ancient date, and are still in efficient operation. The following notes may assist the uninitiated:—The rags from which the paper is made are a very unsightly object. They are first assorted into qualities, the linen rags being carefully separated from the cotton—the former are the more valuable; the latter, from the prevalence of cotton dresses, are by far the more plentiful. The coarser rags are manufactured into the ordinary printing paper; the finer, into letter and writing paper.

The Process.—They are first cut very small upon the “scythe;” and then boiled in a large boiler with lime or barilla, to cleanse them from grease or dirt, after which they undergo a second boiling; and are then taken to the mill and washed. The beating-engine is 22 inches deep by 24 broad, and revolves 144 times in a minute. A stream of water is constantly kept flowing into the tank, which carries the rags into the washing-engine, after which they are stopped by a strainer, which strains off the dirty water. They are then taken to the bleach-

ing keeve, and steeped in a solution of chlorine; when quite white they are taken back to the beating-engine, and reduced to a fine pulp; this is conveyed to another keeve, where it is kept agitated by revolving arms, which diffuse it equally through the water, so that it flows out readily through a pipe three inches in diameter into the vat, and thence upon a wire web, where it is sifted and spread equally over the surface. These sieves are carried forward by revolving cylinders, the pulp becoming firmer as the water is strained off, and it is shaken together; it then passes, in the form of an endless web, between two metal rollers to the drying machine, a heated metal cylinder, which gradually dresses it without injuring the texture; it is then wound upon a reel in long lengths, and taken to the cutting-table, to be put up in suitable sizes for sale.

LINEN MANUFACTURE.

At Cullabacky the process of brown beetling was thus described. The raw unbleached linen is first put into a solution of vitriol (25 lbs. to 300 gallons), and steeped for fifteen hours, after which it is washed in the mill, spread out for five days to the sun, to be whitened; it is then taken from the field, washed again, and when well wrung, but not quite dry, it is "breadthed," and put on the beetling beams, and beetled about thirty hours, then taken off to stretch; after which it is beetled for twenty hours, again aired and "crisped;" and again beetled for six or ten hours, after which it is prepared for market.

In the district about Rathsharkin hand-spinning was almost universal some years ago, and the linen prepared for market, in a brown state. A good spinner was allowed to spin two and a half spangles a week on an average. This was valued from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*, according to quality. There are four hanks in a spangle (12 cuts, 120 threads, each two yards long). One pound of flax will produce from four to six hanks, according to quality. Flax is generally grown on the good soils in this district, and is esteemed as being of a good quality. From three to four stones of dressed flax-seed produce from twenty-two to twenty-five stones of dressed flax to the acre. The price of flax was set down at the following rates: for good Irish, £70 per ton; French, from £100 to £120; Flemish, from £80 to £100.

The process of the manufacture of flax is interesting. The flax is first hackled by hand or by machinery, and taken to the mill in hackler's bundles of 30*lbs.*, where it is put into the "spreading" machine, or first drawing, and then into the "roving," which unites the fibres into a loose cord,—then to the spinning-frames, where it is reeled into hanks, and put up into bundles for the market. A spinning-mill of moderate power, capable of working three tons per week, turns out from 1500 to 1600 spangles per week, or from 6000 to 6400 hanks. For this about 40 hands would be required, say 35 girls and 5 boys, under two overseers. Now an experienced spinner can, on the average, only spin two spangles per week, by which not more than from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* can be

earned. This will show the relative merits of machinery. The wages of those employed in the factories average about 2s. 6d. per week—the time of labour being about twelve hours.

The relative value of the Irish and French flax may be thus stated:—

	£	s.	d.
A ton of fine Irish, equal to 2240 lbs., yields, say, 1100 lbs. of flax, which will produce 1390 spangles of 60 lea-yarn, which, at 2s. 6d., is worth	173	0	0
Take the tow at 1100 lbs., worth, at 9d. per lb., . .	42	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£215	0	0

The French Flax will produce 8 hanks to the 1 lb.

Take 1100 lbs. of flax, the produce will be 8800 hanks, or 2200 spangles, of 100 lea-yarn, which, at 3s. 3d. per, produces	357	10	0
The tow, 1100 lbs., at 1s.,	55	0	0
	<hr/>		
Total yield,	£412	10	0

The Growing of Flax.—In this neighbourhood it is estimated that an acre, Cunningham measure, requires 15 pecks, at 5s. per, £3 15s. for seed; the expense of labour being little more than that required for white crops. The average produce is set down at 4 stone to the peck, or 60 stones of dressed flax, to the acre, which at 8s. per stone, is equal to £24 per acre. This is by no means equal to what is produced in the great flax-growing districts of Mahera and Castle Dawson. It is to be regretted, however, that in only very few instances is the flax grown with that care which it ought. It is chiefly grown by small farmers who have

neither skill nor capital to do justice to the crop. The roots of flax penetrate deeply—some say nearly two feet into the soil, yet it is not regarded as an exhausting crop. It is evident, therefore, that the soil intended for its growth should be subsoiled and drained, and carefully pulverized. How rarely is this the case! Again, it should never be grown after root-crops, whereas it is too generally sown after potatoes and turnips. Weeding is too much neglected, and the flax being thus deprived of air and nourishment, the crops are thereby much injured.

Largely as flax is grown in Ulster, the supply is far below the demand. It is estimated that it would require at least six times as much land to be under the cultivation of flax in this single province to meet the wants of the manufacturer. Under good management a profit of from £12 to £15 per acre might be obtained in favourable seasons. One would suppose that this ought to be a sufficient inducement to expand and to improve its culture.

The Preparation of flax from the straw is a subject of great importance, and one upon which the public mind is much divided. The patent process introduced by Schenck has many advocates; but it must be admitted that throughout the North a strong and prevailing prejudice exists in favour of the old system of steeping and hackling. Flax which has been watered, and dried on the grass in the ordinary way, will produce out of every ton of straw about 4 cwt. of mill-scutched flax (or $5\frac{1}{2}$

cwt., according to quality); but if hand-scutched by women, it will produce at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. more. The hand-scutched flax does not sell so high per cwt. as the milled flax, but the increase in the yield makes up for the difference of price. The reason that hand-scutched flax sells lower is, that to make it easily done it is kiln-dried, which injures the quality. To remedy this, the flax is kept for some weeks upon a clay floor, which has the effect of recovering it and increasing its weight.

The employment given by the culture and preparation of flax, in all its stages, kept down the poor-rates in the flax-growing districts in the North during the late famine to such a degree that, in the populous district of the Myroe, and in the Union of Newtownlimavady, the poor-rate did not exceed in the year 1850 6*d.* in the pound, including 2*d.* for the rate in aid, and 2*d.* for annuity. This is an important fact, and well worthy of the consideration of the proprietors in the other provinces, where, if flax be largely grown, the whole population, including the children, can be fully and profitably occupied, and prosperity secured, even in the midst of the most severe visitation of scarcity.

Schenck's Process.—The great advantage of this process is, that a large portion of the seed can be saved. Now, when it is taken into account that, according to calculations made by the Royal Flax Society, more than £2,000,000 worth of seed was wasted in Ireland in the course of ten years, it will be admitted that it would be a great boon to adopt any mode which would secure such a valuable

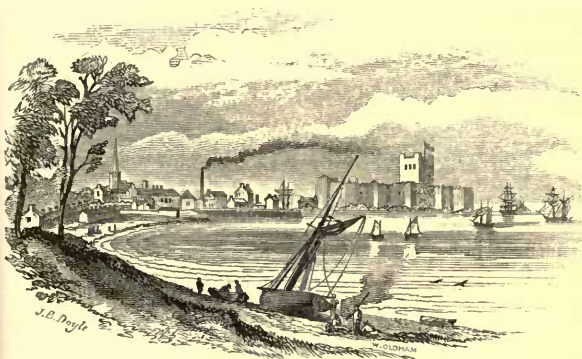
portion of the crop,—at least a quarter of a million of money is spent yearly in the purchase of foreign seed, which might be saved by the farmers of Ulster by a little management and forethought.

Another advantage which arises from this process is the certainty which attends all the operations. The flax is prepared in from one to five days. The steeping is done in large steam vats, and never fails of complete success. On the old system the steeping occupies from six days to as many weeks, and is exposed to a thousand accidents. When the water is soft and pure, the quality of the flax will be good, but it too often happens that the water is of very unequal quality; sometimes a portion of the crop is steeped in hard, sometimes in soft water, and thus several qualities will be found in the crop of one farm. The “weathering” is subject to equal vicissitudes: it may be too long, or not long enough; may be injured in the stook while in straw; and the consequence is, that when it comes to market, the flax prepared in the old way sells for a much lower figure than that prepared under the new process; yet, so great is the force of prejudice, that few, comparatively, resort to the latter mode. This, however, is but a question of time—prejudice must give way before proved benefit, even as the mail-coaches have disappeared before the locomotives. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the flax-grower, that he is willingly throwing away a great source of wealth by sacrificing his seed. It has been ascertained that one-fifth of the whole crop

will yield a superabundance of seed for sowing; and if in England flax is considered a highly remunerative crop for the seed alone, how short-sighted it would be to neglect this source of profit for the future. Let the bolls be saved by all means, and the flax allowed to advance so far in the ripening process (without incurring any damage to the fibre) as to admit of a large saving for seed, as well as for food for cattle. The labour of saving it is remunerative. It is found that £150 worth of labour will save at least £1000 worth of seed, where the crops have been properly managed. We dismiss this subject with the hope that these few hints will not be lost upon our Ulster friends, nor, we trust, upon many from the other provinces who shall visit their beautiful and prosperous country.

We now take up the more picturesque route along the coast.





Town of Carrickfergus.

CHAPTER IX.

ROUTE BY THE COAST.

Carrickfergus—Its Castle—M'Skimmin's History—Historic Outline—Bruce's Invasion—North Gate—Witches—The Church—Monuments—Cure for Scolds—The County of the Town—Salt Mine of Duncrue—Fossils—Rare Plants.

LEAVING Belfast by rail to Carrickfergus, you skim along between the mountains and the Lough with a rapidity which only affords a passing glimpse of the handsome villa residences of the merchants, situated on commanding slopes, in beautifully planted lawns. It would be endless to give the names of these, and almost invidious to particularize. Passing the ruins of Green

Castle, about two miles further on, you reach the village of White Abbey, where there is a large factory belonging to Mr. Grimshaw. Here King William III. landed, and the remains of a house are still pointed out as the place where he slept that night. A little farther on there is the site of the ancient monastic establishment of White Abbey, built in 1242. From this to

CARRICKFERGUS

there is nothing worthy of notice. After Belfast it has a very deserted appearance. The shops are insignificant, and the houses inelegant; and were it not for its Castle and historical associations, the stranger would hardly think it necessary to prolong his visit beyond the few moments necessary to walk or drive through it.

The Castle, however, merits a close inspection. It is perhaps the only one of the *very ancient* castles at present in a habitable condition. Situated on an insulated rock, jutting out into the bay, it commands the approach to the opulent city of Belfast, and as a military position is of much importance.

At a very early period it was selected as the site of a fortress, being one of the most celebrated of the military posts in the time of the Dalaradians, and ever since it has occupied a distinguished position in the annals of the kingdom. Carrickfergus is said to have derived its name from Feargusa, or Feargus, who was lost off this coast before the birth of Christ.

The present Castle was built by De Courcy, in 1178, who received a grant from Henry II. of all the land he might conquer in Ulster. Upon his entrance upon the scene of his intended operations he was not slow in perceiving the advantages of this fort, and, after the Norman fashion, he proceeded to build the present castle. It would be unpardonable to speak of Carrickfergus and forget that one of our most important local histories is that of M'Skimmin's history of this town. We take leave to copy the following extract from his work descriptive of the Castle, and which is so little changed that it applies equally at the present day as it did then: "Towards the town are two towers, called Half-Moons, and between them is the only entrance, defended by a strait passage, with loopholes for firearms. About the centre of this passage there was a drawbridge, and the barbican which protected it is still to be seen. A dam, west of the Castle, is believed to have been made for supplying water to the fosse. Between the half-moons there is an aperture called a machicolation for letting fall stones, melted lead, &c., upon the assailants. Inside of this gate there is a portcullis, with a like aperture for the same purpose. The arches on each side of this are Gothic, being the only ones of this order observed about the whole building. In the gun-rooms there are a few pieces of light ordnance. Within the gates is the lower yard or ballium; on the left are the vaults, which are said to be bomb-proof, above which are the officers' quarters; south of these are the armourer's forge and a

furnace for heating shot, near to which is the Lion's Den, a small projecting tower on the outer wall. Southwards, and to the right, is the entrance into the upper ballium or inner yard, by a gate with a semicircular arch, above which is a large aperture, circular at top inside; this aperture opens considerably, and on each side are notches to protect those who defended the gate. The openings above this gate appear to have been originally intended for shooting arrows; and the top of the wall above seems to have been garreted for the same purpose.

“The square tower is divided into five stories. The largest room was in the third story, with some circular windows; it was 25 feet high, 38 feet broad, 40 feet long; the ground story was bomb-proof; and within the keep there was a draw-well, 37 feet deep, but now nearly choked up with rubbish. Its water was said to have been possessed of medicinal virtues.”

HISTORIC OUTLINE.

In 1315, Lord Edward Bruce having embarked 6000 men at Ayr, in Scotland, landed at the Olderfleet Castle in Lough Larne, and shortly afterwards marched towards Carrickfergus. In his progress he encountered and utterly routed the Earl of Ulster, and took many of the Anglo-Norman nobles prisoners. The Castle, however, made an obstinate defence under Thomas Man-deville. In a spirited sally made by this intrepid officer, the Scotch army would have been surprised, had it not been for the devotion of a small band of sixty

men under Neil Fleming, who boldly threw himself before the English, and thus arrested their progress by the total sacrifice of himself and his little band, exclaiming, as he joined unequal battle with his foe, "Now they shall see how we can die for our Lord." Meantime Bruce, being apprised of what had occurred, hastened to meet the English, but not before the gallant little band had been cut to pieces. Mandeville directed his troops with the view of surrounding the Scots, but was met by Bruce in person; and one Gilbert Harpur, a man of powerful strength, knowing Mandeville by the richness of his armour, rushed upon him and struck him to the ground with his battle-axe, when Bruce despatched him with a knife. The English fled back in consternation, and the party who first entered the Castle drew up the drawbridge, and left many of their comrades to the mercy of their foes. After a gallant defence, the garrison, being reduced to the greatest extremity by famine, at last surrendered to Bruce, who, having secured it, advanced to Dublin, and, after a variety of fortunes, he was attacked by Sir John Bermingham, and slain in a battle near Dundalk, and the "Bruce's Hand," which was borne as a standard, was captured.*

Carrickfergus remained as the great stronghold of the English for centuries. In 1641 it frequently changed masters, being alternately in the hands of the Scotch, English, and Irish.

* A silver hand, said to have been the same that was lost by the Scots, was seen by the author near Portaferry in 1835.

The fortress mounted in 1711 thirty-seven pieces of ordnance; in 1793 the tower was made into a barrack, and the walls mounted with twenty-seven guns. This Castle was deprived of its ordnance stores in 1834, but was again stored, provisioned, and fortified in 1843. It mounts at present twenty-two large twelve-pounders.

It was captured in 1760 by the French under Thurot, as already noticed in the historical outline of Belfast, since which time it has not experienced any reverse, and it stands at this day the finest specimen of the Anglo-Norman castles in Ireland.

Strangers are admitted upon application to Alexander Johns, Esq., the officer in charge of the ordnance stores, whose urbanity and attention are proverbial, and have been noticed with becoming respect by every intelligent visiter for the last twenty or thirty years. Mr. Johns is an accomplished artist, and his portfolio is enriched by many and interesting sketches of the Castle and its more striking and more curious details.

In his absence, any of the officers or respectable persons within the garrison will afford every facility for viewing it. The view from the top is exceedingly fine, commanding the entire bay, the Down and Antrim mountains, especially the long line of basaltic escarpments which form such a distinguishing feature in the scenery. The ancient wall is still traceable almost all along the western side of the town. The northern gate is the only remains of the external defences of this ancient borough town. We subjoin a sketch by Mr. Johns.

The gate is in the Roman style of architecture, so common in the reign of James I. This ancient archway has been recently repaired, but we prefer giving it as it stood previously.



The North Gate.

The last trial and conviction for witchcraft in Ireland took place here in 1711. This curious trial is set forth at large by M'Skimmin. The case was judged by two Judges, Judge Upton and Justice Macartney, who differed very widely as to the guilt of the accused; but the jury decided for a conviction, upon which the eight persons charged with the offence were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and to stand four times in the pillory, in which they were very roughly handled by the populace.

The church of Carrickfergus is supposed to have been built in the eleventh or twelfth century; it is in the form of a cross. Not far from it stood the Franciscan monastery, with which it was connected by a subterranean passage still traceable. The church contains many monuments of the Chichester family, one of which is of a very splendid character. It is composed of alabaster and marble, and consists of several compartments or chambers; in the niches are several figures attired in the costume of the period; the principal of which are Sir Arthur Chichester, first Earl of Belfast, and his lady, in the attitude of prayer. There is also the effigy of Sir John Chichester, who was slain in the reign of James I. in a sally from the tower, by James Mac Sorley M'Donnell, Earl of Antrim, who beheaded him upon a stone at Glynn, near Larne.

Some years after this occurrence this same M'Sorley M'Donnell, being in Carrickfergus, went to see the monuments in the church, and upon Sir John's effigy being pointed out, he said: "How the de'il cam he to get his head again, for I am sure I ance tak it frae him"!

The sword and armour of Sir John were deposited in the chapel; the former is still believed to be in existence; but the armour has long since disappeared. Perhaps there is not another instance in the kingdom of the same culpable neglect of family monuments and hereditary associations, as is exhibited by the Donegal family in permitting this old church to crumble piecemeal into ruins.

The chancel was hung with the armorial bearings of the noble houses of the O'Neils and Mac Donnells; but the roof having fallen in in the year 1754, they were buried in its ruins.

We cannot conclude our sketch of Carrickfergus without noticing a most wholesome regulation for maintaining the peace of the town in olden times, by providing the following suitable punishment for the "noisy nuisance of women scolding." "October, 1574:—Ordered and agreed by the whole Court,—That all manner of scolds which shall be openly detected scolding, or evil words in manner of scolding, and for the same shall be condemned before Mr. Maior, shall be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water from the end of the peare round about the Queen's Majesties Castle in manner of ducking; and after when a cage shall be made, the party so condemned for a scold shall be therein punished in the manner noticed."—TOWN RECORDS.

THE COUNTY OF THE TOWN.

This was one of the ancient county palatines, and embraced within its jurisdiction 16,700 acres, extending about four miles' radius round the town. The population, according to the Census of 1851, is 8520, and returns a Member to the Imperial Parliament. The Marquesses of Donegal and of Downshire are the principal landed proprietors. In making searches for coal upon the estate of the latter nobleman a salt mine, of great extent, has been discovered within two miles of the town,

at Duncrue. Although the primary object has not been obtained, the discovery of a saliferous deposit, of more than 200 feet in thickness, and apparently of inexhaustible quantity, is of much importance in a commercial point of view. A company has been formed for working the mine; but instead of using the shaft opened by the noble Marquess, it is their intention to seek for the outcrop in the vicinity of the railway, from bearings taken within the present shaft. The deposit is found in the new red sandstone formation, being its natural situation, at a depth of 500 feet, embedded in the red and variegated gypseous marls. The surface of the shaft is 300 feet above the level of the sea; and the latest borings had penetrated to a depth of 870 feet, being upwards of 500 below the surface of the Lough. Another salt mine has been found near Red Hall, on the estate of D. Kerr, Esq., M.P.

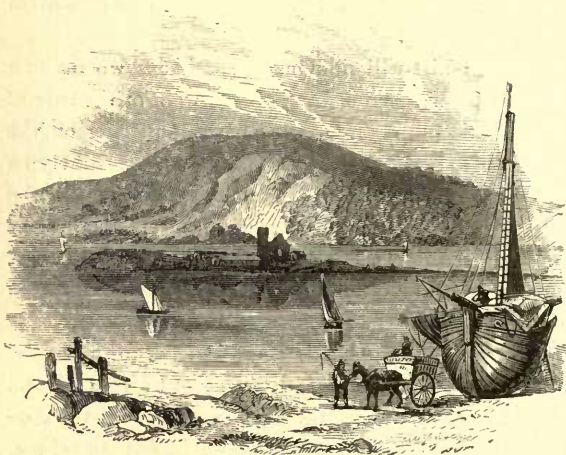
The naturalist will find some matters worthy of his attention. In the extensive slobbs left uncovered at low water, a few feet beneath the surface, the stems, boughs, and even leaves of nut trees, are extensively found; and in the vegetable soil and *debris* along the valley of the Woodburn river silicified nuts are frequently met with, presenting the curious phenomenon of flint kernels enclosed in woody shells. A small box of very beautiful specimens of these really curious fossils was recently submitted to the Geological Society of Dublin by the author, through the kindness of Mr. Johns. Between Carrickfergus and Kilroot point, *fossil equisetæ* are found in great numbers between high and low water-mark. They

present the appearance of rusty nail-rods sticking in the mud, caused by a ferruginous oxide abundant in the adjacent soil.

The botanist will find many specimens worthy of a place in his herbarium by taking a walk at the base of the basaltic cliffs, or on the slopes bordering on the Lough towards Kilroot. His diligence may likely be rewarded by meeting with that rather rare plant, the *Orobanche rubra*. Mr. Moore, who was attached to the Natural History Department of the Ordnance Survey, found specimens of the *Carex Buxbaumii* and *Calamagrostis*, both new to the English and Irish Floras.

The pasture land of the county of the town is celebrated for the richness and variety of its natural and artificial grasses: hence the high reputation of the Carrickfergus cheese and butter, the former of which, although not a staple article of trade, is made in considerable quantities.





Olderfleet Castle.

CHAPTER X.

CARRICKFERGUS TO LARNE.

Lough Marone—Glenoe—Eden—The Dalway Harp—Island Magee
—The Salt Hole—Sorley M'Donnell—Maheramourne Lime Works
—Larne—Olderfleet Castle.

Two miles north of Carrick the beautiful scenery of the Antrim coast may be said to commence. There are two roads by which the tourist may proceed. The old road, over the hills by the commons, is the more picturesque: the new road, by Ballycarry, is the most

agreeable for driving. By the former the distance is not more than seven miles, by the latter about nine. The old road has many fine points of view, especially of the Lough, with the town and Church, and the fine old stately castle in the foreground; and, on the opposite shore, the sprightly little towns of Bangor and Hollywood, with the Down coast forming its southern boundary. Higher up, the road passes near a considerable sheet of water, called Lough Marone, which is nearly 500 feet above the sea; and by judicious management it could be made available for irrigation to a very profitable extent. There being no plantations, it has rather a naked and uninteresting effect. Indeed, the whole of the county of the town is singularly deficient in wood planting, which, if attended to, would not only thrive admirably, but greatly beautify the district. Farther on is the romantic little village of Glenoe, with its fine stream and waterfalls. The drive from this to Larne, across the steep brows which bound the Lough, is very beautiful, but the road is not in such good order as to induce many to prefer it to the new line, to which we may now return.

At the little village of Eden there is a salt spring, a sure indication of the extent of the saliferous deposit. A little farther on is Kilroot Demesne; the demesnes of Bella Hill, the seat of Marriott Dalway, Esq.; and Castle Dobbs, the ancient residence of the Dobbs family.

Mr. Dalway is the owner of the celebrated Dalway harp, bearing, amongst many other inscriptions, the proud boast of being the "Queen of Harps." It was exhibited

amongst the Irish antiquities in the Great Exhibition, and attracted the marked attention of Her Majesty.

From Kilroot there is a road leading into

ISLAND MAGEE,

which, after all, is *no* island, but a very interesting peninsula, lying between Lough Larne and the sea, and containing many things worthy of the notice of the tourist. This tract is nearly eight miles long, by one or one and a half broad. On the isthmus is the ruins of Castlechichester, one of the castles of the Donegal family; after which, having crossed Slaughterford Bridge, the scene of some traditional rencounter between the Scots and Irish, you are fairly within the district of Island Magee. In the summer months pleasure parties to



“My Lord” and “My Lady.”

Black Head and the Gobbins are of frequent occurrence. At Black Head there are two singular rocks, of the most grotesque form, called “My Lord” and “My Lady.”

The Gobbins is the name given to the remarkably fine basaltic cliffs, rising from the sea more than 200 feet perpendicular. Here you gain one of the first of the magnificent views for which the coast of Antrim is so celebrated. Innumerable flocks of sea-fowl frequent these cliffs in the breeding season, and not unfrequently tempt the thoughtless visiter to the cruel and unseasonable gratification of shooting during the season of incubation. A moment's reflection ought to correct a practice so repugnant to natural feeling.

This tract was the scene of a dreadful massacre by an united band of English and Scotch soldiers from Carrickfergus, who made a foray upon the Irish in retaliation for some previous cruelty, and drove a considerable number of these unfortunates over the high cliffs into the sea.

On the south of Brown's Bay, near the high watermark, is one of the ancient Logan or Rocking Stones of the Druids, now displaced from its pivot; and in the north of the island there is a remarkably fine specimen of a Druid altar, consisting of six large stones standing upright in two rows, two feet asunder, on which formerly rested a slab two feet thick by six feet long, but now only three stones support it, the others having apparently sunk into the ground. In ploughing the field in which this altar stands several gold ornaments have been found; in 1817 a piece of pure gold, eleven inches in length, was turned up, twisted into a sort of spiral, evidently a portion of a torque; and, in 1824, several

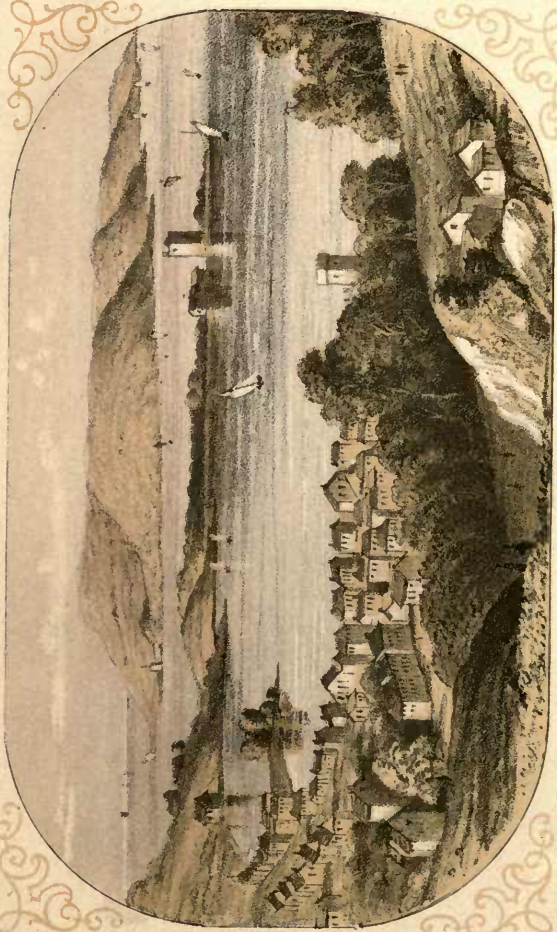
imperfect articles of pure gold, of a similar form, were found in the rich black mould near the altar.

Returning again to the main road to Larne, Red Hall, the residence of Mr. Ker, lies on the right hand, near to which is the old Mill Glen, and the Salt Hole. It was here that, on the 4th of November, 1597, Sorley M'Donnel entrapped Sir John Chichester, the Governor of Carrickfergus, into an ambuscade, by feigning to retreat before him, until he had him fairly in his power; his little army was cut to pieces, and he himself taken prisoner; and shortly afterwards inhumanly beheaded upon a stone at Glynn, near Larne, as already noticed in our account of Carrickfergus.

Farther on, the extensive lime-works of Maheramourne claim attention. A considerable trade in lime is carried on between this place and Scotland. As you go on towards Larne you pass the scene of the landslip of 1834, by which the coach-road was carried into the Lough, and the shore raised more than thirty feet above its former level. The land upon the left presented a very singular appearance after the occurrence, being crumpled up and split into deep fissures in all directions.

The geologist should alight and examine the lias formation along the shores of the Lough, where he will easily procure fine specimens of *Pentacrinites*, *Gryphæa incurva*, *Plagiastoma giganteum* and *duplicatum*; the *Ammonites*, *Lamberti*, *Macdonelli*, and *Conabeari*, besides many others. These are chiefly found in the lias marls, and are easily separated from the partially indurated mass.

LOUGH LARNE



The separate joints of the stems of the *Pentacrinites* are found abundantly near a small well, about a mile from Larne, and are called "well stones." They are beautifully marked. An amusing experiment is often performed with them, which creates no small surprise to the uninitiated. A number of them are placed upon a plate, in apparently pure water, but which in reality is a mixture of sulphuric acid or vinegar, the action of which upon the lime forces the thin joints to shift their position.

LARNE

has little to recommend it except its beautiful situation. From the elevated grounds in its vicinity the view is worthy of attention. The most prominent object is the old Castle of Olderfleet, in ruinous decay, situated on a singular little peninsula, called the Curran, which signifies a reaping-hook. It was here that Bruce landed, in 1315, with his forces intended for the invasion of Ireland.

The Castle is very ancient, and was built by the family of the Bissets, to whom Henry III. gave the place, with possessions in the neighbouring district. The Lough presents the appearance of a fine inland lake, being entirely landlocked, and having only a narrow entrance from the sea. Its wide and placid bosom forms a fine feature in the landscape. There is a ferry-boat between Olderfleet and Island Magee, by which the tourist, for the charge of a penny, can cross over to examine the northern end of the peninsula, and

the Druid altar, already noticed. The existence of rock-salt in Island Magee is rendered highly probable by the existence of several salt springs. Gypsum is found at Portmuck, and a bed of red ochre exceeding 150 feet in thickness. The Hulin rocks or Maidens, a group of small rocky islands, about six miles from the main-land, with their two white lighthouse towers, standing like two maidens dressed in white, form a very conspicuous object from this point.

There is an ancient Pagan remain, called Carndoo, or, locally, "The Abbey," on the face of Ballybooley hill, consisting of several huge stones ranged in a circle. The space within is occupied by six upright stones, arranged in pairs, and supporting two blocks above five feet long.

Another singular feature of this district consists in a series of quadrangular enclosures, extending along the face of the hill for two miles, called by the people Boley houses.—(Reeves' *Down and Connor*, p. 263.)*

The district of Larne, towards Maheramourne, is celebrated as being the birth-place of St. Comgall, who was the founder of Bangor, in the year 517.—(*Ibid.*)

* Map 51, Ord. Survey. "In the parish of Templepatrick there is a Pagan monument of considerable interest; its name, Carngraney, signifies the Cairn of the Suir. It consists of "ten large slabs raised on side supporters, like a series of cromlechs, rising from N. E. to S. W. for the length of 40 feet. The smallest is on the ground, 5 feet by 3; the largest is raised 7 or 8 feet, is 6 feet 9 inches, by 5 broad, and 2 feet thick. It is also called Granny's Grave."—*Reeves' Down and Connor*, p. 66.

The harbour of Larne had many names; it was called Olderfleet Haven, Wolderfrith, Walverflete, Olderfleet,—in all probability these names were corruptions of its original name Ollarba.

At Glynn there is the ruin of the ancient church of the parish, situated in a very picturesque spot, and is worthy of the notice of the antiquary. As Dr. Reeves observes, the present is an instance, almost a solitary one, of a church having a distinct nave and chancel, each consisting of a totally different style of architecture,—the windows in the nave being square and surmounted by a slab, whereas the east window in the chancel is pointed. They have been evidently built at different periods.

Larne is a comparatively modern name, as applied to the town. It was formerly the name of a district of some extent in Dalaradia. So early as A. M. 2550 it is noticed in the Annals of the Four Masters as the “plain of Larne in Dalaradia,” in which year it was cleared of wood. The town was called Inver, which signifies the mouth of the river. The Ollarba, now the Larne Water, rises about four miles S.W. of the town. The hill at its source was called the Hill of Grief, Ceaun Gubha, from the circumstance of the death of Tuathal Teachtmair, who was slain in battle by Mal Mac Rochraide, King of Ulster, in A.D. 106, as the following bardic verse proves, from the Four Masters:—

Ollar and Ollarbeg,
 Ceaun fubha, lordly noble:
 They are not names without a cause.
 The day on which Tuathal was slain.*

Here also, in 285, Fothadh Airgtheach fell by the hands of Caolile, the foster-son of Fin Mac Comhail. See Petrie's Round Towers, pp. 105, 106, for some very curious details, from which, as illustrative of the interment of a king or chief slain in battle, we may quote a portion of the passage. Caolile thus relates to Finn the manner of Airgtheach's death and burial:—

“I made a shot at him and drove my spear through him, so that it entered the earth at the other side of him. The round stone from which I shot will be found, and to the east of it the iron spear-head, and the cairn will be found at a short distance to the east of it. There is a chest of stone about him in the earth. There are his two bags of silver, and his two *bunedoat* [bracelets?], and his torque of silver on his chest, and there is a pillar-stone at his cairn, and an Ogham inscribed,—

Eochaid Airgtheach Inro,—
 Eochaid Airgtheach Here,

on the end of the pillar-stone in the earth.”

We are now entering upon the county anciently and still very appropriately called the Glynnnes or Glens. It comprises a line of coast about twenty-five miles, and is penetrated by many deep valleys and creeks, many of

* Reeves' Down and Connor, p. 266.

which were formerly wooded, and afforded excellent shelter to the Scotch galleys. These glens open into the interior by narrow passes, through many of which roads have been made in modern times.

This territory was formerly divided into seven baronies, and extended from Larne to Cushendun. The traditions of the county point it out as the scene of Ossian's Poems, fragments of which are still familiarly repeated by the older inhabitants; and it was only a few years since that the knowledge of these poems was nearly universal in the glens. It would be impossible for the imagination to picture scenes more in harmony with Ossianic strains.





Turnly's Road.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNTRY OF THE GLYNNES.

Glenarm—The Castle—Earl of Antrim—Glenclye—Mr. Turnly—
 Drumnasole—The Garron Point—Red Bay—Glenariff—Cushen-
 dall—The Burial-place of Ossian—Cushendun.

LEAVING Larne, the road becomes more and more interesting as we approach Glenarm, which is distant fourteen miles. On the left, about six miles from Larne, in the parish of Carncastle, the cliffs of the Salagh Braes, forming two vast semicircular escarpments, attract attention; and on the right the bold cliffs of Ballygalley Head are no less striking. In this cliff the tourist

will find a grand development of basaltic columns, with long shafts, beautifully articulated. On a solitary rock in the sea is the ruin of Carn Castle, built by the Shaws in 1625, which gives name to the parish.

The old road to Glenarm was very hilly and difficult, but beautifully picturesque, affording some of the finest views along this romantic coast.

Some years ago, just before entering the town, the road crossed Glenarm Head, rising about 600 feet in the mile, at an incline of 1 foot in 5. This was called the path. Carriages had to be assisted from the neighbouring farm sheds, with horses accustomed to the road. But this is now entirely superseded by the magnificent new road planned out by John Bald, Esq., in 1834, and executed at the joint expense of Government and the county. He conceived the bold and original plan of cutting down the whole chalk cliffs along the margin of the sea, hurling the *debris* over, as a protection against the waves, and laying the floor of the road at the base, about 10 feet above high-water mark. This achievement has excited the admiration of all who have seen it. Rounding this point, the town of

GLENARM,

embosomed in a beautiful vale opening to the sea, comes into view, with the turrets of the Castle, and its handsome barbican gate.

The Castle, although a very ancient one, has only been occupied as the family seat of the Mac Donnells

since 1750. During the lifetime of the late Countess Anne Catherine it has been modernized, and rendered one of the most elegant and comfortable mansions in the kingdom.

The demesne is worthy of inspection, occupying a long and deep glen or ravine, well wooded, and watered by a beautiful stream abounding in trout and salmon, and enclosed by lofty cliffs on the north and south; a natural cascade, called the Bull's-eye, forms a pretty feature in the walk along the river. The botanist will also find many interesting specimens of native plants and ferns.

The little Deer-park is worth notice, lying between the sea and a range of basaltic cliffs more than 200 feet high. The prospects from this point are exceedingly interesting, embracing the Castle with its minarets and gilded vanes, embosomed in the woods of the richly planted park: and just below are seen the silvery waters of the beautiful Bay of Glenarm, sleeping in tranquillity between the lofty precipices which guard it upon the north and south; and far along northwards, the varied and picturesque coast as far as the Garron Point and fort-crowned hill of Dunmaul.

There is not in Ireland a more picturesque or romantic little village than that of Glenarm; the beauty and variety of the adjacent scenery, and the dell-like tranquillity of the town and valley in which it is situated, are well calculated to attract the notice of the stranger, and to make an impression not soon to be effaced. The

inns, though small, are tolerably comfortable, and the charges moderate.

The fortalice of Dunluce was the original seat of the M'Donnells, who conquered it from the Mac Quilans of which we shall speak more particularly hereafter.

After the treachery of Monroe, in 1642, who violated the rites of hospitality by seizing upon the person and castle of M'Donnell, the Earls of Antrim took up their residence at Ballymagarry, where they continued to reside untill 1750, in which year the Castle was accidentally burned, and ever since Glenarm Castle has been the family residence.

Few districts in Ireland have felt the blessings of a high-minded and constantly resident proprietor in a more eminent degree than Glenarm. By his marriage with the late Anne Catherine, Countess of Antrim in her own right, Edmond M'Donnell became the owner of the estate. It was his constant study to benefit the numerous tenantry, and to provide for their moral and intellectual wants; as a natural consequence, morality, industry, contentment, prevail to an extent not surpassed in the kingdom.

The present Earl is descended from Sir Randal Mac Sorley Mac Donnell of Dunluce, a descendant of the Lord of the Isles, and whose name has been so often noticed in the present work. The son and successor of Mac Sorley was raised to the rank of Marquess by Charles I. in 1644; but dying without issue, the Marquisate ex-

pired, but the other honours descended upon his brother Alexander, the third Earl, in 1682.

This nobleman espoused the cause of James II., and commanded a body of horse at the siege of Derry, and was attainted for high treason, but restored again by the Treaty of Limerick. He died in 1699, and left his title and estates to his only son, Randal, the fourth Earl, whose only son, Alexander, the fifth Earl, succeeded in 1721.

Randal William, the sixth Earl, had no son, but his daughter, Anne Catherine, was by patent made Countess of Antrim in her own right, and was succeeded by her sister, Lady Charlotte Kerr, whose second son, Hugh Seymour Mac Donnell, is the present Earl.

In the burial ground of the ancient monastery there are several tomb-stones bearing the arms of different families, and from the ages inscribed thereon, many of them exceeding 100, the salubrity of the climate may be judged.

Leaving Glenarm, the new road winds round the northern headland of the bay to the quiet little villages of Shankelly and Carnlough; here a break in the cliff scenery is occupied by a rich valley encircled upon three sides by lofty precipices, and open on the east to the sea.

This valley is called Glenclye; the traveller, if the day be fine, would gladly linger in this beautifully expanded vale—rich in all the elements of beauty, and stored with many things to attract the notice of the botanist. This may be said to be the second of the numerous valleys which open on the left, affording the tourist a

pleasing variety contrasted with the wall-like abruptness of the majestic cliffs which extend the greater part of the way to Cushendall.

All these valleys lie north-east and south-west, opening from the sea towards the inland, and present in many instances most important facilities for intercourse between the coast and the centre of the country, which have, in some cases, been taken advantage of by the formation of excellent roads. Of these glens we shall speak as we proceed.

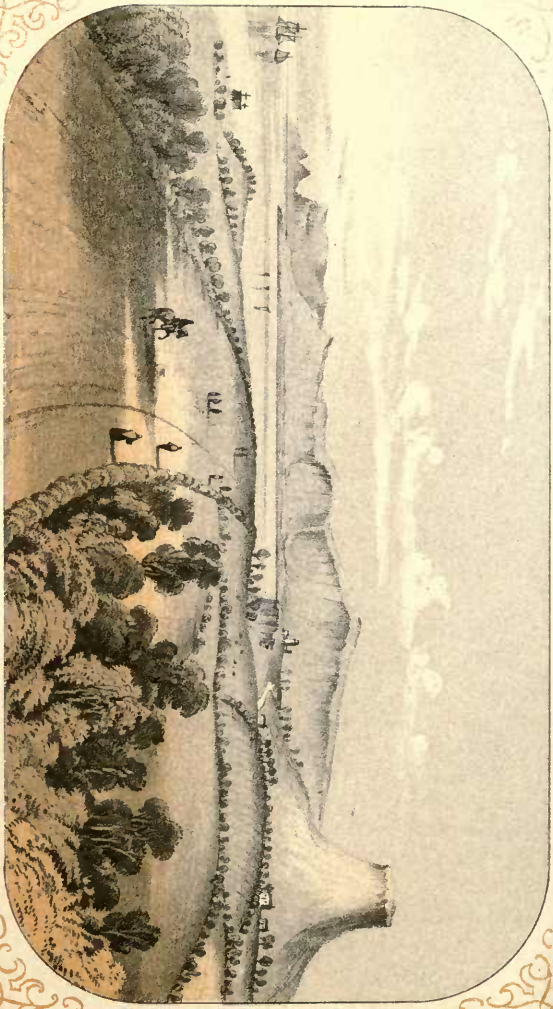
The quiet little village of Carnlough has within the last few months undergone a most pleasing transformation by the improvements now being carried forward under the direction of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry. Its beautiful situation and fine beach have been taken advantage of with great taste and judgment. A railroad from the limestone quarries to the sea has been recently constructed at her Ladyship's expense; and, having the convenience of an excellent hotel and bathing lodges, it is likely soon to be one of the most attractive watering places on this beautiful coast.

The name of Turnly will long survive in this romantic district, and indeed in the annals of the county. At a time when the communication between the places along this extensive and truly picturesque line of coast was carried on by the most wretched bridle-roads carried over hills of such inconvenient steepness that little or no traffic could be carried on, the late Mr. Turnly, chiefly at his own expense, and by his in-

fluence with the Grand Jury, caused roads to be constructed such as were not surpassed by any district in the county at the time: the tunnels and excavations through the opposing rocks are the best memorials of his taste and enterprise. Few people will imagine that all this was effected by a gentleman of the most simple and retiring disposition, amounting almost to shyness, except when engaged in urging on what he deemed essential to the interests of the county, and due to the proper development of the unrivalled scenery of this charming coast.

In a sequestered dell, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, embosomed in the midst of thriving plantations of his own planting, Mr. Turnly erected the elegant mansion of Drumnasole,—a little Tempè in itself. In rainy weather transient waterfalls—some of them of considerable volume—plunge headlong from the cliffs, sparkling through the dense foliage of the woods as seen from the house; and immediately in the rere, higher up in the little glen, there is a permanent fall of great beauty. In the deep gloom of the numerous little ravines and water-gullies at the base of the cliffs, rare and elegant ferns, lichens, and mosses, are abundant, from which the botanist can select specimens *ad libitum* to enrich his herbarium.

Leaving this delightful seclusion, the tourist enters the broad daylight in the midst of the most sublime scenery, increasing in interest mile after mile, until at length he approaches Garron Point, near to which is the fort of Dunmaul, or, as some write it, Drummail. The



CANYON POINT

Forster & Co. Lith. Dublin.

local tradition is, that this was the place where the rents of all Ireland were paid. More likely it was the stronghold of the Scotch adventurers who made predatory excursions to ravage the district of the glens, and levied blackmail upon the inhabitants. It is in this vicinity that the late Marquis of Londonderry erected his marine residence called the Garron Tower,—adding another charm to the many which attract the northern tourist.

RED BAY AND GLENARIFF.

Rounding the triple point of Garron you enter Red Bay, where a scene opens to the view, such as will not be easily forgotten. On the left, the range of deeply furrowed escarpments, with their torn and irregular abutments, extends for some miles along the coast; the furrows of numerous waterfalls—abundant in rainy weather through the spring and summer, and constant during the winter—have a very striking and sublime effect. Many of the torrents are precipitated over mural brows more than 1000 feet high. In some instances the falls are permanent, and will amply repay the tourist for the trouble of ascending the slopes formed by the *debris* of the rocks and vegetable soil that forms a talus against the cliffs. The mountains assume a very fantastic appearance, especially Lengeidon.

At the time of our visit we were overtaken by a sudden storm of rain, which continued nearly two hours. As it cleared away the sun shone out, and the

whole range of cliffs were varied with waterfalls, extending far into Glenariff. It would be impossible to convey by description the novel and gratifying spectacle thus presented; but sure we are, that the tourist would as gladly endure the peltings of the pitiless storm on this bleak coast, to be afterwards rewarded with such a scene as we witnessed.

On the left, under the mountain of Ardclines, are the ruins of the old church, in a most picturesque situation; and farther on, the road crosses the mouth of the magnificent vale of Glenariff, and passes through the tunnel made through the red sandstone cliffs of Red Bay Castle.

A drive up the vale of Glenariff will form an agreeable detour before proceeding to Cushendall. This need not be prolonged beyond two miles. The derivation of the name is uncertain. It was called Glenarthar in the Inquisition made in 1279, at which time it belonged to the territory possessed by the Bissets, who in the State Papers were then termed Fytz John Bysede of the Glenns. It has also been called Glenairaicharb, or the Glen of the Chiefs; and by others Glenaireuch, or the Glen of Numbers. On either hand as you proceed, the mountains present the mural escarpments so characteristic of the basaltic rocks, and the view to the west is closed by the conical hill of Crueach-a-Crue. Near this is the beautiful waterfall of Isnaleara, on the Glenariff River, which flows through the vale, and enters the sea at the little hamlet of Waterfoot. It is a pity that

this noble vale, hemmed in by cliffs on either side exceeding 1000 feet in height, is wholly destitute of plantations; yet, notwithstanding its neglected state, the wild and picturesque desolation of the scene is such as to impress the mind with sentiments of awe and grandeur.

RED BAY CASTLE

is a very picturesque object, although in most ruinous decay. It stands upon a cliff of red conglomerate sandstone, and completely commands this important pass. It was built by the Bessets, but afterwards became the property of the Mac Connells or Macdonnells. It formed the head of one of the ancient baronies of the Glens, and was the principal residence of the lord of the district, as we find by a MS. in the Dobbs family, as given by Dubourdieu (p. 620)—“Red Bay, where Randall, now lord of the county, has his residence” (1598).

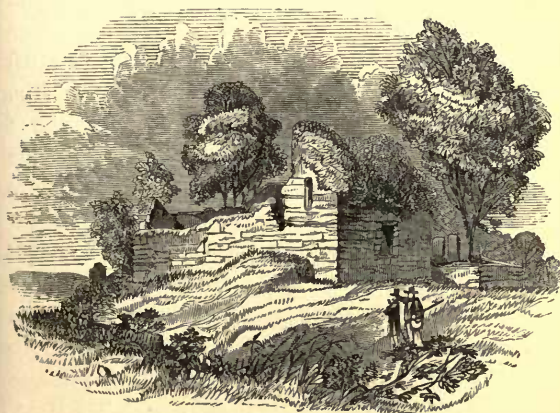
Queen Elizabeth, having driven out the Scotts of Clandonnel, gave the country to Agnes Mac Connell (Mac Donnell) and to her uncle Surleboy or Yellow Sorley Mac Donnell, “to be holden from her and her heirs, for a certain yearly rent.” “Notwithstanding, the old families of the Glens, the Magees, O’Nowlanes, Mac Nygells, Mac Aroulbyes, Mac Carnochs, and the Clancarties, preferred to live under the Scotts, who supplied them, as need required, by lighting fires upon many of the steep rocks near the sea.” From this point the Mull of Cantire is not more than eighteen miles distant, so that the signal fires could easily be seen.

In the soft sandstone at this place there are three caves, apparently natural excavations, probably by the waters of the sea, at a remote period. One of these was used as a smithy, and another as the residence of an old female, who lived for more than thirty years within its damp recesses, and supported herself by the sale of spirits. These rude tenants of the rocks were in perfect keeping with the wild and savage character of the scene, and occasionally the cause of no small anxiety to the benighted stranger.

After passing Red Bay, and midway to Cushendall, the view from the road is very striking. On the right the mountain of Lurgeidon towers aloft to the height of 1100 feet, having the appearance of a huge truncated cone. On the opposite side of the bay the line of coast, between Garron Point and Glenariff, is seen to great advantage, of which the sketch gives a faithful representation from the point of view most familiar to the traveller.

It rarely falls to the lot of a traveller to rest in a more agreeable spot than Cushendall; its name imports that it is at the foot of the Cush, a small stream that flows from the adjacent hills. The scenery is of the most pleasing character:—deep glens, walled up by lofty precipices, and backed by the mountains of Trostan, Lurgeidon, and Sleivmanna, surround the little hamlet on the north and west, and to the east the sea and coast scenery, from the Garron Point, encloses a district that can never afterwards be forgotten by the tourist. Whatever may be his peculiar taste, he can scarcely be left

without an opportunity of gratifying it in this delightful region, so rich in historic and poetic associations, and no less striking and varied in the sublime outline of its scenery. Here the young geologist may study the alphabet of the science with advantage, and the botanist will be struck with the varied profusion of the wild flowers which beautify its sunny slopes or shady recesses. The inn, though small, is comfortable and convenient, and has more the air of a private house than an hostelry. Our space will not permit us to give some of the romantic traditions and legends with which the glens abound, but the tourist who has a taste for such lore will find himself in a congenial element in this place.



Church of Llayd.

The old Church of Llayd, which is beautifully situated, was built, it is supposed, by the Mac Fails. Tradition

assigns this as the burial-place of Ossian. The annexed illustration is from the pencil of Mr. Johns.

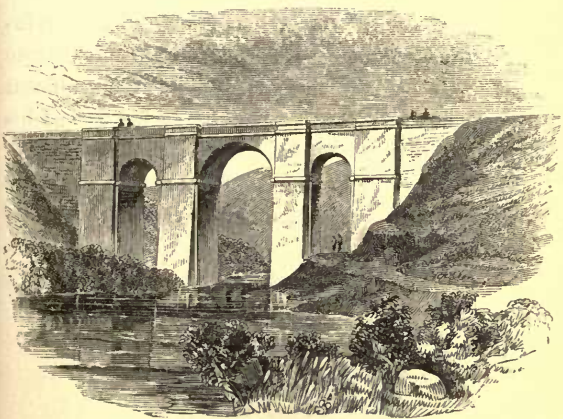
The district lying between Red Bay Castle and Cushendun is formed of the old red sandstone, associated with mica schist, and assuming a metamorphic appearance, the porphyry being supposed by Mr. Griffith to result from fused red sandstone, of which the most remarkable examples are to be found at the Sandy Braes. Dykes of sienite traverse the mica schists of this district, and especially at Murlough Bay. Mr. Griffith has written a very valuable paper on this subject in the fifth volume of the Geological Transactions, which goes to prove "that rocks partaking of the character of granite may also have been ejected subsequently to some or many of the sedimentary strata."

In several places the red conglomerate is penetrated by basaltic dykes, as at Red Bay and Court mac Martin.

About three miles from Cushendall is the village of Cushendun. The situation is exceedingly picturesque and well sheltered, on the margin of a little bay, into which the Dun empties itself. The caves in the conglomerate sandstone are worthy of examination, as the structure of the rock can be determined with ease. It consists of large pebbles of quartz, hornstone, porphyry, and mica slate, in a coarse kind of calcareous cement.

The walk along the cliffs to Murlough Bay presents much to engage the attention of the tourist:—Tor Head, the nearest land to Scotland, which on Norden's map, made in the reign of Elizabeth, is called Tor buirg. "It was here," says Norden, "that the Scotts used to

make their signal fires." The ruins of the ancient fort of Dunavane, and the Giants' Graves adjacent, called Slaght na Banagh, are also pointed out. The coast from this to Fair Head by Murlough Bay is not only very fine, but is an object of great interest to the geologist. Vast fragments of rocks lie scattered along the shore, amongst which enormous masses of columnar greenstone prevail. Drumnakill is a conical mountain formed of a columnar greenstone, thrown together with the most inconceivable disorder and confusion.



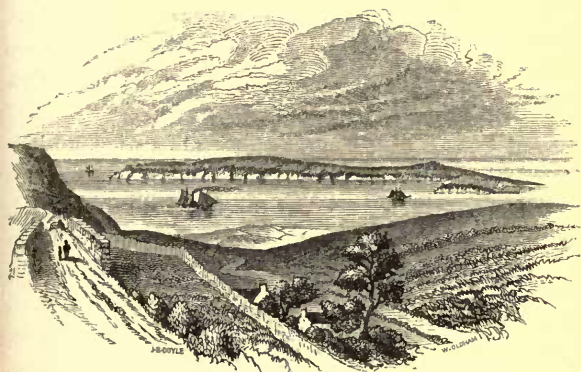
Bridge of Glendun.

Returning to Cushendun, the tourist may proceed to Ballycastle by the new and very splendid road constructed by the Board of Works, under the direction of

Mr. Bald. The great object of attraction is the magnificent bridge which connects the sides of Glendun; the central arch stands 80 feet above the river; two smaller arches, one on either side, span the roads which run parallel to the river, a sketch of which is given from the pencil of the gentleman whose name is so often referred to in these pages. The vale of Glendun, in the proper season, is remarkable for the variety and beauty of its wild flowers. The road beyond the bridge, as it winds round the eastern cliffs, is very similar to the scenery of North Wales.

From this to Ballycastle the only thing likely to interest the tourist is the striking contrast which its barren wastes present to the long succession of magnificent scenery upon which, for the present, he has turned his back,—a contrast not unpleasing after all, as the over-jaded mind has time to rest itself before it is again solicited by a still nobler and more singular style of scenery.





Rathlin Island.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUSEWAY COAST.

Ballycastle—Fair Head—Glenshesk—M'Sorley M'Donnell—Rathlin—Bruce's Castle—Duncurry—Kenbane—Carrig-a-Rede—The Causeway—Headlands—Dunluce—The Mac Quillans.

AFTER a journey of some miles across the moors of Culfeightrin, the tourist gains the summit level of the road, from which there is a noble view of the ocean which washes the northern shores. On a clear day the scene is pleasing and refreshing; the most striking object is the island of Rathlin, with its chalk cliffs crowned with basalt. The little town of—

BALLYCASTLE,

and the old Abbey of Bona Margy, next come into view. After passing the Abbey you enter the town, where you have your choice of two hotels,—the Antrim Arms, and the Royal Hotel.

The town is situated on the shores of a wide, unsheltered bay. It is comparatively a new town, as it owes its origin in a great degree to the late Hugh Boyd, Esq., who in 1736 obtained a lease from the Antrim Family, and having obtained £2000 from Parliament, he built a pier for the protection of shipping. He sunk coal-shafts, established potteries, built smelting-houses, a glass-house, and a great many useful establishments. But in the course of a few years all this labour was proved to be in vain. After the death of this truly amiable gentleman, the town sank as speedily as it arose: the harbour filled with sand; the pier was washed away; the various establishments were neglected; even the coal-mines have been very inefficiently worked; and at present it is little better than a pleasant resting-place for the tourist whose curiosity prompts him to linger a few days amidst the romantic and unique scenery in its vicinity. The church, which is a structure in the Grecian style, was built at the sole expense of Mr. Boyd, in 1756, who, upon the day of its consecration, was interred within its walls,—a sad and interesting illustration of the uncertainty of human life. Nor was his pious benevolence confined to the Established Church: he also built a

Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Roman Catholic place of worship. Several charities were endowed by this excellent man, whose name is still a familiar household word in the town which owes so much to his public spirit.

Several interesting excursions may be made from Ballycastle. The first may be to—

FAIR HEAD,

the Robogdium Promontorium of Ptolemy the Geographer. The profile of this bold and beautiful headland is one of the most striking on the whole coast of Ireland; lying at the extreme north-eastern angle of the kingdom, its grave, impressive outline finishes off the coast line with a distinctness that is exceedingly characteristic. According to the Ordnance Survey, the height of the headland is 639 feet; of this the face of the cliff shows 319 feet of a perpendicular escarpment, consisting of rectangular columns of some 20 feet in diameter; the remainder is covered by a steep abutment, formed by the accumulation of *debris* and huge fragments of the enormous pillars which have fallen from their place, and lie piled in confused masses on the slope, and along the margin of the sea. The whole headland is widely different from the small, compact, close-grained basalt of the neighbourhood, being a highly crystalline greenstone, and has been supposed to belong to a different epoch, notwithstanding its close proximity to the great basaltic mass.*

* Conybeare.

Standing amidst the ruins of these enormous pillars, some of which are calculated to contain from five to six thousand tons, the mind becomes almost oppressed with a sense of bewilderment. Above, just nodding overhead, is the vast wall of cliff; around you, the gigantic ruins of ages; below, the Atlantic, with its slow, solemn, intermittent swell, rolling heavily and majestically with a convulsive shock upon the rugged shore; and not unfrequently the sea eagles, which have their eyries in the cliffs above, make their swoops over your head, as observed a few years since by the writer. It is a scene worth the risk of the descent through the natural fissure called the Grey Man's Path, or Fhir Leith, and if it should be upon a fine evening near sunset, the effect will be such as that any attempt at description would savour of exaggeration.

In walking along the top of the cliff, several of these pillars may be seen to be partially loosened from the mainland, and lean out fearfully over the gulf below. Some years ago a gentleman, who was then upon a tour through the North, being anxious to look over the precipice, ventured to get upon one of them by jumping over a narrow chasm not more than six feet wide, but of great depth. As there was rather a sharp inclination downwards, he felt no difficulty in stepping across, but upon approaching the outer edge of the cliff, he found the slant so great that it appeared dangerous to stand upon the verge; he lay down and looked over, but his feet being higher than his head, the tendency of

blood caused a giddiness, which, with the leaning position of the pillar, and the tremulous motion of the water below, produced such an illusion of his senses, as led him to suppose that the whole mass was moving slowly forward, as if falling over into the ocean. In vain he reasoned with himself upon the impossibility of his weight affecting the ponderous mass upon which he lay—the pillar still seemed to topple over. Quite unnerved, he at length gave over the experiment, but upon regaining his feet, another difficulty presented itself; upon approaching the chasm, over which he had stepped so lightly when the fall was in his favour, he found the far edge to be more than a foot higher than the near one; it required an effort almost beyond his strength to recross it, which, however, he effected after stripping off his boots and disincumbering himself of his upper clothes. The circumstance is noted to warn tourists from stepping incautiously into such situations, especially if they should happen to be alone.

The texture of the basalts of this headland is extremely coarse and granular, and, as Dr. Hamilton observes, rather resembles an imperfect compact granite than the fine grain of the Causeway basalts.

The views from off this promontory of a fine day are truly beautiful. Scotland approaches within seventeen miles, and its rocky shores and mountains, and even its habitations, with the aid of a moderate glass, are quite distinctly seen. Far off to the north the Paps of Jura,

and the crag of Ailsa, appear faintly against the cloudless horizon, as if some viewless hand had traced

“An airy palace on the sky;”

and nearer, to the east, the mountains of Ayrshire and the crags of Arran seem softened by distance into an almost ethereal tinge of blue; and westward, the sharp bluffs of the receding headlands of the Causeway jut out one by one, until they conduct the eye across to the point of Innishowen Head and the mountains of Donegal, still more faintly blue than the Scottish mountains to the east. Let not the tourist walk with inconsiderate step above the hoary and barren precipice; denuded of vegetation and even of soil in many places, stripped off by the beating of the storms, he will find beneath his feet a prismatic pavement of the most gigantic proportions, and which, from the dimensions of its parts, will not be easily comprehended at first view; but upon closer examination it will be found to consist of the heads of pillars aggregated together in such a manner that the whole space is closely occupied, without the slightest gap between these huge crystallizations.

In descending from Fair Head towards Ballycastle, you pass two small lakes quite convenient to the edge of the precipice, and nearly 500 feet above the sea,—these are called Lough Caolin and Lough Crossa. The celebrated whin dyke of Carrig Maur opens a passage for the waters which precipitate themselves over the cliff, forming a scanty but at times a very pretty waterfall,

dripping fantastically from the brow of the dingy rocks into the ocean.

The collieries, which are situated in an abrupt bank overhanging the sea, have been worked for ages. In the year 1770, the miners, in pushing forward an adit level towards a bed of coal, accidentally broke through the rock into a narrow passage, which led into a labyrinth of numerous apartments. The discovery of these ancient workings not only excited much surprise at the time, but are still regarded as a matter of great interest. By whom they were worked, or at what period, cannot now be ascertained, but their antiquity is undoubted. In exploring these excavations, the remains of some ancient implements were found, and even the baskets used in carrying the coal, but the moment they were touched they crumbled away, so that no accurate description has been transmitted to us. In the ruins of Bruce's Castle, in the Island of Rahery, cinders of sea-coal have been found in the mortar, so that at least 500 years ago coal was used in the island. It is very probable that the source from whence this came was from the Ballycastle collieries, for at that early period sea-coal was only beginning to be used in England.

The stratification, as exhibited in the face of the cliff, is worthy of observation. Ironstone, black shale, gray, brown, and yellow sandstone, capped with basalt, are arranged with much regularity, and are slightly inclined to the horizon. Whin dykes are numerous, and penetrate the coal formation in several places: of

these the Carrigmore and the North-Star dykes are the most considerable. In the latter instance the coal is reduced to cinders for at least six or eight feet on either side, proving that the basalt must have been injected while in a very heated state.

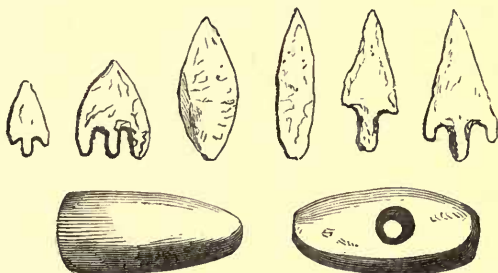
Beautiful casts of the fossils of the coal formation may be observed in the *debris* of the mines, amongst which we may notice several varieties of *Segillaria*. Of these, *S. organum*, *S. pachydermata*, *Lepidodendrons*, and *Calamites*, &c., may sometimes be picked up.

GLENSHESK.

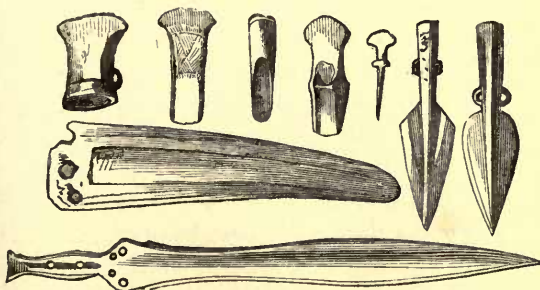
To the southward of the town, the vale of Glenshesk is possessed of many capabilities of being made a very beautiful drive. It lies between Knocklayd and the Culfeightrin mountains. From the road about a mile from the town there is a fine view of the island of Rathlin, of which the sketch conveys a faithful representation.

This glen was the scene of many warlike struggles in the olden times, as is evidenced by the number of flint arrow-heads, stone celts, and bronze weapons which have been found in it; the former more abundantly than in any other part of the county of Antrim. There are also the massive ruins of a very rude old building called Gobbin's Heir. This has been considered as an ancient Castle, of the rudest structure and of the remotest antiquity; but Dr. Reeves, in his work on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor, has successfully proved that it is an old chapel, probably the

“Ecclesia de-Druim-Indich” of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick. It was placed under the care of St. Enan, whose festival was celebrated on the 25th of March, ac-



Stone Weapons.



. Bronze Weapons.

cording to Colgan. The name of the townland in which it is situated is called Kilenan, or the Church of Enan. The dimensions of the building are, 28 feet long by 15 feet wide, and the remains of the wall about 10 feet high.

The mountain of Knocklayd, on the right, is 1685 feet high, and is remarkable for the similarity of its appearance from every point of view. It is a very beautiful and verdant mountain, and worthy of the attention of the geologist. It consists of three formations, the highest of which is the basalt, resting upon white chalk, which in turn rests upon a schistose base.

Upon the top of this mountain there is a large cairn, called *Cairn-au-Truagh*, which tradition ascribes to the memory of three Danish princesses, sisters, who were buried here.

At the southern extremity of Glenshesk are the Slieveanerro mountains; a district lying between the Glynnns and the Route, and the scene of many of the struggles which took place between the rival chiefs, the O'Neils, the MacDonnells, and Macquillans. Here it was that the decisive battle was fought, in the sixteenth century, which proved fatal to the Macquillans, and transferred their territories to Mac Sorley boy MacDonald. O'Neil, who assisted the Macquillans on this occasion, having fallen into a trap laid for him by the strategy of the MacDonnells, was taken prisoner by one of the followers of that chief, named MacIlveal, and slain. Two cairns are pointed out as the burial-place of O'Neil and one of his followers.

Mac Sorley held possession of his newly acquired possessions, with the Castle of Dunluce, from 1554 until 1584, when the castle was wrested from him by Sir John Perrott, the Lord Deputy. After a variety of

reverses he submitted to the Queen in 1586, received a plenary pardon, and obtained by royal consent a large district of the Route, which was further enlarged to his descendant, Randal, who, for his loyalty to the Crown, obtained from James I. a grant of the whole of the Route and Glynnnes from the "Cutts of Coleraine to the Curraun of Larne."

There is an agreeable drive from Glenshesk to Armoy. Armoy has nothing remarkable to attract attention except its Round Tower, which is not more than 35 feet high by 46 in circumference, with a circular doorway, the arch of which is hollowed out of a single stone.

Returning to Ballycastle through the parish of Ramoan, we come once more in front of the

ISLAND OF RATHLIN,

of which we must now give some account, as it would be unpardonable in any tourist who could command sufficient time to omit making a visit to this interesting little territory.

It is separated from the mainland, about seven miles distant, by a very turbulent channel, which sometimes renders it difficult of approach. Its general aspect is the same as that of the coast of the main, the white chalk being covered by the dark green basalt, except where the columnar basalt makes its appearance; in which case, as a general rule, the chalk utterly disappears.

The island is about five miles in length by three in breadth, bent in the middle, forming an angle which en-

closes on two sides its only harbour, Church Bay, which affords good anchorage on a stiff clay bottom; but it is much exposed to the southerly and westerly winds, so as to be unsafe during the prevalence of gales from these points.

The channel is called *Sleuck na Massa*, or the Valley of the Sea; it is also called the Cauldron of Brechain (see extract from Cormac's Glossary, as given by Dr. Reeves, p. 289):

“*Coipe bpecain*, that is, the great cauldron between Erc and Alba. The seas which encompass Alba on N. E., Erc on N. W., and the sea to the south between Erc and Alba, rush at each other after the likeness of a “*luaith-rinde*,” and each is buried into each other like the “*oircel lairechta*,” and they are sucked down the gulf, so as to form a gaping cauldron, which would receive all Erc into its wide mouth. The waters are again thrown up, so that their belching, roaring, and thundering, are heard amidst the clouds, and they boil like a cauldron upon a fire.”

In this, Breacan, son of Nial of the Nine Hostages, was drowned, and his fleet of fifty curraghs lost.

As the great Atlantic wave rolls in in the direction of the flowing tide, nothing can be more majestic than the appearance of the swell:

“Like watery hills in full succession flowing.”

But no sooner does the ebb tide oppose itself to this mighty mass of waters than a scene of the wildest confusion takes place, and the waves foam and toss them-

selves about in a most fearful manner. Its greatest depth is fully forty-four fathoms, and the swell so considerable, that much caution is required in crossing it.

Its tides merit particular notice. From the peculiar shape of the island, the western opening to the Atlantic is much wider than the eastern passage—a curious phenomenon is the result. The body of waters received at the western side not having a sufficient outlet, a great portion is returned in a counter-current, which supplies the bays and harbours with a tide for more than thirty miles of coast, westward, while at the same time the true tide is running east.* By judicious management navigators can thus avail themselves of two ebbs and two flows, by dropping from one line into the other at the proper times.

The places to which attention may be most properly directed are Doon Point and Bruce's Castle. At the former place the great object of interest is the appearance of the basalts, which differ from any that have been yet discovered. Some of the columns are perpendicular, as at the Causeway; others horizontal; and others are curved in the most singular manner, as if they slid over while in a state of softness, and took the inclination necessary to their descent. At the base there is a small natural mole, composed of compact erect columns, forming a natural pier. In our estimation we consider Doon Point more worthy of observation than the Causeway, and better calculated to explain the phenomenon

* See Map.

of the basaltic crystallizations. Bruce's Castle is situated upon the north-east angle of the island, upon a lofty cliff. It was in this Castle that Robert Bruce took shelter when he fled from Scotland during the wars between him and Baliol in the winter of 1306.

A singular circumstance is related of him while he abode here, and which exercised a considerable influence upon his future fortunes. Lying awake one morning, and thinking over his reverses, and the best means of retrieving his fortunes, he happened to observe a spider making trial to fasten its web to the foot-rail of his bed: the insect made two unsuccessful trials to swing itself over to attach its thread: at length, after a long pause, in which it appeared as if resting itself for a great effort, it succeeded. The incident was suggestive. He had failed in the same number of efforts as the spider; but its final success determined him to make another attempt to gain the Crown of Scotland, in which he was at last successful.

The island was formerly divided into two districts—Kenramer and Ushet; the former being the western or higher end of the island, the latter the eastern or lower. Dr. Hamilton, in his *Letters on the Coast of Antrim*, mentions that a rivalry existed between the inhabitants which sometimes manifested itself in a very hostile manner. Happily, such feuds are now at an end, and the island enjoys a degree of tranquillity very honourable to the inhabitants, who are a simple, laborious, and honest race. The island is the property of Mr. Gage,

who holds a lease in perpetuity under the Antrim family, and contains 3398 acres, of which thirty is water. It was formerly a stage between Scotland and Ireland, and in the various predatory excursions of the Scots was frequently contested. In the centre of the island there is a plain, in which a number of sepulchral tumuli, brazen swords, celts, stone and flint, have been found, some of which are in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin—a sufficient evidence of the bloody scenes which have taken place here in bygone days.

The animals on the island are generally small, and suited to their limited territory. The Raghery pony is well known, being very similar to the Shetland. The breed, however, is not now as pure as formerly. The sheep are likewise diminutive, but the mutton is peculiarly sweet. It is a singular circumstance that rats are said to be almost unknown. Formerly large quantities of kelp were made by the islanders, who carried on a remunerative traffic with the mainland.

THE CASTLES OF DUNCURRY, KENBANE AND DUNSEVENICK, DUNLUCE, ETC.

Not the least remarkable features of the north-coast of Antrim are the castles which crown its cliffs. Some of them are on insulated rocks, others upon the margin of steep precipices; and all characteristic of the active and warlike character of the ancient inhabitants.

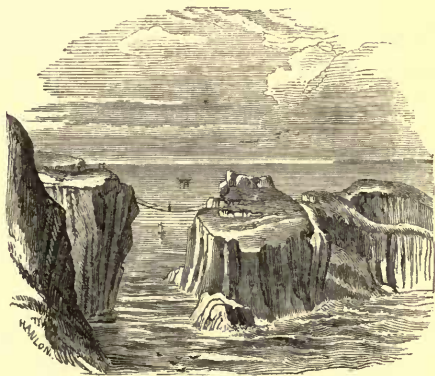
Duncurry is not more than a mile and a half from Ballycastle. It is built upon a cliff 300 feet above the

sea, and consists of only a single outer wall. This and Kenbane Castle belonged to the sept of the Mac Alisters.

One of the most striking objects on the coast is Kenbane Castle, situated upon a mass of white limestone, connected with the mainland by a narrow ledge; although an inconsiderable, it is a beautifully situated Castle, and much frequented in summer by parties of pleasure. Beneath the head are several small caves, hollowed out by the action of the water in the chalk rock; some of them are very curious and fantastic. Grace Staples' cave, nearer to Ballycastle, is quite a miniature of Staffa, its sides being columnar. Several curious wild plants are to be met with along the margins of the cliff. At Clare Park the white hyacinth or white harebell is found to grow abundantly, and in some grassy spots the beautiful bee orchis may be met with occasionally, besides many other interesting plants.

About a mile and a half towards Ballintoy is the basaltic crag of Carrig-a-Rede (or the rock in the road), with a flying bridge over a chasm of eighty feet deep, connecting it with the mainland. It derives its chief interest from its being a fishing station for salmon. From the crest of the rock the fish can be seen approaching by the man on the look-out, and when they approach within a certain distance, upon a notice being given, a boat pushes off from below, and, throwing out a seine net, rows round the shoal, to prevent the fish from bolting; the man on the rock is furnished with a bag of stones, and he commences immediately to throw them into the

water, and thus the fish are driven back into the sweep of the net, which is then closed, and drawn to shore in the little bay beneath the cottage, and the fish secured. A scene of this kind upon a fine morning in summer is of a very amusing description. The rock is much frequented by parties and tourists, who are chiefly attracted by the novelty of the feat of crossing the bridge.



Carrig-a-Rede.

Proceeding by Ballintoy, at the distance of four miles, we arrive at the ruins of Dunseverick, anciently Dun-sobhairche, a part of the grant to Surleboy, after the discomfiture of the Macquillans. It was afterwards given to O'Cahan, a friendly ally of Surleboy, who was also the chieftain of the Coleraine district called O'Cahan's country. The rock is insulated, and mouldering away with great rapidity.

At Ballintoy and on the face of some of the cliffs wood coal has been found interstratified with the basalt. It was once found in such abundance that it formed an article of trade, and was used extensively at the salt-works of Portrush and Coleraine.

The tourist has his choice of two routes to the Causeway—one by a walk along the headlands; the other by the road to Bushmills, and thence to the Causeway; that along the headlands is one of the most varied, most singular, and interesting walks to be found in any country. Every step is replete with novelty. The thousand little objects, that can scarcely be named,—grotesque fragments of rocks, little tiny amphitheatres scooped out of the cliffs,—these, combined with the striking and majestic features of the more celebrated points of view, keep the mind in a state of pleasing excitement, and produce impressions, such, perhaps, as no other class of scenery could impart.

And here we would recommend the tourist to have No. 3 of the Ordnance Map of Antrim in his hand. After passing Dunseverick he will see a curious rock called the Hen and Chickens, beyond which is the beautiful columnar rock called Ben an Danar, detached from the mainland, and standing in a most picturesque position. Beyond this is Port Moon, into which a considerable stream from the hill of Feagh pours its waters, forming an elegant cascade as it plunges over the cliffs into the sea. Half a mile farther on, another indentation or “Port,” called Portfad and the Four Sisters, are

reached, just beyond which is Bengore Head, rendered interesting by the story of Adam Morning, whose misfortunes and accidental death are so touchingly set forth in Hamilton's Letters. Here again another "Port" opens upon you, beyond which is Benbane Head, the most northern part of Antrim; between these two headlands the Giant's Pulpit, the Ball Alley, the Furies, and the Lion's Head, successively excite admiration; immediately after which you enter

PORT NA PLAISKIN.

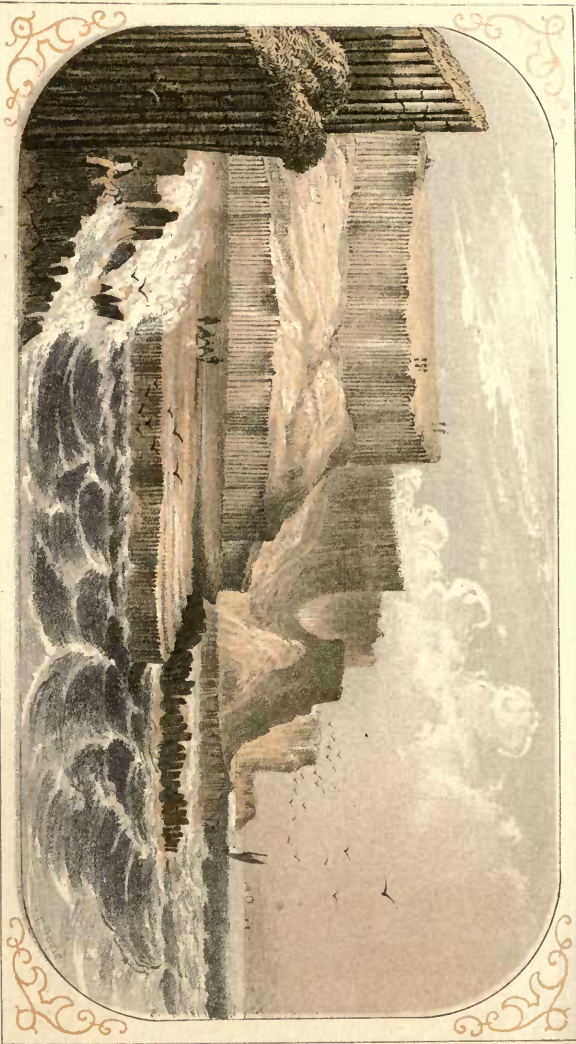
Here indeed you may pause and wonder. This lovely scene may be regarded as the embodiment of all the grandeur and beauty of the Causeway coast. It is impossible to convey by any description, even when aided by the pencil, anything like an adequate idea of the reality. We have not attempted to illustrate this scene, as from our own experience we feel assured that the best drawings extant only lead the mind to form preconceived notions, derogatory to its true character;—*it must be seen*, and the more unaided the mind is, so much the better.

From "Hamilton's Seat" three magnificent headlands open upon the view, with all their singular and beautiful accompaniments of fanciful objects—such as the Sea-gulls, the King and his Nobles, the Nursling Child, the Priest and his Flock, &c. But it is the headlands themselves, especially the noble Plaiskin, which chiefly rivet attention.

This headland consists of a series of strata of great variety of appearance and colour, the most remarkable of which are two splendid colonnades of pillars, the upper range being 60 feet high, the lower 50, separated by a mass of amorphous basalt about the same thickness, and beneath these, a series of beds of red ochrous stone, basalts, &c., of nearly 200 feet in thickness, of the most varied and brilliant hues, constituting a foreground to the magnificent scene which is here presented, of indescribable beauty.

This is the proper direction to approach the Causeway. A walk across an uninteresting moor of two or three miles, only whets the mind for renewed pleasure. The Causeway consists of three divisions, called the Grand, Middle, and Little Causeways, and is composed of polygonic pillars of the most various and irregular angles, and yet so closely compacted that the blade of a penknife cannot be inserted between them. The prevailing type is hexagonal; but one three-sided pillar has been found near the centre of the honeycomb, and several nine-sided have been recently discovered. Strangers in general associate with it ideas of grandeur, whereas the Causeway itself is comparatively far from being a striking object. It consists of a natural mole about 300 yards long, and at its greatest elevation not quite 40 feet above the level of the sea; hence, at first sight most people who have come with preconceived notions are grievously disappointed when informed that the low, slanting ledge of rocks which runs into the sea





W. Smith, Engraver & Son, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000

PLEASANT HEAD.
Giants Causeway

For Sale & Other Dublin

by an easy inclination, constitute the far-famed Giant's Causeway. But when the columnar wonders of the basaltic formation have been observed at Plaiskin, the Causeway becomes a most interesting object for close observation. No matter how much its first appearance may disappoint, a nearer inspection will impress the most vulgar with ideas of wonder, while it is sure to excite in the scientific mind feelings of admiration and delight.

It is not until the tourist is fairly upon the surface of the mole, and walks along the polygonic pavement, that his amazement will be fully excited; but, once here, he will not consider that he has journeyed too far, or undergone too much fatigue, to examine with his own eyes this wonder of the world. Its want of magnitude is abundantly compensated by its extraordinary beauty and singularity.

Though the polygons are all irregular, it is a singular fact that the faces of the adjacent pillars are equal, and thus space is occupied without the slightest loss. Each pillar is perfect in itself, and is separable from the rest, and consists of articulations, the internodes of which vary from a few inches to some feet; and so close are these conchoidal joints, that the irregularities of the surfaces are accurately impressed upon each other, and in very many instances the angles overlap.

On the west side of the Causeway, just below the Giant's Punchbowl, a very singular phenomenon presents itself. A well of the purest water will be found

springing from between the fine interstices of the pillars, and by the removal of one of the joints a beautiful little hexagonal basin is formed, from which, much to his surprise and pleasure, the tourist may quaff a most delicious draft of icy water to quench his thirst amidst the fervours of the hottest day in summer. It is worthy of observation, that the pillars are as closely wedged together here as at any place in the Causeway, nor are the angles in the slightest degree water-worn. At the same time it may be observed, that in other cavities in the Causeway water will lodge until it evaporates, without the least portion of it sinking between the pillars.

The loquacious and in many instances the very intelligent guides will point out many geological curiosities in the structure of the basalts, derived from observations industriously collected from the celebrated geologists they have attended from time to time—amongst whom Sir Humphrey Davy holds a high place in their recollections. This highly gifted individual was well known in this district, being a frequent visitor in his piscatory excursions to the Bush. It was one of his most frequent recreations to linger amidst the scenery of the Causeway. On such occasions he took much pleasure in the attendance of the guides, with whom he conversed with an engaging familiarity, and imparted to them much valuable information upon the geology of this district. His name is still highly revered, and many striking and interesting anecdotes are related.

After making a lengthened inspection of the surface

of the Causeway, the Giant's Loom will claim attention. This is a colonnade of pillars about 30 feet high, beautifully articulated—one of the pillars containing 38 joints. This elevation is caused by the dip of the columnar stratum at a small angle to the west, the culminating point of which may be observed about a mile from the Causeway to the east, at a point more than 200 feet above the sea, after which it gradually dips eastward, until it again immerses in Portmore.

Everything here savours of the Giant. The guides have identified his haunts and places of amusement under various names, characteristic of their fanciful resemblance, such as the Giant's Organ, Pulpit, Theatre, Ball Alley, &c. Each of these objects is worthy of notice, not for the sake of identification with their names, but for their singularity and beauty.

The tourist will readily procure from the guides very beautiful specimens of the basaltic fossils and crystallizations, chalcedony, opal, thistle zeolite, agates, &c., as well as the fossils of the limestone and greensand. Unfortunately, in general the specimens are broken up into such small fragments, for the sake of multiplying boxes for sale, that they are of little use to the collector—an inconvenience which may be readily avoided by a little extra liberality on the part of the purchaser. Steatite is frequently found in the cells of the coarser basalts; it is generally called by the country people rock-grease, from its unctuous nature, and is much esteemed for its healing quality. Thistle zeolites may

be had of great beauty; and we would recommend the tourist to procure a secure box for preserving good specimens, as the spicula are very easily broken.

Adjacent to the Causeway is a very comfortable hotel, built by the late Miss Henry, who was so well known and highly esteemed for many years as the proprietress of the Copeland Arms in Coleraine. The tourist should remain in this locality for a few days, to bestow upon the scenery and curiosities of this coast that degree of attention which they so richly merit.

Whin dykes are numerous. Those in Portnoffer and Port-na-Spania, are the most remarkable. Occasionally specimens of a species of pumice or porous basalt of extreme lightness may be obtained, a decisive evidence of the volcanic origin of the basalts of this district, if indeed any doubt now rested upon the subject. John Whitehurst, who wrote in 1786 a Treatise on the "Original State and Formation of the Earth," has written with much accuracy on the Causeway. Of its origin he says:—"Some doubts may arise, since no visible crater nor the least vestige of an extinct volcano are now remaining, from whence such enormous torrents flowed so as to cover so large an area;" but he adds:—"Whoever attentively considers these romantic cliffs will, I presume, soon discover sufficient cause to conclude that the crater from whence the melted matter flowed, together with an immense tract to the north, have been absolutely sunk and swallowed up at some remote period of time, and now lie at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean."

The Rev. Wm. Hamilton, in his elegant and justly celebrated *Letters on the Coast of Antrim*, and Dr. Richardson,* Rector of Clonfecle, have written with much care, and recorded observations of great value, well worthy of attention. These, with Portlock's *Geology*, will serve to illustrate the interesting formations of the North with a comprehensiveness of detail worthy of the subject, which cannot be devoted to it in the present work.

The caves have attracted the attention of most of the visitors to this coast. Portcoan Cave is one of the finest. It is best seen from the water, and is so extensive that a boat may row into it with ease for at least eighty yards. The roof and walls are composed of rounded masses of onion basalt, embedded in an argillaceous cement of great hardness. The surface is covered with a greenish slime, formed of a minute species of *confervæ*. The glancing of the trembling lights, reflected from the water upon the slimy roof and walls, impart a most lurid and unearthly appearance to the place, which, with the gloom and damp, excite an uncomfortable sensation. On sunny days the appearance of the sea from the interior of the cave is very beautiful, arising from the contrast, and you leave with pleasure the melancholy gloom, to sail once more upon the "sprightly waters of the sunlit sea." The echoes of a bugle are pleasing enough within the cave, but it is too confined for the

* The beautiful cabinet of fossils and minerals of this latter gentleman was lately sold by auction in Dublin, and is now in the possession of the Wesleyan Connexional School, Stephen's-green, Dublin.

discharge of fire-arms, which only produce a deafening noise, without any variety of echo.

Leaving the immediate vicinity of the Causeway, the tourist will find nothing to interest him until he arrives at the picturesque and far-famed ruins of

DUNLUCE CASTLE,

situated, like Dunseverick, upon an insulated crag, about 100 feet above the sea. It is probably the most picturesque ruin in Ireland, and occupies the whole space so completely, that in many instances the walls



Dunluce Castle.

are flush with the cliff, as if built hand over hand. The connexion with the mainland is formed by a single wall not more than 18 inches broad, the chasm at each side being nearly 80 feet deep. A second wall formerly ex-

isted, 8 feet from the present, over which a flooring was laid. This has long since fallen down, and the visitor must cross by this slender path into the ruins over the rocky chasm, a feat which many object to. On the mainland are the ruins of extensive buildings, of a much more recent date than the Castle. These are said to have been erected in consequence of an accident of a melancholy character which befell the inhabitants of the Castle in the year 1639, by which the kitchen, with the cook and eight servants, were precipitated into the cave beneath the Castle during a terrific storm, which circumstance is thus humorously described by the late eccentric but witty writer in the *Christian Examiner*—the Rev. C. Otway. Giving the account in his usual colloquial style, as received *vivâ voce* from one of the guides, he says:—"It appeared that the greater part of the apartment we were now standing in had, by some sudden crash, fallen into the sea below. It was the Castle kitchen. Many a sirloin and baron of beef, many a fat pig and curdy salmon, sent their savoury steam up that wide-mouthed chimney. The Lady Margaret Mac Donnel kept the Castle for her son, and, according to the good old fashion, gave a great entertainment in honour of the Christmas times. The Chiches-
ters, O'Neils, and Hamiltons, the Stewards and Mont-
gomeries, and all the grandees of the North, were there: all was fuss and fun within, but it was rough work outside. The smooth, green, silky sea now before you has another appearance on a December night. On that even-

ing a north-wester was rattling the waves around these old gray walls; but who minded that?—they were accustomed to it. The piper was merry in the hall; the cook stewing away in the kitchen; and there were as many dishes as there were days in the year. In yonder window a tinker was sitting sawdering the pots and pans,—when all of a sudden a roll of tempest came on, and then, with a crash as loud as if all the cannons in Coleraine were firing, down went the kitchen, the cook, the table, and dresser, the meat and the maids, all except the tinker in the window, into the howling ocean below. The grandees tucked up their skirts, and got on firm land as soon as they could, and the Lady Margaret herself soon after fixed herself at Glenarm, and after a time the roofs fell in; and the place has remained a ruin ever since.”

This is a very ancient fortress, and, according to Colgan, the editor of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, was so called Dun Sobhairce, from Sobairci, the son of Ebyce, the first founder of it, about the year of the world 3668, as stated in the Annals of the Four Masters, and by Keating in his Catalogue of the Kings of Ireland.

There is a cave beneath the ruins which penetrates quite through the rock. The noise of the waves within this cavern during the prevalence of storms is very great, and must have added considerably to the glowing horrors of the tempest when the castle was inhabited.

Many interesting and characteristic anecdotes might

be inserted illustrative of the manners and customs of the rude semi-barbarous times previous to the above event. We select the following, condensed from a MS. in the possession of the Antrim family, the more interesting from the fact that it accounts for the possession of the barony of Innishowen by the Donegal family.

In 1580, James Mac Donnell, Lord of Cantire, sent his brother Colonel Mac Donnell to assist Tirconnel against The O'Neil; on his journey through the Route he was hospitably entertained by the Mac Quillan of Dunluce, who was at that time at war with the men of Killeleragh beyond the Bann, in consequence of their frequent robberies of cattle. The day of Mac Donnell's departure from the Castle was selected for an expedition beyond the Bann, and, thinking that he was bound to make some return for the hospitality he had received, offered to accompany the Mac Quillan with the assistance of the highlanders. Mac Quillan gained a complete victory, and brought back double the number of the cattle that had been stolen. The winter approaching, Mac Quillan pressed his highland guest to remain with him until the return of spring, offering at the same time to quarter his men up and down through the Route, equally with his own galloghglasses,—that is, a highlander and a galloglass in every tenant's house.

According to custom, the galloghglass was entitled to his ordinary and a methew of milk; but this was denied to the highland guest, which in one instance gave so much offence, that a quarrel ensued between a gallogh-

glass and one of Mac Donnell's men. The tenant in whose house the dispute about the milk occurred, refused to decide the question, but opened the door, and said, "Sirs, go outside and fight it out in the fair fields, and let the victor take the milk." In the conflict that ensued the galloghglass was slain, and the highlander returned and drank the milk; but Mac Quillan's men having heard of the death of their comrade, agreed amongst themselves to slay each his highland companion in one night. Mac Donnell, who had betrayed the hospitality of Mac Quillan by the seduction of his daughter, whom afterwards he married, obtained information through her of the intended massacre. Warned by him, his men fled away secretly in the night-time, and Coll having been reconciled to his father-in-law, lived upon friendly terms with him until his death; after which he claimed, in virtue of his wife, the Lordship of the Mac Quillan; but the nephew of this chieftain, who lived at Ballylough, set up a claim to the property, which gave rise to a fifty years' war, until an appeal was made to James the First to decide, who gave it in favour of his countryman Mac Donnell, and added four baronies, including all poor Mac Quillan's lands. To Mac Quillan he gave a grant of the Barony of Innishowen, the territory of the O'Dogherty. This decision was made known to Mac Quillan by Sir John Chichester, who was sorely grieved to leave his ancient domains, and to retire into a country he esteemed as barbarous. Sir John, perceiving his discontent, cunningly turned it to his own

advantage, and offered, instead, the lands of Clanahustie, lying nearer to his own territory, which he gladly accepted; and thus the Donegal family became possessed of these immense estates. Mac Quillan being unable to contract his hospitalities to the limits of his fortune, soon sank beneath his embarrassments; and this ancient and noble family soon lost their distinction in the North.

In the life of Sir John Perrott, the Lord Deputy, the capture of the Castle, in the year 1586, is thus described. A battery of culverins having been brought to Portrush, then called Skerries, was drawn by force of men to the Castle, and placed upon a suitable post, but not without a desperate resistance on the part of the besieged, under their chief, the celebrated Sorley Boy, or Yellow Charles. At length, all being ready, the Deputy fired the first cannon, but with little effect. Shortly after the pile began to shake, and Mac Donnell, fearing that it would be swept away, sent to sue for mercy, which was obtained chiefly out of consideration for the Castle, lest this important fortress should have to be rebuilt again, as its possession was of great consequence in the district. It continued in the possession of the English for some time, but was lost by an act of treachery on the part of one Peter Cary, a pensioner, whom Sir John placed as constable in charge, with sixteen English soldiers as a guard, thinking him to be of the English Pale; but instead thereof he was of the Carews of the north. This man, confiding in his countrymen, gradually dismissed the English soldiers, and filled up their place by the

Irish. Two of these having conspired with the native enemies, drew up fifty of them into the Castle by withs, and having attacked the constable in a small tower, offered him his life, and leave to retire, which, however, he refused; and choosing rather to pay the forfeiture of his own treachery, rushed into their midst, and fell, fighting bravely, a victim to his mistaken confidence in his countrymen.

The closing scene of Dunluce is one of the basest instances of treachery on record. In 1642, General Monroe made a visit to Mac Donnell, now Earl of Antrim, at Dunluce. He was received with much cordiality and entertained with the most profuse hospitality; but in an unguarded moment the unsuspecting Earl was seized by Monroe, and sent in chains to Carrigfergus. His Castle was taken possession of, and the other castles of the Route and Glynnns handed over to the Marquis of Argyle's highlanders.

Shortly after this, upon the restoration of the Earl, the Castle was abandoned as a residence, and Ballymagarry, near Dunluce, selected instead, until it was accidentally burned by fire in the year 1750; after which, and to the present, Glenarm became the residence of the Antrim family, as already related.

Immediately in the vicinity of the Causeway is Bushmills House, the seat of the late venerable and universally esteemed Sir Francis Mac Naghten, now belonging to his successor.

CHAPTER XIII.

COUNTY OF LONDONDERRY.

The County of the O'Cahans—Settlement of the County—Origin of the Title of Baronet—Coleraine, its History—Mount Sandal—Port-stewart—Portrush—The White Rock—Down Hill—The Railway—Limavady—Dungiven—Coeynagall—Church of Banagher—Ancient Tombs—Local Superstitions—Elf-stones, &c.

WE have now entered upon the territory of the London Companies, and the ancient district of the O'Cahans. Some short account of that family, whose name is still impressed on many of the localities of this county, is subjoined.

Little is known of these early chieftains, except as they are mixed up in the petty predatory wars so frequent in the north during the period of its semi-barbarism. Their territory was called Kenaght Cathanaght, and extended from the Foyle to the Bann. The ancient possession of the O'Cahan family was granted by O'Neil, and was, according to local tradition, meted out in the following whimsical manner: O'Neil, in return for important services, granted to O'Cahan as far as his brown horse could run in a day, and also the fisheries of the Bann at Coleraine. Accordingly, starting from Burn Follagh, in the parish of Comber, he rode eastward to the Bann, which was henceforward to constitute his boundary in that

direction. The power and authority of the chieftains of this family entitled them to the great distinction of throwing the shoe over the head of O'Neil upon the day of his inauguration, the ceremony of which is thus recorded by Camden, as given by Gibson, folio 1018: "The O'Cahan was the greatest of the Uraights who held of the O'Neills; and being of the greatest authority in these parts, he had the honour of throwing the shoe over the head of the O'Neill when chosen, according to the barbarous ceremony then practised, upon some high hill in the open air." The residence of the Supreme Chief was near Newtown Limavady, situated upon a high crag, nearly 100 feet above the river, and adjacent to the cascade called *Limavady*, or the Dogsleap, in the midst of the most delightful scenery, in the valley of the Roe. The castle is now erased from the face of the country; but its site, and the rath or fort by which it was defended on the land side, may still be traced. The name is frequently mentioned by the Four Masters; but no circumstances worthy of record require observation. The last of the *O'Cahans* was implicated in the Tyrone rebellion, and his estates forfeited. He was thrown into prison, and afterwards banished, and his castle demolished. It was the wife of this O'Cahan that was visited by the Duchess of Buckingham, wife to the Earl of Antrim, her second husband. She had raised a levy of 1000 men on the Antrim estates, in aid of Charles I., and by order of the Deputy, Lord Westmeath, marched them to Limavady. Curiosity in-

duced Her Grace to visit the wife of O'Cahan. The old lady continued to live in the seat of her family; she had kindled a fire of branches to keep off the rigours of the season within the roofless walls; the windows were stuffed with straw, and the Lady O'Cahan herself was found by her noble visitor "sitting on her bent hams in the smoke, wrapped in blankets;" an affecting illustration of the ruined fortunes of her ancient and noble house. Her only son was sent to College by order of the King, but no trace has been found of him, nor of his subsequent history. Several members of this family were restored to their lands at the planting of the county, and became freeholders under the Crown.

This county was settled in 1618-19. From a paper printed in 1608, and given in the Appendix of Sampson's Survey, we find the following curious and interesting particulars :—

The undertakers of the several proportions should be of three sorts: 1. English or Scottish, who were to plant their portions with inland Scots; 2. Servitors in the kingdom of Ireland, who may take mere Irish, or English, or inland Scottish tenants; 3. Natives of Ireland, who are to be made freeholders. The portions were to be distributed by lot.

By Pynar's Survey, the following twelve divisions were made and distributed, viz.: 1. The Goldsmith's Hall; 2. Grocers' Hall; 3. Fishmongers; 4. Ironmongers; 5. Mercers; 6. Merchant Tailors; 7. Haberdashers; 8. Clothworkers; 9. Skinners; 10. Vintners; 11. Dra-

pers; 12. Salters. To each of these companies was allotted 3210 acres, by estimation, occupied by 25 freeholders, 78 leases for years, and 16 colleges, consisting of 119 families, and 642 able men with arms, English and Scotch.

It was upon the occasion of the plantation of Ulster that James I. devised the hereditary Order of Knighthood, with the title of Baronet; which species of nobility was purchaseable, that from the sale of such titles the expenses of maintaining the English power in Ulster might be defrayed; and hence it is that the coat of arms borne by knights baronets, is the armorial ensign of Ulster.

COLERAINE—HISTORIC OUTLINE.

This town, which is now the second in the county of Derry, formerly ranked as a city, and gave name to the whole county.* According to Harris's *Hibernica*, and Pynar's Survey, in 1618, "the county of Coleraine, otherwise called the O'Cahan's country, was divided into 547 *ballyboes*, each ballyboe consisting of 60 acres; in all 34,187 acres. The town is a place of ancient note; its original name, says Dr. Reeves, in his *Antiquities of Down and Connor*, p. 75, was *Cuilpatam*—the ferny corner. For this etymology there is the authority of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, which relates that St.

* The name of the county was changed to that of Londonderry in 1515, when the new Charter was given to the London Companies, upon which occasion a gilt sword was sent to the Mayor.

Patrick, having arrived in the neighbourhood, was hospitably entertained, and a piece of ground on the northern side of the Bann offered him, whereon to build a church, in a spot overgrown with ferns. Bishop Carbreus, in 510, chose this place for his abode, from which circumstance it was ever afterwards called "Cuil Rathen, the ferny retirement;" others derive it from "Cuil Rath Ean, the Fort at the bend of the River," a much more likely derivation.

It was the head of an ancient bishopric, as we learn from Adamnan, who relates that in 591 St. Columbkille visited Conallus, Bishop of Culerathain, by whom, as well as by the people, he was greeted "*in platia monasterii strata.*" It early ranked as a city, as we find by St. Bernard, who relates that Malachy O'Morgair visited "*civitas Culratim.*" But whether it fell into decay by slow degrees, or was destroyed by the Danes, it was of little note until it was again raised to the rank of a city, with an extensive liberty around it, by Sir John Perrott, the Lord Deputy, who laid it out on somewhat the same plan as Londonderry, with a large square in the centre of the town, called the Diamond, or Public-square. Some of the original houses were in existence fifty years ago. Most of these were framed in London in the reign of Elizabeth and James I., in a sort of cage-work, filled up with wicker-work and clay. These houses had pent-ways or piazzas.

Of late years the town has been much improved, although the plan of its streets is far from being regular.

The more modern part of the town is on the west side of the Bann: the older or eastern division is not improving. Both parts are now connected by a fine stone bridge.

Coleraine has long been celebrated for the fineness of its linens, which, *par excellence*, are called "*Coleraines*," and for its salmon fisheries, of which there are two,—one called the Cranagh, about a mile below the town; and the other called the Cutts, about the same distance above it.

It is likely to become an important town, by its being made the Terminus of the Londonderry Railways, and also of the junction-line with Belfast, *via* Toome Bridge. Independently of its commercial advancement, it will also become the great resting place of the numerous visitors who yearly flock to the Giant's Causeway, and a centre from which many interesting trips may be made.

In the vicinity of the town there is a very fine old fort, called Mount Sandall, situated upon a lofty eminence overhanging the river Bann, nearly over the Salmon Leap. This is generally supposed to have been the site of the great castle built by De Courcy, as mentioned in the Four Masters as having been built in the year 1197. It was called Kel Sancton, or Keel Santill, and was granted in 1215 by King John, along with the castle of Coulrath (Coleraine) to Thomas De Galweya. The foundations can still be traced, of great thickness and strength, being in general more than seven feet in breadth.

The view from this point is very fine, embracing

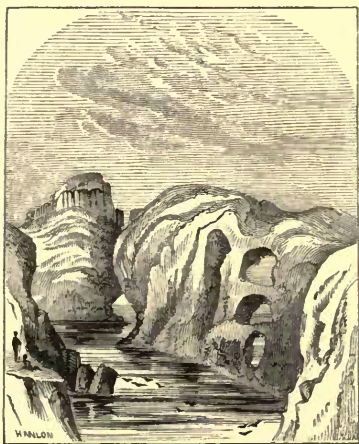
the valley of the Bann, north and south of the town, with the town itself, and the demesnes of Somerset, Jackson Hall, the towns of Portstewart and Portrush, the mountains of Benyevenagh and Innishowen, and the more distant mountains of Donegal.

The principal points to be visited in this locality are Portstewart and Portrush, both very agreeable watering-places, and much frequented in the bathing season. There is a neat hotel at Portstewart, and a secure beach for bathing. Mr. Cromie's demesne of Cromore adjoins the town, and upon an elevated situation Mr. O'Hara's Castle forms a prominent and attractive object. It was somewhere in the vicinity of this little town that Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated oriental scholar and commentator, was born. This great man was one of the most celebrated divines of the Wesleyan Methodist connexion, and at his death he bequeathed, out of the property realized by the sale of his numerous works, a large income for the support of a number of schools in the vicinity of his native place and in other parts of the North. These were placed under the care of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who employ their missionary agent in Ireland, as the general superintendent of these interesting schools. They were lately under the care of the late Rev. Walter Oke Croggon, and are now under that of the Rev. Samuel Young, late missionary in Caffraria, so well known for his interesting publications on that country.

Portrush is more than two miles north-eastward from Portstewart, and is regarded as the port of Coleraine. Steamers ply between this rising little port and Glasgow, Liverpool, and Londonderry. Since the improvements of the harbour the exports and imports are greatly on the increase, and which, when the new railway to Belfast shall be opened, may be expected to be still farther improved. In our observations upon the Lower Bann we have already spoken of the navigation of the river between this town and Lough Neagh.

The town is prettily situated, within the shelter of a noble headland forming a peninsula, consisting of a very marked and picturesque rock, which has been long a subject of great interest to geologists, and for a considerable time the occasion of a warm geological controversy; Dr. Richardson maintaining that it was composed of basaltes—containing pectinites, belmenites—and of cornua amoni. These show that they were formed in the bottom of the sea; and relying upon this, he concludes that the basaltes were once fluid and of aqueous origin. Professor Playfair, who visited the rock in company with Lord Webb Seymour and Sir James Hall, discovered the true solution of the difficulty, and ascertained that the part of the rock containing the fossils was not basalt at all, but a stratum of slate clay and schist, forming a schistose of a high degree of induration by the vicinity of the ignited mass of whinstone—(Portlock). This has since been confirmed by Conybeare and

Buckland, in 1813, and especially by Mr. Bryce of Belfast, in his able paper upon the "Celebrated Portrush Rock," published in the first volume of the Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin. The general tourist will, however, be led to visit this beautiful insulated headland, to admire the noble views which it affords, especially of the *White Rocks* in the direction of Dunluce. These are



White Rocks, Portrush, Co. Antrim.

about the most interesting objects that are presented upon this wonderful coast. The white limestone has been worn, by the action of the waves, into the most fantastic forms, which the imagination shapes into a thousand resemblances, and tunnels, pointed arches, and huge perforations. The remains of former caves penetrating

cliffs far above the present level of the sea, not only excite the surprise and admiration of the most vulgar, but also awaken a high geological interest in the minds of the more scientific observer. These attractions, together with a smooth and lovely beach for bathing, a neat hotel, and beautiful surrounding scenery, have long served to attract summer visitors, and is likely to attract many more when the railway shall be open.

Not very far from this is the columnar hill of Craiga-hullier, formed of a façade of fine columnar basalt, capped with a stratum only partially crystallized.

DOWN HILL.

Returning to Coleraine, the Derry railway, now open, affords a ready access to Down Hill and the inexhaustible beauties of Benyevenagh. The former place, the late magnificent seat of Sir Hervey Bruce, was built by the celebrated Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry. It was a truly noble pile, and has long shared a large amount of public notice. There was a noble library and picture gallery; the former situated in the singular and beautiful Mausoleum Temple. Around the outside, in gilt letters, were the following verses from Lucretius:—

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventres,
E terra altereus magnam spectare laborem.

In the view from the south this beautiful Temple is seen at the edge of the lofty cliffs, and just beneath, the railway emerges from a tunnel, with a very striking effect. This elegant tribute to the memory of the

brother of the Earl of Bristol bore the following inscription around the inside, in gold letters:—

*Ille meos errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum,
Ludere quæ vellem calamo permisit agresti.*

The beauty of the demesne is much spoiled by reason of the lack of trees, which gives it a naked appearance, and greatly injures the effect of the once noble mansion, for want of an umbrageous back-ground to give value to its fine architectural design. The picture gallery contained several pictures by Raphael, Poussin, Carravaggio, copies from Titian, landscapes by Claude Lorraine, a Correggio, &c. This mansion was destroyed by fire about two years ago, and most of the pictures and library consumed.

The railway will excite as much interest as anything else, from the boldness of its design and the beauty of the scenery through which it passes. Running at the base of the lofty precipices of Down Hill, and under the site of the Temple, it emerges into the open country along the Magilligan strand; the cliffs and terraces of Benyevenagh, and the “under cliffs” or slippages, display many curious contours, and present a very striking aspect from every part of the line. Then, curving into Lough Foyle, it runs close to a noble breakwater, enclosing large tracts of reclaimed slob; and as it runs farther outwards, towards Derry, extensive views of the western range of the great basaltic mountains are seen running far to the south,—Benyevenagh, Keady, and Benbradagh, each claiming their separate share of

interest. On the right the Innishowen Mountains and Moville are seen, in blue but very distinct outlines, beyond the expanse of the waters of the Lough, which is here at least six or seven miles broad. Probably there is no railway in the three kingdoms can boast of so many really interesting features. Its conception was bold, and reflects great credit on the skill and capacity of the engineers, as well as upon the discrimination of the proprietary in selecting such a picturesque line.

It was upon the Magilligan shore that the base line of the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland was laid in 1826, under the direction of the late General Colby, an operation which excited the admiration of the leading astronomers and men of science of the day. Space does not permit us to give the particulars of this interesting undertaking, but we refer the reader to the official report, published by Captain Yolland upon the subject. Bellarena, the seat of the late Connolly Gage, with other places of less note, are also within sight of the railway. The glebe-house of the parish of Magilligan was the residence of the eccentric and loyal John Graham, the Grand Chaplain of the Orange Lodge of Ireland, and author of a history of the Siege of Derry.

NEWTOWN-LIMAVADY.

There is a short line connecting this small, but clean and well-built, town with the main line of railway. It is situated upon the Roe, and is the third in point of

size in the county. As a market town it is chiefly distinguished for the sale of agricultural produce, but having neither antiquities nor natural curiosities to boast of, with the exception of the site of the Castle of the O'Cahans noticed above, it has few claims upon the attention of the tourist. There are, however, several fine seats in the neighbourhood:—Roe Park, the seat of Harvey Nicholson, Esq.; Fruit Hill, Mr. M'Causland; Bellarena, Sir Frederick Heyside, Bart., &c. It is situated in the district known as the Myroe, the most fertile tract in the county, being the region of an ancient Delta, filled up with the richest alluvium upon the shelly gravel and sand of the original marine deposit. This land is so rich that several white crops can be raised in succession by merely tilling a little deeper every year, and throwing up the shelly gravel upon the surface.

DUNGIVEN.

About eight miles up the vale of the Roe the town and church of Dungiven claim the attention of the antiquary.

The drive up the vale affords a fine opportunity of observing the jutting headlands of Benyevenagh, Keady, Donald's Hill, Benbraddagh,—with the deep indentures between, which form a succession of basaltic promontories of great beauty, showing in their escarpments the same relative position of the white limestone and basalt observed along the Antrim coast. It is in the deep

gorge between Benbraddagh on the north, and Monieeny on the south, that the town, or rather village, of Dungiven is situated. According to Mr. Ross, its name imports "The Pleasant Hill," *Dun Gobhion*, probably from the Priory of O'Cahan, once the principal religious foundation of the place; its ancient name was *Balle-an-Muleliath*, the Town of the Ridge,—being built upon a ridge of red sandstone; but, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, it is derived from *Dungeimhīn*, or, the Fort of Fetters or Bondage. The chief features of interest to the tourist are the old Castle and Church. The former was built about the time of James I., and was an extensive bawn, well fortified. Of its early possessors little is known. The most celebrated in the local traditions is the Lady Cooke, whose singular history is still fresh in the village stories. She was first married to one of the Doddington family, and afterwards to Sir George Cooke, with whom she did not live upon the best of terms. On one occasion only they showed an admirable harmony of sentiment in mutually agreeing to a final separation. The only obstacle was the possession of the Castle and estate of Dungiven: a happy expedient was hit upon, namely, both agreed to start from London upon a given day, on horseback, and whoever should arrive first should enjoy quiet possession. The lady, with all the dexterity and unwearied perseverance of the softer sex, as in many similar cases, prevailed over the physical superiority of the more robust. She reached the Castle first, and Sir George, who was only

a few moments late, saw her ensign waving over the battlements, and, like a prudent husband, thought better to yield when it was in vain to contend. She was afterwards besieged by Sir Phelim O'Neal, and many of her followers slain,—she herself, with a very few personal attendants, having escaped the massacre. Some years since, in making excavations, a large quantity of human bones was dug up in the court-yard, which strengthens the tradition.

The Church is in a very dilapidated state, but its beautiful situation, upon a considerable height, more than 200 feet above the river, and several architectural features of interest, especially the chaste and elegant monument of the chieftain Coeynagall, render it worthy of a visit. This chieftain, who was so highly honoured by the erection of such a splendid tomb, was one of the O'Cahans, but at what particular time he lived, or what circumstances attended his death, is not certain. Tradition ascribes his death to assassination, and the place is pointed out near Limavady where the warrior defended himself with prodigious but vain efforts of valour against a crowd of assailants, who finally overpowered him with stones. The dignity of his tomb shows how highly he was appreciated by his sept; his name, too,—the Scourge of Strangers,—is no slight indication of his prowess against the invaders of his country. Dr. Petrie, the most accomplished of our Irish antiquaries, ascribes the erection of the tomb to the latter end of the thirteenth century, and the name preserved by tra-

dition is conspicuous in the annals of that period. The name is properly written Cu-maighe, pronounced Coey, or, the Greyhound of the Plain; it was and is common in the Kane family, and is set down Coeey, alias Qunlin, in law matters. Cumaighe or Coeynagall appears to have been the tenth in descent from the founder of the family, and thirteenth from Fergal, King of Ireland, who was killed in 722, and who was the common ancestor of the O'Cahans and O'Neils. His death is recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters thus: "In 1385 Cu-maighe O'Kane, Lord of Oireacht-ni-Calhain, died in the pinnacle of wealth and celebrity;" which directly contradicts the local tradition.

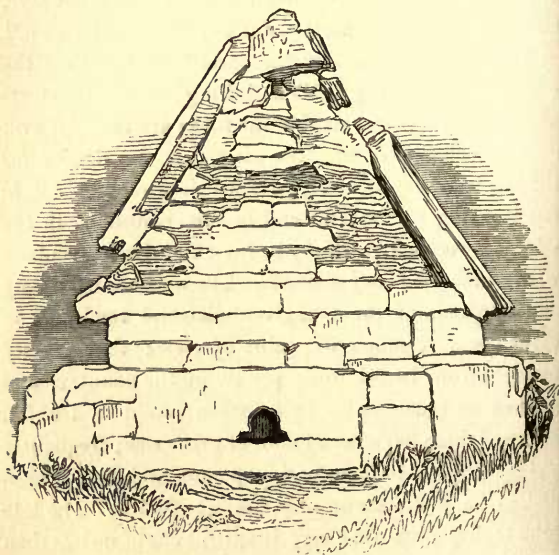
The situation of the church of Dungiven is a fine illustration of the good taste of our early ecclesiastical architects,—a subject which is well and appropriately expressed in the eloquent passage of Mr. Ross, author of the Statistical Survey of the Parish. He says:—"The situation of these remains of antiquity is singularly awful and interesting, and displays a more refined taste in the old Fathers who selected it for the offices of piety and prayer, a better taste than the more refined moderns exhibit, and perhaps, too, a deeper knowledge of the human heart, and of those intimate causes which, through the medium of the outward senses, awaken its religious sensibilities, and lift the mind to livelier perceptions of the presence and majesty of God. Seated upon a bold and projecting rock, 200 feet above the level of the Roe, where everything disposes to seriousness and meditation,

—the grandeur of the mountains, the ascending sound of the torrent beneath, the repose of the place, its seclusion from little things, and the monuments of mortality around it,—is a scene which contemplation must love, and which devotion must claim as peculiarly its own.”

The river Roe divides the basaltic region from the schistose with great precision, flowing between the strata with so much exactness that the rocks are rarely if ever found to change sides. The district is also famous for the beautiful crystals of quartz which are found both in the working of the land and *in situ*, embedded in the schistose rocks, but chiefly in the extensive gravel beds with which the valley abounds. The well-known purity and hardness of the Dungiven diamond render it of value in a commercial point of view; they readily brought from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per lb. in the country, and fetched as much as 3*s.* to 5*s.* when resold in Dublin. Many of these have been found of great size; frequently a single crystal of three or four pounds weight has been picked up, and sometimes so heavy as 90 lbs. The late Miss Ogilby obtained a very beautiful one of no less than 70 lbs., which is still preserved in the family collection. The demand for these stones at present is very inconsiderable, and they are sought for rather as ornaments for the cabinets of the curious than for their commercial value.

Not far from the church there is an ancient mound—one of the carinated barrows or sepulchral mounds of Pagan origin, surmounted by a pillar. It does not appear that it has ever been examined, as there are no

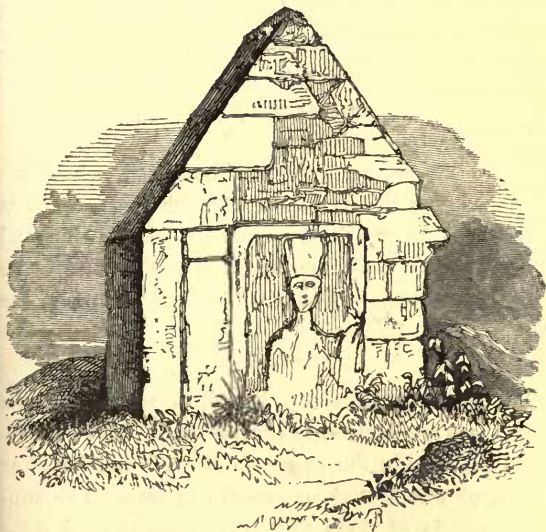
traces of excavation apparent. A smaller one in the neighbourhood was opened several years ago, and some earthen urns and bones were discovered.



Tomb of the Founder of Bovevagh Church.

About two miles north of Dungiven are the ruins of the old church of Bovevagh, where there is one of those curious old tombs of the early saints, of which specimens are occasionally, but very rarely, to be met with. This was erected to the memory of the saint who was reputed to be the founder of the church. It is of limited dimen-

sions, being about nine feet long by seven feet high; it is faced with sandstone, and is supposed to have been built about the ninth or tenth century; it bears no inscription or effigy.



Tomb of St. Muiredach O'Heney.

A more beautiful example is to be found at the ancient church of Banagher, to the south of Dungiven, which is generally admitted to have been erected to the memory of St. Muiredach O'Heney, the reputed founder of the church; it exhibits a relievo of the saint.

“This tomb,” says Dr. Petrie, “is wholly faced with ashlar masonry of sandstone, and measures ten feet in length, four feet nine inches in breadth, and eight feet to the height of the gable, and four feet to the eaves. Respecting the age of this tomb, I can only speak conjecturally; but as the church built by O’Heney, which was a building of considerable architectural beauty, seems obviously a structure of the latter part of the eleventh century, we may fairly assign this monument to that period.”

There is a custom in the neighbourhood, which testifies the superstitious respect in which this monument is still held. In any horse-race, if a handful of the sand adjacent to the tomb be thrown upon the horse as he passes, it is thought that it will insure success in the race.

SUPERSTITIONS.

The northern peasantry, like their neighbours the Scotch, are much given to superstition. They are confident believers in the existence of the “wee folk,” or fairies, of whom they are greatly in awe. The supposed resorts of these tiny sprites are the old raths and doons so very common throughout the north; the almost universal preservation of which may be ascribed to the influence of this superstitious dread. An amusing instance of this occurred a few years since, at the residence of the late Captain Millar, to the south of Ballymena. The Captain being desirous of planting a very fine conical doon or rath in his demesne, sent a

man to prepare holes for putting in the trees; several of his labourers refused: however, one was induced to make the trial. In the progress of his work he happened to be interrupted by a stony mass, which he attempted to remove with the aid of a crowbar; in driving the instrument down with considerable force it slipped from his hands, and disappeared altogether into the mound. Astonished at the unforeseen event, he immediately ascribed it as the work of the "wee folk," who thus resented the invasion upon their manor. He now considered himself a lost man, that ill luck and wasting were to be his portion; tottering with fear, he sought his cabin, and having told his wife, took to his bed. An alarm was instantly made; the news flew through the country, and at length reached the ears of Captain Millar. A visit was made to the fort; a survey of the spot disclosed the mystery,—the crowbar had by chance hit upon the entrance to the cave, and fell from the labourer's hands into the antechamber. The Captain soon caused the passages to be opened, and in a small cyclopean chamber the lost crowbar was recovered, and restored with much merriment to the stricken owner, who soon recovered from the shock; and thus a death-blow was very unexpectedly given to the dominion of the "wee folk" in that neighbourhood, from which it has not since recovered.

ELF-STONES.

Another singular instance of superstition is that connected with what are called Elf-stones. These are of two kinds, one are the flint arrow-heads, so common in the North, the others are a species of fossil echinus found in tilling the land; the former are called elf-arrows, the latter, elf-bullets. Medicinal virtues are ascribed to the elf-arrows, for the cure of cows or horses that are said to be elf-shot. When a cow gets sick and loaths her food, she is said to be elf-shot. Immediately the owner sends for the *Elf-man*, or "man of knowledge." The fairies have the knack of wounding the animal internally *without piercing the skin*, and it requires *much* skill to discover the wound. The elf-man proceeds to make his search for it, by "running his finger along the flanks and sides, and down the slip of the back bone;" when his well-practised finger finds the hollow under the skin he at once proceeds to the cure. The following recipe was taken from the lips of one of the most celebrated of these worthies, on the road between Ballymena and Rathsharkin, and which the writer has had corroborated in its leading particulars in many parts of the district.

Take as many elf-arrows as convenient, not less than three, the *cawm* of three pots (the sooty deposit upon the outside), three brass half-pence, and a silver sixpence; pour a gallon of water upon these, and place the pot over the fire, and stir the whole up together till it

boils: when cool enough to drink, let the cow be drenched three times a day in the name of, &c. The cow thus doctored generally recovers; and if she dies it is because some mortal offence has been committed against the "wee folk" by the owner or his retainers.

It was with difficulty he could be persuaded that his services were not required beyond the gratification of curiosity. Upon our giving expression to our incredulity, the good temper of the "doctor" was scarcely proof against the slight, notwithstanding the charm of a *fee* for his trouble; and gravely assured us that his services had been required by many of the gentry, including the Presbyterian minister of * * * *

The elf-bullet is used as a charm to protect the cows in the *byre*. When one of these has been picked up upon the land it is immediately suspended in the byre, and under its protection the cattle are esteemed secure from the malignant pranks of the unfriendly elfs.

Returning to Newtown-Limavady, we proceed by railway along the margin of the Lough, and, running up the valley of the Foyle, soon reach the city of Londonderry, to which we shall now turn our attention.

CHAPTER XIV.

CITY OF DERRY.

Historic Outline—Ancient Name—Sir H. Dockwra—Building of the City in 1600—Its Destruction, 1608—Irish Society's Charter—Forfeiture—Rebellion of 1641—Siege in 1689—Music of "No Surrender"—Ancient Cannon—Roaring Meg—Walker—His Death—The Exchange—The Cathedral—Rev. W. Hamilton—The Bishop's Palace—Churches, &c.—Foyle College—Gwyn's School—Custom House—County Gaol—Lunatic Asylum—Infirmery and Fever Hospital—Port of Derry—Lough Foyle—Comparative view of the progress of Belfast and Derry.

THERE is not upon the page of British history the name of a town more worthy of honourable mention than that of the maiden city of Derry. Its gallant and successful defence by the 'Prentice Boys in 1688 has been the theme of admiration ever since the event, and the important results which followed render it one of those special instances of the proof of a superintending Providence which can be traced so often in the affairs of nations. 'The tourist reaches this renowned spot with a feeling of heightened curiosity, commensurate with his appreciation of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, both of which were mainly secured by the issue of the contest carried on beneath the walls of this place during the Revolution of 1688.

Its ancient name, *Doipe Calgaic*, “a pleasant eminence covered with oaks,” is still true as regards the situation. It is a pleasant and sprightly eminence, and though not covered with oaks, it is graced by as pretty a little town as any in the kingdom. Its most ancient celebrity is chiefly ecclesiastical: of its Pagan state nothing is known beyond its name. In the annals of the Four Masters, 1121, it is called “Derry Columbkille,” after St. Columba, who built a monastery here in 546, and who from the number of such erections obtained the cognomen of “ceille” or “kille” that is, “of the cells,” or churches. In 1146 the oaks for which it was celebrated, and from which it derived its name, were in existence, for we find that in that year there was a hurricane which overturned no less than “sixty of the oaks, by which several persons in the church were killed or disabled.” Again, in 1178 another violent storm “prostrated 120 oaks,” incontestable proofs of the appropriateness of its Irish name.

It is not, however, until the reign of Elizabeth that it claims any special historical notice; up to the middle of the sixteenth century the city was in the hands of the Irish, and was governed by their chiefs, and owned, if at all, only a very doubtful allegiance to the British Crown. The rebellion of Shane O’Neil, better known as Earl Tyrone, was the first occasion of placing an English garrison in the city, to check his progress. By placing an army in his rear, under the gallant Edward Randolph, who

fought a severe action with him in 1565, though he lost his life, he gave O'Neil such a check as he did not afterwards recover.

From this time it was the great object of the English to secure Derry; many circumstances prevented its attainment, which so affected Queen Elizabeth that she wrote impatiently to Essex in 1599:—"How often have you resolved us that until Loughfoyle and Ballyshannon were planted, there could be no hope of doing service upon the rebels." This was, however, at length attained by Sir Henry Dockwra, with a force of 4000 foot and 200 horse, in 1600, who landed on the 16th April, at Culmore, and six days after took Derry without opposition. Sir Henry thus describes the city:—"A place in the manner of an island, comprehending within it forty acres of land, whereon were the ruins of an old abbey, a bishop's house, two churches, and at one of the ends of it an old castle; the river called Loughfoyle encompassing it on one side, and a bog, most commonly wett, and not easilie passable, except in two or three places, dividing it from the maine land."

The following description of the first, or original English town will be read with interest. Sir Henry states that he employed the "two ships of warre, with soldiers in them, to coast all alonge the shore for 20 or 30 miles, and willed *wheresoever they found any houses*, they should bring away the timber and other materials to build withall, and O'Cane having a woode lying on the opposite

side, with 'plentie of growne birch,' I daylie sent some workemen with a guard to cut it down, and not a sticke of it but was well fought for. A quarry of stone and slatt we found hard bye; cockle-shells to make lyme we discovered infinite plentie in a little iland' at the mouth of the harbour. With these helps, and the stones and rubbige of the old buildings wee found, wee sett ourselves wholie to fortifying, and framing, and setting up of houses, such as wee might be able to live in," &c. (See also Annals of Four Masters, 1600, A.D.)

Dockwra's town was burned in 1608 by Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, and its governor, Sir George Pawlett, and the garrison, put to the sword by the young chief of Innishowen; but in 1609 the Lords of the Privy Council agreed with the Committee of the Corporation of London to have two hundred houses built, and room for three hundred more; and that the bishop and dean should have suitable plots of ground for their houses and gardens in Derry; and that at least sixty houses should be built before the 1st of November; and in 1612 the Honourable the Irish Society was formed by Royal Charter, who immediately set about to arrange the details of the plantation.

From 1609 to 1629 the total number of houses built, exclusive of the bishop's and dean's, was one hundred and ten, the cost of which was £13,450, and in addition the sum of £14,000 had been expended for the fortifications and other matters within the city.

On the 29th January, 1613, the Irish Society was formed, and received their charter in March following, granting them the city or town of Derry, with a circuit of three miles round from the centre of the town, to be a county in itself; the lands on the west of the Foyle, containing about 4000 acres, besides bog and mountain, which were to be regarded as waste acres, belonging to the city. The walls were required to be finished, and for this purpose a grant of £5000 was made in 1615. In Carte's *Life of Ormond* it is stated, that in consequence of the dilatory conduct of the city of London in carrying out the stipulated improvement and plantation of Ulster, they were cited in 1635, and condemned by the Star Chamber to surrender their charter received from James I. The city offered £30,000 to compromise the matter, which was rejected; and in a trial before the Star Chamber, in Michaelmas, 1635, they were cast and fined £70,000, and their lands forfeited. (Vol. i. p. 83.) In 1641 King Charles expressed regret for what had been done, and gave orders to restore the Company their estates; but the rebellion having broken out, his wishes were not carried into effect.

The rebellion broke out on the 29th October, and it became an object with the northern insurgents to seize the city; but the plot was discovered, and Derry became the chief refuge for the English and Scotch Protestants. The city was put into a posture of defence;

the twelve companies sent each two pieces of ordnance, which, with the twenty which had been placed in battery some years before, constituted a sufficient force to resist the fury of the rebels.

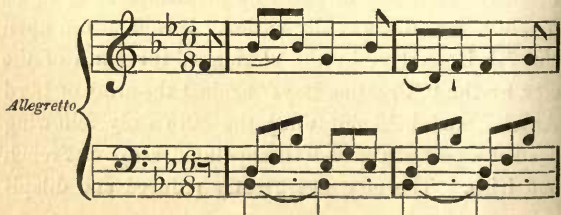
Upon the termination of the rebellion, in 1649, Commissioners were sent over to settle affairs and demise leases, renewing all the leases in Derry and Coleraine.

In 1656 Cromwell restored the charter of James I. to the citizens of Derry, as a reward for their services in the cause of the Parliament. Upon the restoration of Charles II., the grant of Cromwell being deemed insufficient, letters patent were formally granted upon 10th April, 1662, confirming the charter of James I. in a full and explicit manner.

From this date to the celebrated year of 1688 there is nothing of importance to record; but in that year the great event occurred which has rendered the name of Derry famous in history. It would be quite beyond our province to give a detailed account of this celebrated siege: its history will be read as long as this country endures, and be regarded as one of the brightest instances of patriotic heroism that is to be found in the annals of any nation. It commenced upon the 7th December, by the closing of the gates of the city by the "'Prentice Boys" against the army of Lord Antrim, and held out until the 30th July following against a powerful and well-appointed army of French and Irish. The city was greatly reduced and dilapi-

dated; and its heroic defenders, under the immortal Walker, were frequently brought to the verge of starvation; but nothing could subdue their spirit, nor did they ever once think of relaxing their efforts, even under the pressure of the greatest extremities. Their fearless watch-word, "No Surrender," was proudly given to every summons, until at length the expected succour arrived; and James's army, having failed to prevent it, raised the siege, and retired from the place immediately after. The score of the celebrated air of "No Surrender," which has attained to a historic interest, is to be found in the Ordnance Memoir of the city, and we make no apology for giving a copy for the entertainment of our readers. "It will be seen," says the writer of that inimitable memoir, "that the character of this melody is essentially Irish: there is every reason to believe that it was not composed for the occasion, but, on the contrary, at a time of considerable antiquity, and only adopted for its pleasing and mirthful fitness."

NO SURRENDER.



The musical score is arranged in five systems, each consisting of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major, indicated by two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

The first system shows a melodic line in the treble and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The second system continues this pattern with some melodic development. The third system introduces a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the treble. The fourth system features a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fifth system concludes with a decelerando (*ritar.*) and a diminuendo (*dim.*) marking, ending with a final chord.



The more striking localities associated with the siege are still pointed out, the most remarkable of which are the walls themselves, with their ancient bastions, and the old cannon which hurled destruction upon the foe. Once the strength, they are now the chief ornament to this beautiful little city, and form the great promenade of the inhabitants. Quoting the same Memoir, we may observe, that “after the lapse of two centuries the fortifications retain nearly unchanged their original form and character. In 1806–8 the walls were repaired at an expense of £1119 6s. 2d.; in 1824 the north-western bastion was demolished, to make room for a market; in 1826 the central western bastion was modified, to make room for Walker’s Testimonial,—an ornamental memorial, just and appropriate. Of the guns which performed such valuable service in by-gone times, a few are preserved as memorials in their original localities, the bastions; but the greater number have been converted to the quiet purposes of peace, serving as posts for fastening cables, protecting corners, &c. There are six on the south-western bastion, two of which are inscribed,—

VINTNERS LONDON 1642

MERCERS LONDON 1642

Four at Walker’s Testimonial; two inscribed,—

MERCHANT TAILORS LONDON 1642

GROCERS LONDON 1642

The celebrated “*Roaring Meg*,” which formerly stood in the court-house yard, has been removed to the south-

west bastion, which has been enclosed with handsome iron railings; and there, mounted upon her carriage, and surrounded by her last-named companions, admired by strangers, and revered by the inhabitants of the city to whose defence she so efficiently contributed, she reposes, as if in conscious dignity, amidst the peaceful and beautiful scenes which once reverberated to her indignant thunders against the adversary. This cannon is 4 feet 6 inches in girth at the thickest part, and 11 feet long, and bears the inscription,—

FISHMONGERS LONDON 1642

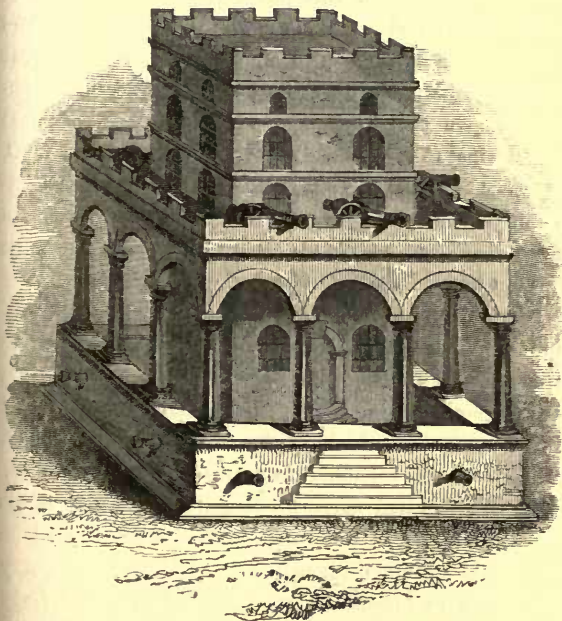
Within view of the walls, about three miles down the river, is Boomhall, so called from its being the locality where the boom was thrown across the river by the enemy to prevent supplies from being thrown into the city. The site is ascertainable by the existence of one of the blocks of stone to which it was moored, and by the remains of the forts which protected it.

Since this memorable event the history of Londonderry has been happily unmarked by any political event worthy of especial notice.

Its commercial progress has been slow but sure. Situated on a reach of the noble river which flows around three of its sides,—within a few miles of the deep and noble bay of Lough Foyle, a spacious inlet from the Atlantic,—its position for trade is highly important.

The Exchange, or Market-house, which stood in the

centre of the Diamond at the time of the siege, was so dilapidated by the shot and shell of the enemy that it had to be rebuilt when the city was being restored.



'The Exchange, or Market-house.

Its civil and military character may be gathered from the foregoing sketch, copied from a drawing in Sir Thomas Philips' MS., and engraved in the Ordnance Memoir of the city.

This was replaced by one more in keeping with the peaceful and commercial objects for which it was intended: a grant of £1500 was given by King William and Queen Mary for this purpose, to which a sum of £300 was added by the grand jury of the city and county. It was rebuilt, accordingly, in the year 1692, after Mr. Neville's plan; and in 1823 the Corporation gave this building a thorough repair, almost amounting to a re-erection, at the expense of £5500. It was completed in 1826, and contains a very fine assembly-room, 75 feet by 36 feet, a commercial-room, a news-room, &c., and is admitted to be one of the most elegant and convenient town-halls in the kingdom.

Not far from the north-western bastion is Walker's Monument. This beautiful and appropriate memorial to this great man was not erected until the year 1828: it is of Portland stone, and cost £4200, which sum was raised by subscription, of which the Corporation gave £50. The statue was solemnly inaugurated August 11, 1828.

This celebrated patriot and gallant defender of his city was killed at the battle of the Boyne. Had he survived, his appointment to the bishopric of Derry was certain; indeed Tillotson, in his letter to Lady Russel, states,—that “the King (William III.), in addition to his first bounty of £5000, had made him Bishop of Derry.” But it is more than probable that he had only obtained the promise of succeeding to the vacant see upon the death of Dr. Hopkins, which event took place just three days before Walker was killed.

The modern city has extended considerably beyond the ancient walls, so that the population of the new portion exceeds that of the old. Its public buildings, although not numerous, are not devoid of elegance. The Court-house is a very noble building, measuring 126 feet in front by 70 feet in depth. It has a tetra-style portico, of the ancient Ionic order, copied after the Temple of Erichtheus at Athens.

The Cathedral, which is capable of seating one thousand persons with ease, stands upon the very summit of the hill of Derry; it has no transepts, but is divided into central and lateral aisles, separated by pointed arches; in each of the latter there are galleries communicating with the organ-loft. The spire is 180 feet high from the ground, and 90 feet above the battlements of the belfry; there are eight fine bells, which were suspended in the year 1813, as appears from an inscription at the entrance. The eastern window consists of five lights, divided by mullions, with one transom; upon the sill there is an inscription recording the memorable siege in 1689. This inscription is so characteristic that we make no apology for its insertion:—

“This city was besieged by the Irish army the 13 April, 1689, and so continued until the 1st of August, when it was relieved by Major-General Kerk. On the 7th of May, about one in the morning, the besiegers forced the out-guards of the garison, and intrenched themselves on the Windmill Hill, commanded by Brigadeer Ramsay. At four the same morning the be-

seged attacked the Irish in their trenches, and after a sharp engagement the enemy gave ground and fled. Ramsey was killed, with others of note. The Lord Netterville, Sir Garrett Aylmer, Lieut.-Col. Talbot, Major Butler, son to Lord Montgarrett, &c., were taken prisoners, with five colors, two of which fell into the hands of Col. Jno. Mitchelboune, who placed them as they now stand. . . . When the colors shall faile, his Lordship John Hartstrong, now Ld. Bp. of Derry, at the request of the said Col. M. is pleased to give leave that this inscription be placed under the said colors in remembrance of the eminent and extraordinary services then performed."

The flags stand at each side of the window; the poles and tassels are genuine, but the flags have been replaced more than once.

The battlements are much frequented by strangers, from which there is one of the finest suburban views to be found in the kingdom. From this point the localities rendered famous in the siege can be easily identified, which imparts an interest to the scene not inferior to that excited by the beautiful landscape.

The monumental interest of the Cathedral and churchyard is considerable; many bishops, and several of the brave defenders of Derry, were buried there. The tomb of Counsellor Kairns, who distinguished himself in the siege, is much broken, but the greater portion of the epitaph is still legible. That of Alderman Lenox, who was also connected with the siege, is

discoverable, and is marked by an appropriate epitaph. But the most interesting to us is that of the Rev. William Hamilton, the accomplished author of the "Letters on the Coast of Antrim," whose melancholy fate is recorded upon his father's tomb. He was assassinated on the 2nd March, 1797, at the house of Dr. Waller, of Sharon, in the county of Donegal, by an armed banditti, in the fortieth year of his age.

The Bishop's Palace is a plain, inelegant structure, and stands opposite the Court-house. There are a Chapel of Ease and a Free Church without the city; and within and without the walls there are four chapels for the accommodation of the different sections of the Presbyterian body. That in Meeting-house-row is a substantial building, with a handsome front, capable of seating 2000 people. The Wesleyans have a very handsome and tastefully designed Meeting-house, with a Doric front, near the north-east bastion, which was raised by subscription, to which the Irish Society contributed £100. The late Lord Bishop of Derry, with truly Christian liberality, attended at the opening, and acted as one of the collectors.

The Foyle College, which is a Diocesan and Free Grammar School, is situated to the north of the city. This institution is mainly supported by annual subscriptions by the Bishop and the London Companies. It formerly reached the sum of £870 per annum, but is not so well supported at present, as some of the Companies have withdrawn their subscriptions.

Gwyn's School is supported by an annual income of £1870, arising from the investment of £44,608 by the late Mr. John Gwyn: between eighty and ninety boys are educated, boarded, and apprenticed off, at the expense of the institution.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

Is situate in Ship-quay-street, in a very convenient position. It is by no means an attractive building, nor one which is worthy of the rapidly increasing trade of the place. It is nearly square, with a frontage to the river of 170 feet, and a court-yard, surrounded by stores, 80 feet by 60 feet.

THE COUNTY GAOL

Is a large building on the circular plan, modified, and chiefly in the Gothic style. It was built by Messrs. M'Mullen and M'Mahon, at an expense of £35,000. The front is partly of Dungiven sandstone, and partly cemented. There are one hundred and eighty cells, twenty yards, twenty-six work-rooms, and two correctional prisons. The Governor's house stands within the court: it contains a chapel, committee-rooms, and panoptic gallery. The front buildings are occupied by female prisoners and debtors, and the crown prison is on the opposite side, beyond the Governor's house. The plan of the whole is excellent, but it is considered too extensive for a district so peaceable and well disposed.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM,

for the counties of Derry, Tyrone, and Donegal, is situate between the Middle and Buncrana Roads, about half a mile beyond the walls. Although a very large building, capable of accommodating nearly two hundred patients, it is considered too small for the district, and does not admit of as perfect a classification of the patients as would be desirable. It is under a Committee of Management, who pay the greatest attention to its interests: and is maintained at an average expense of £2500 per annum, which is divided very nearly equally between the three counties. Within sight is the

INFIRMARY AND FEVER HOSPITAL,

which are situate in a very healthy situation in the Middle Road. They are under the control of the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishop of Derry, the Lord Chancellor, the Rector and Vicar, and the Governors of the Institution.

These are the principal public buildings and institutions of Londonderry.

In the immediate vicinity of the city, and nearly within it, is the Casino, a beautifully situated villa, built by the Earl of Bristol, somewhat irregular in plan, but presenting a handsome front, and commanding a very fine view of the river. Upon the opposite side of the river is St. Columb's, from which there is one of the best views of the city.

THE PORT OF DERRY

Is situated at the great outlet of the rich and fertile valley of the Foyle, the natural channel by which the produce of one of the richest and most extensive districts of the North can be brought to the market of the world.

Its superiority above all other ports upon the northern coast is universally admitted; for while Donegal affords many deep and land-locked inlets, some of them penetrating very far into the land, they are generally difficult, if not dangerous, of access during the prevailing westerly winds, and none of them have districts of equal importance surrounding their waters; the situation was therefore well chosen, and is a striking proof of the wisdom of James I. in proposing it to the London Companies as the focus of the plantation of Ulster.

Lough Foyle, which lies between the port and the sea, is a noble sheet of water, but for the most part of very unequal depth; the greater part of it is shallow, so that the navigation is principally confined to the deep and narrow channel along the coast from Greencastle. The approach to the Lough is strongly marked by the two great headlands of Innishowen and Benyevenagh; the entrance between Greencastle and Magilligan's Point is about a mile wide, within which, the Lough suddenly expands into a sheet of water ten miles broad by eighteen long, to the proper mouth of the Foyle at Culmore, four miles from the city; so that

the entire distance of the port from the sea is twenty-two miles or better.

The navigation of the Lough is rendered difficult by the presence of a shoal lying to the eastward of the entrance, called the Tuns (from *toon*, a wave), upon which, even in fine weather, there is a heavy run. Its position is defined by two great buoys, which are moored by chains capable of holding ships of four hundred tons' burthen; the shelter from the westerly winds by Innishowen Head, however, enables vessels to get in from the Atlantic with safety, and for steamers it is perfectly safe in all weathers. The rise and fall of the spring tides at the entrance, according to Capt. Mudge, is from seven to nine feet, and at neap tides from five to six; the depth at Quigley's Point at the springs is from sixteen to twenty feet, and at neap ten to thirteen at high, and ten to eleven at low, water; at the wharfs at Derry it is from twelve to fourteen feet at low water, which gives from twenty to twenty-three feet at spring tides. The tide flows at about three miles an hour in the narrow channel, and from two to three in the widest.

It has long been a favourite object with the city of Derry to unite Lough Foyle with Lough Swilly by a ship canal, which would not only afford a safe and speedy exit for vessels bound westward, but also greatly enhance the value of the port, by making it the focus of two such noble harbours. At the present time there is a project for uniting the Loughs by a line of rail-

way, which will in part secure the long-expected results. The enterprise of the city—now fast increasing in wealth and influence—will surely not suffer such an important object to remain any longer unaccomplished in connexion with the great railway system now in progress of development by the Coleraine and Derry and Enniskillen Companies.

When we come to speak of the railways, we think we shall be able to show that Derry is assuming a most important position in the commercial world; and while her present improvement is very apparent, it is impossible to say what she may attain to when she has all her lines open, so as to draw the produce of the rich and important counties of Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and as far westward as Sligo, to her quays. In our opinion, we think the natural capabilities of the place, as now being developed, bids fair to render her no mean rival to the present capital of Ulster. The subjoined comparative view of the progress of Belfast and Derry since 1848 will show the increasing trade of the port, and which must now increase in a rapid ratio, provided the Railway and Navigation Companies regulate their freights and traffic upon liberal terms:—

PORT OF BELFAST.

INCREASE.

In 1848, the Tonnage was 506,953

1849,	„	555,021—10 per cent. on 1848.
1850,	„	624,113—14 per cent. on 1849.
1851,	„	650,938—14 per cent. on 1850.
1852,	„	684,156— 5 per cent. on 1851.

Now, from these figures it appears, that in four years, that is, from 1848 to 1852, there has been a progressive increase to the extent of 34 per cent. Now, what has happened in Derry during the same period. The trade of Derry had suffered more severely, and had recovered more slowly, from the effects of the famine than that of Belfast, and the Tables show as follows:—

PORT OF DERRY.

INCREASE.

In 1848, the Tonnage was 147,212

1849,	„	152,599—	3½ per cent. on 1848.
1850,	„	161,539—	6 per cent. on 1849.
1851,	„	194,207—	20 per cent. on 1850.
1852,	„	215,409—	10 per cent. on 1851.

So that while the tonnage of Belfast had increased 34 per cent. on that of 1848, the tonnage of vessels frequenting this harbour had increased by 50 per cent. on the same year.



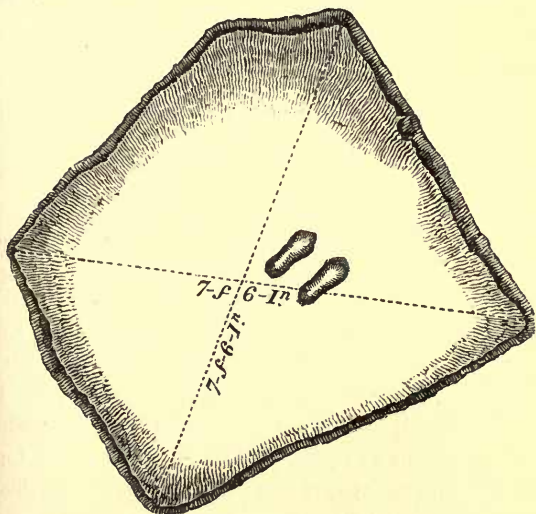
CHAPTER XV.

INNISHOWEN.

Coronation Stone of Aileach—Demesnes—Culmore Fort—Its Capture by O'Dogherty—Muff—Moville—Greencastle—Malin Head—Carndonagh—Buncranagh—Griean of Ailech—Castle of Aileach.

LEAVING the city by Butchers' Gate, the road runs alongside Rosse's Bay, an expansion of the Foyle; at its broadest part, when the tide is fully in, it is more than a mile across. On the left hand is Belmont, which, as its name imports, commands a most attractive view, of which the city is the great and leading feature. We recommend the tourist to pay it a visit: his trouble will be well repaid, not only by the charming prospect from the front of the house, but by a sight of a much venerated piece of antiquity, St. Columb's stone, generally believed to have been the coronation stone of Aileach. In the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick mention is made of this stone:—"The man of God accompanied Prince Eochan to his palace, which he then held in the most ancient and celebrated seat of the kings, called Aileach, and which the holy bishop consecrated, promising that from his seed many kings and princes of Ireland should spring; and as a pledge he left there a certain stone blessed by him, upon which the promised kings and princes should be ordained."

This stone is in a rough, unhewn state, of an irregular square, about seven feet across : it exhibits the impressions of two feet, about ten inches long. There is a very exact description of such coronation stones in Spenser's "Concise View of Ireland," which applies exactly to the stone, of which we subjoin a plan. It is highly venerated.



St. Columb's Stone.

Beyond this is Penny Burn, so frequently mentioned in the annals of the siege.

The road now leaves the shore, and includes between it and the river a series of demesnes and residences, which are beautifully planted, and command river

views of the highest interest: the first of which is The Farm, the residence of Sir R. A. Ferguson, M. P. for the city of Derry. This distinguished commoner, by the prudence of his demeanour, great parliamentary industry, and superior capability for public business, has managed to make himself the perpetual M. P. of the loyal and maiden city.

Next to the demesne of the Farm is that of Boom Hall, so named as being the site where the boom was thrown across the river, as already noticed, and now the residence of Daniel Baird, Esq. About one mile farther is Brook Hall, the property and residence of Samuel Gilliland, Esq.

The next principal object of interest is

CULMORE FORT,

situated at the point of the same name. It was the great out-port of Derry, and the principal fortress of Lough Foyle; but has not been occupied as a military station for the last one hundred and sixty years. It was preserved from total dilapidation by Abraham M'Causland, in the year 1785, and in 1824 the late General Hart repaired it in a permanent manner. The earthen rampart and ditch, extending across the tongue of land upon which it is built, and by which it was defended on the land side, still exist: outside of which stone shot of various caliber are pointed out. The walls are more than six feet thick, and the tower consists of three stories.

This fortalice was built some time in the sixteenth century, and is frequently mentioned in connexion with the troubles of the North. In 1608, upon the breaking out of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty's rebellion, it was surprised and treacherously taken possession of by him and burned to the ground.

There is a striking and well authenticated anecdote recorded in Cox's *Hibernica Anglicana*, the tradition of which still obtains in the vicinity of Derry, which illustrates the daring and unscrupulous character of the chieftain O'Dogherty above-mentioned, as well as the barbarous spirit of the times:—

“After the death of Sir John O'Dogherty, Cahir, his son, pretended great inclination towards the English, and particularly with Captain Hart, the governor of Culmore Fort, near Derry. He was soon made a justice of the peace, and trusted as a secure friend. Upon a certain day Sir Cahir invited Captain Hart to dinner. He left his Fort, and came with his wife and little child, to whom Sir Cahir was godfather, to the chieftain's feast. After dinner O'Dogherty arose, and called Hart aside, and plainly told him, that he hated the English, and that he must be revenged and have Culmore—‘Surrender it quietly to me, Captain Hart, or yourself, your wife, and your child must die.’ At this moment a band of armed kernes rushed into the room. Hart refused to yield, and Sir Cahir ordered his men to execute him. At the instant Lady O'Dogherty and the wife of Cap-

tain Hart rushed into the room, and by their urgent intreaties dissuaded the chieftain from the murder.

“He therefore sent Hart out of the room well guarded, and addressing his wife, he said:—‘Madam, go off instantly to Culmore with this band of soldiers; get them peaceably into the Fort, or your husband and child must die.’ She went with the rebels to the Castle, and told the sentry that Captain Hart had broken his leg; the sentry did not hesitate to admit her and the party. Upon gaining admission, they murdered the garrison, and took possession of the fort. Hart’s life was saved, but he was utterly ruined.” After five months O’Dogherty was finally worsted, and his lands confiscated.

Ever since then a succession of Governors has been appointed, although it has ceased to be used as a military garrison for many years.

INNISHOWEN.

We are now fairly in Innishowen; and before we go farther it may be agreeable to the tourist to gain a few particulars concerning this famed locality celebrated through the length and breadth of the kingdom as being the county where the very best poteen, “the real Innishowen,” was to be had; but still more celebrated as the residence of the fierce and warlike chieftains who so long maintained a vigorous resistance to the English and Scotch settlers of the North. It derived its name

from Kinel Owen, one of the sons of Nial the Great, commonly called Nial of the Nine Hostages. In the commencement of the fifth century, when that monarch divided the greater part of Ireland between his twelve sons, this district was allotted to Eogan, or Owen, who gave it the name of Innishowen, or the Island of Owen, to which appellation it was to a great degree entitled from the fact of its being surrounded almost entirely by water: Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, and the Atlantic Ocean, enclosing it on all sides, except a narrow neck of land, about five miles across, upon the south. The families who descended from this branch of the northern Hy-Niall were the Mac Loughlins, the most ancient and honourable of all; the O'Du-Yearma, commonly written Di-Armid; the O'Deerys, the O'Caer-callain, and the O'Gormlys. These were subsequently brought under the dominion of the O'Dogherties, a family of the great Connellian stock, descended from Connell Gulban, a son of O'Nial the Great, and from whom the country of Tirconnell received its name. For more than a century the rival houses of these kindred races waged a destructive war with each other, until at length, in the fifteenth century, the Tirconnell branch prevailed, and the families of the Kinel Owen stock were reduced to submission. The O'Dogherties gave chieftains to Innishowen from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the year 1608.

Closely allied to the O'Dogherties, and tributary to them, were the Mac Daid's, or Mac Devitts, who subse-

quently obtained the name of Burn Derry, as it was at their head that the celebrated Sir Cahir O'Dogherty stormed the fort of Culmore, and took and burned the city of Derry. This *honourable* soubriquet still adheres to their descendants.

Remains of the O'Brollogans or Bradleys, the O'Galaghers, a few of the O'Gormlys, the O'Deerys, and Mac Loughlins, are still to be met with, but many of the most ancient families have disappeared, either by gradual decay or by emigration.

The little village of Muff is the first hamlet in Innishowen, near to which is Kilderry, the seat of Mr. Hart. A road turns off to the west to Buncranagh, by Birdstown House; that along the coast is the direct route to Moville. This line is the favourite resort of the citizens of Derry, whose villas skirt the road all along the coast, enlivening the scenery by their improved and, in some instances, elegant appearance. The sea-water is pure and strong, and many most desirable bathing-places are to be found along the extensive line of coast. From every part, the scenery is highly attractive, especially towards the east, where the cliffs of Benyevenagh, and the jutting escarpments of the basaltic headlands, stretching along to the southward towards the Ballinascreen mountains, form a splendid background to the wide expanse of Lough Foyle. A most interesting feature in the landscape must not be omitted: on the opposite side of the Lough the sudden emergence of a railway train from under the brows of the overhang-

ing mountains, as it sweeps along the margin of the yellow sands of Magilligan, reminds you that even so far off from the ordinary channels of commerce as the shores of Innishowen, commercial enterprise, in its most important development, adds a feature to the scene that lessens the idea of its remoteness, and connects it with the great trackways of civilization and commerce. Well may the once lawless mountaineers of Innishowen look with admiring wonder upon the majestic sweep of those thundering cars, which far outstrip the swiftest racer that ever coursed the level sands of this beautiful shore. Little do they imagine all the while that the object of their curiosity is destined at no distant period to work a moral and physical renovation within their mountain fastnesses, by bringing to their wilds the enterprising stranger, to convert their wastes into pleasant pasturages, and to diffuse principles which constitute the true elements of prosperity and peace.

Moville is a delightful spot: here the pleasure steamers ply constantly in summer, discharging their hosts of citizens seeking the invigorating air of sea and mountain. The town is clean, and, generally speaking, well laid out, with considerable accommodation as regards lodging-houses; but it wants a really good hotel to attract strangers to remain amidst its wild and interesting scenery. Pleasant mountain trips may be taken to enliven the *ennui* of tamer walks along the shore. The Squire's Carn is not quite three miles to the west, from which a noble view may be obtained; and a still

better from the mountain of Craignamaddey, equidistant to the north, which not only embraces a beautiful panoramic view of the Lough and of the Derry mountains, but a lengthened prospect of the Causeway cliffs.

A ramble to Innishowen Head and beyond it, where the coast trends to the north-west towards Malin Head, is full of interest; from its cliffs the majestic roll of the Atlantic wave, in calm or storm, may be observed with a never-failing pleasure.

A new project of the Londonderry and Coleraine Railway Company promises to exert a very important influence over the destinies of this remote region. It is their intention to establish a shipping port and to build a new town at Greencastle, about three miles to the north of Moville, where vessels can unlade without encountering the tediousness of a long sail up the Lough to Derry; and thereby considerably shorten the route to Liverpool and Glasgow.

Should these improvements take place, the face of Innishowen will soon be considerably altered for the better, and the value of property greatly increased.

A landing-quay and storage is also contemplated on the opposite point of Magilligan by Sir Harvey Bruce, Bart., which in some respects has advantages over the rival scheme, inasmuch as it will have a speedy railway communication with Derry.

The old Castle of the O'Dogherties, at Greencastle, is in ruins; but a fortress in the immediate vicinity, which is still garrisoned, shows that the hereditary

chieftains of Innishowen were not astray in selecting such a position to command the entrance of the Lough.

About two miles north-east is Innishowen Head; and although not equal in elevation to many of the headlands along the coast, it is a place of great interest, and commands magnificent coast and sea views. From this the coast runs westward to Culdaff Bay, and for about eight miles is much varied by steep and lofty cliffs, against which the Atlantic breaks with great fury. The water is very deep, from ten to fifteen fathoms up to the base of the cliffs. The same remarkable variation in the ebb and flow of the tide, observed on the north coast of Antrim, occurs here also. Outside a line east and west, distant two miles from shore, the line of flood sets east six hours, and ebbs six hours to the west; but within that line the stream turns at half flood to the westward, and at half ebb to the eastward, a phenomenon of great advantage in navigating this coast. The old road over Craignamaddy mountain, which is over 1000 feet high, presents fine prospects, and conducts you to the northern coast scenery of Innishowen, touching at Kinnagoe Bay, Tremore Bay, and on to Culdaff, by the line of headlands which form such an attractive feature in its scenery. In this remote but lovely situation it is pleasant to see the well-improved and elegant demesne of Mr. Young, of Culdaff. A shorter road from Moville to Culdaff runs through the romantic glens of Squire's Carn.

From this point the tourist will be ambitious of reach-

ing Malin Head, the most northern land in Ireland. The most easy route is by the little village of Malin on Tra-brega Bay, a deep inlet of shoal water, extending inland more than three miles. On Doagh Isle, which, after all, is only a peninsula, at its entrance is Carrignabracky Castle, a fortalice of the O'Dogherties, and on the opposite shore are the remarkable rocks called the "Five Fingers." Adjacent to the village are the most northern residences in Ireland—Malin Hall and Goorey Lodge, the residences of the Messrs. Harvey.

The Head is seven miles from the village, and is approached by a wild and uninteresting mountain road. The coast, from the Five Fingers round to the Head, and as far eastwards as Glengad, is ironbound and of considerable elevation, worn into a great variety of little bays or ports, so wild and solitary that the sea birds frequent the rocks in great numbers, and show little shyness at the approach of man. The Head itself is a striking object from the sea, although not more than 226 feet high. There is a coast-guard station, a lighthouse, and signal tower, which mark it with sufficient distinctness.

There is something exceedingly solemn and interesting in standing alone on the very farthest headland of the island,—you have reached one of the goals of a tourist's ambition, and the eye looks around with something of conscious pride, of solemn awe—

"Upon a jutting peak,
As on life's latest verge, to stand."

Returning through the village of Malin, the tourist soon reaches Carndonagh, the capital of this mountain region, which presents a very pleasing and cheerful aspect to the stranger, the streets being regular, and many of the houses comparatively large and well built. It is a neat and thriving little town, and pleasantly situated. Its markets are well served, and it enjoys a monopoly in supplying the whole district with the necessities of life, nor are the material wants of the community alone supplied; their moral necessities are equally well provided for. Few little towns can boast of a greater number of schools and places of worship for all denominations.

From this to Buncranagh a wild but not uninteresting road runs between the lofty mountain ranges of Slieve Snaght and Augaweel, and enters the town by the valley of the Owencranagh, passing the old Castle of Buncranagh, one of the castles of the O'Dogherty, as it would appear from the following extract from a MS. supposed to have been written by Montgomery, the first Protestant bishop of Derry, and preserved in the Cottonian library of the British Museum:—"Yet was never O'Dogherty possessed of the church lands in Innishoen, except six quarters of land, called Fathenrock, between two of his castles Bert and Buncranagh." This ancient building has been restored, and is now inhabited. The town is beautifully situated upon Lough Swilly, but has not much to recommend it except as a watering place, for which purpose it is much frequented in summer by the citizens of Derry.

A charming drive of six miles along the shore of the Lough brings you to Burnfort, near to which is a large tract of improved slob lying between the island of Inch and the mainland. To the east, on the road to Muff, is a precipitous escarpment of more than 1500 feet, called the Scalp.

Pursuing the road to Derry, the tourist finds himself in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed Grienan of Ailech, one of the most famous of the pagan antiquities of Ireland.

Independent of its great historic interest, the tourist will be well repaid for his trouble in ascending its summit, which commands possibly some of the most varied and beautiful views in the North of Ireland. The following condensed extract, from the Ordnance Memoir of Londonderry, will be read with interest, and be a safe guide to this interesting remains of antiquity:—

“It is situated in the county of Donegal, about a mile from the boundary of Derry, upon a small mountain 802 feet high. A broad, ancient road between two ledges of natural rock leads to the summit; following this road, three consecutive ramparts must be passed through before you reach the cashel (caupiol), or keep of the fortress. Traces of other external ramparts have been discovered, although in a state of great dilapidation. Upon a close inspection this castle will be found to be a circular wall enclosing an area of 77 feet 6 inches in diameter; about 6 feet high, and from 11 to 15 feet in breadth; inclining upwards by a gentle slope, like the

Staigue Fort of Kerry, and other buildings of the kind. In the centre of the area of the cashel there are the remains of an oblong building, 16 feet by 14. The antiquity of this building is, however, very doubtful, and is supposed to have been built for a chapel during the period of the penal laws."

This fortress is one of the most remarkable and important works of its kind ever erected by the ancient Irish, being no less than the palace of the northern Irish kings from the earliest age of historic tradition down to the beginning of the twelfth century. Of its etymology we may observe, that some suppose it signifies the place or temple of the sun. Grian certainly signifies the sun, which was an object of worship with the ancient Irish. *Gríanan* is thus explained by O'Reilly:—"A summer-house; a walk arched over on a hill for a commodious prospect; a balcony; a ROYAL SEAT." O'Brien also explains it as a *Royal Seat*, and illustrates it by "the Granan Oilech, or the royal residence of O'Neill, in Ulster." Many authorities are quoted to prove the accuracy of this etymology, for which the reader is referred to page 222 of the Memoir. Upon the authority of a poem written by Flann in the eleventh century, and preserved in the Book of Lecan and Ballymote, and printed *in extenso* in the Memoir, the origin of this royal residence is attributed to the Tuatha de Danans, a colony which preceded the Milesians.

It would exceed our limits or the object of this work to enter into learned disquisitions upon this an-

cient city or palace, or upon the character of that strange and wonderful race to whom its erection is attributed; we must therefore dismiss the subject by giving the following notice of its destruction, extracted from the Annals of the Four Masters, published by Hodges and Smith, and so often quoted in this work:—

“674. Aileach Fririn was destroyed by Finsneachta, son of Donchadh, King of Ireland.”

“937. Aileach was plundered by the Danes.”

“1101. Murtagh O'Brien, King of Munster, marched into Innishowen, and demolished the Greanan of Aileach, in revenge for the destruction and demolition of Kincora by Donnel Mac Loughlin some time before, in 1088; and he ordered each soldier in his army to bring a stone from Aileach to Limerick for every sack of provisions they had with them.”

Leaving this interesting locality, the tourist may pursue his way to Derry, not more than four miles distant, stopping for a while at the ancient castle of

AILEACH,

now an insignificant ruin. Why it was so named is not known; it is conjectured that it owes its name from its being situated in the district still called Elagh, on the verge of the parish of Elagh More. It is supposed to have been built by Neachtan O'Donnell, in the fifteenth century, for O'Dogherty, his father-in-law; and upon a comparison of this ruin with the still tolerably perfect castles of Burt and Inch, such a conclusion is highly

probable. It appears that each consisted of a lofty and square keep, with semicircular towers projecting from two of the angles, and strengthened with an outward ballium. Of Elagh, only a portion of one of these towers remains.



The Elagh Castle.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Letterkenny—Lough Salt—Rosapenna—Mulroy Bay—Sheephaven
—Ards House—Dunfanaghy—Horn Head—Glenlough—Lough
Garton—Glenveagh—Dunlewy—Gweedore—Poison Glen.

THE opening of the railway from Coleraine to Londonderry affords the tourist a ready access to the confines of Donegal; he will thus be tempted to strike into some of the wildest, most beautiful, and most unfrequented scenery of Ireland. We have hitherto conducted him through those richly cultivated districts, and amidst the teeming population of the manufacturing counties, enlivening the way with historic reminiscences, and dwelling upon the details of those great centres of civilization and commerce. At every step we were reminded that we were in the North: but we now approach a district essentially different; a population simple, thriftless, good-natured, and peaceable, with little knowledge of the sources of wealth which have rendered other parts of Ulster so famous: but whatever the economist may say to this, sure we are that the tourist will feel a freshness and a buoyancy of feeling as soon as he reaches Letterkenny, the gate of the northern highlands of Donegal. The town lies

about twenty miles west of Derry, and is situated on the eastern end of the valley of the Swilly, within a mile of the estuary of the same name. Although so small, it is yet considered the second town in Donegal in point of population and trade; and as it lies in the great pathway to Londonderry from the country lying north and west of Lough Swilly, it is the source from whence these districts receive their supplies, and consequently may be regarded as a very thriving place of business.

The valley of the Swilly is possessed of some wild and interesting scenery, with ranges of mountains receding from each other to the east, which give an expansiveness to the prospect around the town of a very pleasing character.

Two roads to the north-west into the wilds possess each their own peculiar attractions. That by the village of Kilmacrennan, Lough Salt, and Glin, brings you to scenes that will repay the most fastidious lover of scenery. The first of these is Lough Salt, so graphically described by Otway; and should the day be clear, calm, and bright, the vivid description of that admired writer will be found to be only slightly too poetical; but if, on the contrary, the weather be gloomy and stormy, the tourist had better not charge his mind with the rich colouring of the following picture, lest he should find himself set down, in the midst of wet and reeking heather, in one of nature's most wild and barren scenes, instead

of the dreamy Elysium described by Otway. “Ascending the steep sides of the Kilmacrennan Mountain, we at length reached the top of the mountain (or rather the summit of the pass through the ‘ridge’), and, suddenly turning the point of a cliff that jutted out and checked the road, we came abruptly into a hollow something like the crater of an extinct volcano, which was filled almost entirely by a lovely lake, on the right hand of which rose the high peak of the mountain, so bare, so serrated, so tempest-worn, so vexed at the storms of the Atlantic, that if matter could suffer we might suppose that this lofty and precipitous peak presented the appearance of material endurance: not one tint or shadowing that decks and paints a mountain brow was wanting. Here was the brown heath, gray lichen, green fern, and red cranesbill; and there, down the face of the cliff, from the top to the water’s edge, the black, seared streak of a meteoric stone, which had shattered itself against the crest of the mountain, and rolled down in fiery fragments into the lake, was distinctly visible. On the other side, a fair, verdant bank presented itself, courting the traveller to take rest; gentle and grassy knolls were here and there interspersed, on which sheep of most picturesque leanness—some black, some white—were grazing. But the lake! not a breath was abroad on its expanse; it smiled as it reflected the gray mountain and the azure face of heaven; it seemed as if on this day the spirit of the Atlantic had fallen asleep,

and air, and earth, and ocean, were celebrating the festival of repose; the waters of the lake, of the colour and clearness of the sky, were

“ ‘Blue; darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;’

you could look down a hundred fathoms deep and see no bottom. Speckled trout, floating at immense depths, seemed as if they soared in ether. Then the stillness of the scene: you seemed lifted, as it were, out of the turmoil of the world into some planetary paradise,” &c. If the spirit of the Atlantic had fallen asleep, it is no unreasonable conjecture that the amiable and enthusiastic writer had been lulled by the delicious calm, and had fallen into a trance, having, no doubt, his eyes open. The lake is not so fathomless—being only 240 feet deep,—nor the water so clear and blue,—having a good tinge of the peat moor; and although a trout may be observed sporting some few feet down, yet they are not the spirit-like looking creatures described as floating in ether.

The crater-like appearance of Lough Salt, as already noticed by Otway, is very striking: on the west side a low range of knolls encloses the area or shelf in which the lake is situated; on the other side of which is a deep valley some hundred feet down, in which there is a smaller lake called Lough Greenan; and another small mountain tarn to the north, on the east of the road, called Lough Reelan, out of which a small stream takes its rise and flows into Glenlough, about two miles distant.

Leaving the Lough, the road rises by a gradual ascent to the top of the low ridge which surrounds it, and from this point a landscape of a very varied and peculiar character breaks upon the view. The magnificent expanse of Sheephaven, with its rocky headland and beetling cliffs, conducts the eye into the wider and illimitable expansion of the broad and blue Atlantic; on either hand are dreary mountain solitudes. Lough Salt Mountain rising like a wall 800 feet above you, and the dark and massive mountains of Muckish and Dooish, and the white conical mountain of Erigal, the monarch of these Alps, lifting up their huge forms to the westward, shut in the scene, imparting to it a sublime and impressive grandeur.

Many objects of interest claim attention,—on the farthest spur of the ridge of Muckish, as it descends to the waters of Sheephaven, is situated the beautiful demesne of Ards, the residence of Alexander Stuart, Esq. Whether it be from the contrast with the wild, uncultivated district in which it is situated, or not, there is a freshness and beauty in its foliage so striking as to be the object of the especial admiration of tourists. Nearer, and just beyond Glenlough, and between the two bays at the head of Sheephaven, is Doe Castle, the seat of the Harts; and on the north, to the eastward, the deep and winding estuary of Mulroy Bay glances out here and there with all the placidness of lake scenery, between which and Sheephaven, and in striking and pictorial contrast with their blue waters, are the red sandy

plains of Rosapenna, covering the site of Lord Boyne's beautiful demesne, and entirely swallowing up his once lordly residence.

From Lough Salt the road descends rapidly to Glen, at the head of Glen Lough,—a beautiful sheet of water between the parallel ridges which enclose the great valley which extends from Lough Veagh; the eastern margin of the Lough is thinly wooded, and has a highly picturesque effect.

Not far from the village of Kilmacrennan is the rock of Doon, the royal coronation place of the chieftains of Tirconnell, and the scene of the death of the celebrated Sir Cahir O'Dogherty. It is a natural fortress, in a very inaccessible district, and well suited as the retreat of these daring warriors.

The ceremony of inauguration is thus described by Giraldus Cambrensis:—"The people of Tirconnell created their king in this manner: all being assembled upon a hill, a white beast was brought before them, unto which he who was chosen king approaching, declared himself to be just such another, whereupon the cow was cut in pieces, boiled in water, and a bath prepared of the broth for the new king, into which he entered publicly, and at once bathed and fed; all the people meantime standing around, eat of the meat and drank of the broth. At this comely feast it was not proper that the king should use any cup or vessel, nor even the hollow of his hand, but lapped up liquid, in which he was immersed, like a beast. The whole ceremony of his inauguration was thus ended,

and he was completely instituted into the kingship of Tirconnell."

A far different and much more probable account is given by another writer, Gratianus Lucius:—"When the investiture took place at Cil Mhac Crennain, he was attended by O'Ferghaill, successor to Columb Kill, and O'Gallachuir, his marshal, surrounded by all the estates of the county. The abbot put a pure white, straight unknotted rod into his hand and said, 'Receive, Sire, the auspicious emblems of thy dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness and straightness, and unknottiness of this rod, to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions, nor any tie of friendship or corruption prevent your justice. Take the government of this people, and exercise the power given you with freedom and security.'"

The death of Sir Cahir upon this rock is the subject of many a traditional story in the neighbourhood. The following condensed account will convey the most striking features of the event to the reader. Before the plantation of Ulster had taken place, many enterprising Scots had settled in various parts of the district between Mulroy Bay and Lough Foyle, under the auspices of Rory O'Donnell, the Queen's Earl of Tyrconnell. One Sandy Ramsay obtained a grant in the valley of the Lennan, and built a bawn and residence. Sir Cahir and the Irish regarded these settlers with disgust and hatred. During the absence of Ramsay upon one occa-

sion the chieftain made an attack upon his bawn, drove off the cattle, and slew his wife and children. Upon his return home the Scot found his newly built bawn a smoking ruin, and his family slaughtered, and himself bereft of all but his gun and dirk. Revenge became the passion of his soul; he knew there were 500 marks set upon the head of the rebel chieftain: accordingly, concealing himself from observation, he lurked upon the haunts of the chief, and at length a fortunate opportunity presented itself. Upon Holy Thursday, as the chief rested himself upon the eastern face of the rock of Doune, little dreaming of danger, the Scot discovered him by his Spanish hat and heron plume, and, resting his gun upon a rock which concealed him from view, he applied the match, and the next moment the chieftain fell a lifeless corpse at the feet of a body of his retainers, who immediately fled panic-stricken, which, when the Scot observed, he approached, and, severing his head from his body, wrapped it in his plaid, and set off in the direction of Dublin. Nor was Sandy very fortunate in his speculation, for, sleeping in the cabin of one Terry Gallagher, near one of the fords of the Finn, the Irishman observed blood oozing through the pillow of his guest; he immediately slit it open, and out rolled the reeking head; he instantly recognised the features, and, catching up the whole idea at once, he mounted his garron and set off for Dublin, leaving the weary Scotchman dreaming of the reward which he was never fated to receive; and thus, to the delight of all the succeeding generations of his race, preserved his loyalty to his chief, and yet

obtained the prize-money for his head! O'Dogherty rests beside the rock, where his grave is pointed out by the peasants, by whom his memory is still held in high respect.

From Glen, the road crosses the heads of those great valleys which open upon Sheephaven and the Atlantic; on the margin of the former is Doe Castle, the old and fortified residence of the descendant of Hart, who was slain at Culmore by Sir Cahir,—and farther north is the richly wooded and beautiful demesne of The Ards, the seat of Alexander Stewart, Esq. The tourist should pay a flying visit to this latter place, which he can do by turning off to the right, and after a most agreeable detour proceed to Dunfanaghy. This far-off village is the capital of the north-western district, and is pleasantly situated on an inlet from Sheephaven. The accommodation for tourists is not, as may be imagined, of a very superior order, but yet, with a good appetite and a thankful heart, good eggs and bacon, and perhaps a pair of tolerably fed barn-door fowl, he may manage to enjoy a degree of comfort sufficient to prevent murmuring thoughts; and if he be a naturalist or a lover of the wild and picturesque, he will regard his humble hostelry as an agreeable means to gratify his curiosity to visit Horn Head and the far-famed M'Swine's Gun.

About a mile from the village is Horn Head House, the seat of Mr. Stewart, from which a bridle-road runs for a mile and a half or two miles in the direction of the Head.

Horn Head is so called from the shape of the project-

ing cliff, which has been worn by successive storms into something like the shape of a horn. The whole district is a bold, projecting promontory, stretching out between the ocean and the capacious inlet of Sheephaven. It is somewhat more than two Irish miles from east to west, and about the same from north to south, and consists of a moory pasture coated over for the most part with a thick matted grass, so common upon the coast pastures. Its greatest elevation above the sea is upwards of 800 feet, and as it lies completely open to the west and north, the ocean expanse is unbroken, save by the low and distant outline of the two groups of Tory and Innishbofin Islands. If the tourist should be so fortunate as to hit upon a fine day in the month of June, he will have no reason to regret his having come so far to rest awhile upon the rugged margin of one of the farthest outskirts of the world. Standing upon some one of the many beetling cliffs "which hang in doubtful ruin over its base," the mind feels impressed with an instinctive awe, as it contemplates from its lofty post of observation the ocean amplitude around. In such a scene it is not solitude to be alone—

"'Tis but to hold converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

Probably it was upon such a spot as this the poet stood when his rapt spirit breathed forth thoughts which few will not feel stirring within them, albeit they have not power of expressing them so eloquently, when he exclaimed—

"Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and *I cannot stay*
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till 'tis pain
To think; then rests—and then puts forth again:
Thou holdest me by a spell, and on thy beach
I feel all soul, and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date."

There is something, too, beyond the emotion inspired by the indefinite and the sublime of such a scene,—the throb of the vast pulse of ocean as it sinks and swells; the momentary sob bursting from its restless bosom in the hollow caves below,—come upon the ear like the wail of everlasting sorrow from that region where the wicked rest not day nor night.

But few people like to visit a scene for the sole purpose of being wrought up to melancholy musings, however pleasing they may be at times,—and haply, in this place he will find other and sprightlier objects to draw off the attention from his sentimentalism.

Turning his eyes upon the wondrous scene around, he beholds it teeming with life in its most varied, most quaint, and beautiful forms, and in its tenderest associations.

Upon the isolated and solitary headland the naturalist will find a whole museum of ornithology. Upon looking down the sloping precipices, upon every ridge, upon every spot which could accommodate a nest, myriads of sea fowl of every colour may be seen, engaged

in the process of incubation. Bold under the influence of nature's strongest impulse, the presence of man excites none of those timid fears which at other times lead them to shun his most distant approach;—there they sit in motley groups, chattering or piping, or tuning the nursery songs, arrayed in such companionship as the reign of love could alone inspire. Moral reflections are scarcely in keeping with a guide-book, and yet we can scarcely contemplate such a scene without wishing the reign of peace to be perpetual, and that the long-promised time should soon arrive when nothing shall “hurt or destroy,” and when confidence shall once more be restored between the tribes of nature amongst themselves, and with man, their rightful lord.

It is indeed a scene full of peace and beauty. It would exceed our limits to introduce the visitant to all his new acquaintances. Some of these he will find in the very soil upon which he walks, in which they bore deep holes to hide their nests. Almost every variety of the Natoes, or swimmers, may be recognised:—the beautiful *Tadorna vulpanser*, or shelldrake, with his white collar, green and glossy head and body, variously shaded with patches of black, white, and fawn colour. Here too the guillemots, auks, razorbills, and puffins, are to be met with in abundance: the *Uria troile*, or foolish guillemot, are the most common. It is of these solemn-looking birds the principal trade is carried on by the bird-killers. So strong is the influence of nature's law upon them, that, sooner than desert their nests

they will suffer themselves to be taken in succession by the fowler, without taking alarm from the capture of their fellows. The sea parrot (*Fratercula artica*), with its bill ribbed with brilliant orange, is very common, and may be discovered coming out of the holes it has burrowed to the depth of some feet in the moory soil, when it has not been so fortunate as to get possession of a rabbit-hole, or a suitable crevice in the rocks. Cormorants (*Phalacrocorax corbo*), the shag (*Ph. graculus*), with its glossy-green plumage, and the beautiful but fierce-looking gannet (*Sula alba*), may also be seen: the two former very frequently, and the latter occasionally.

The Laridæ, or gulls, of endless variety, terns, and the stormy petrel (*Thalassidroma pelagica*), will be found attracted by the same subduing influence to these solitary shores. The latter is said to lay only one egg, which it deposits in some hole or crevice in the rock, or some solitary part of the brows of the cliff. The great northern or speckled diver (*Colymbus glacealis*) may rarely be seen perched upon some solitary rock, resting after his successful toil. But chiefly the sea eagle will attract the stranger to look over the steepest and loftiest cliffs, to catch a sight of his eyrie and his still unfeathered brood. With such companionship, the merest novice in natural history will be tempted to enjoy himself for hours; and the more learned will find amusement for days in contemplating the "manners and customs" of these "dwellers of the rocks." And happy shall he be if

he escape the horrid sight of the ravages of the cruel bird-catcher, who pursues his unnatural trade, air-hung from the cliffs, remorselessly striking down the poor bird as she sits faithfully upon her nest. It is a scene that mars the beauty and deep interest of the whole, and makes you glad to turn your face once more to the unattractive village of Dunfanaghy.



CHAPTER XVII.

ROUTE TO THE WEST BY GARTON LOUGH.

Lough Garton—St. Columbkille—Ethne—Lough Veagh—Its singular appearance, Islands, Woods, and Waterfalls—Mr. Forster's Cottage—Valley of Dunlewy—The Poison Glen—The Gweedore—Lord George Hill.

LEAVING Letterkenny, the tourist who desires to reach Dunlewy before night must start at an early hour, especially as he has two or three halts upon the way, which may fairly claim a large portion of the time. Proceeding up the valley of the Swilly by the beautifully situated demesnes of Ballymacool and Rockhill, the seats of Mr. Boyd and the Hon. John V. Stewart, the road turns to the north at Fox Hall, the seat of Mr. Chambers, leaving Gregory's Hill upon the right. Traversing a district unceasingly wild, we reach Lough Garton. After a somewhat dreary drive of eleven miles, the effect of this beautiful sheet of water, and its neighbour, Lough Akibbon, is quite refreshing to the eye. These loughs fill one of the many valleys which are so characteristic of the scenery of Donegal. This lough is about two miles long, and is interspersed with a few islands, and its shores enriched by the demesne and woods of Bellville, the seat of Mr. Chambers, and the

elegant and highly improved glebe of the rector of the parish, which occupies the whole of a most picturesque promontory which juts out into the Lake: on the western side the mountains rise to nearly 1500 feet; and beyond them the higher peaks of the Donegal Alps—Errigal, Muckish, and Dooish—show their summits in the far distance.

It is a pity that the fine natural features of such a scene have not been taken advantage of upon the western side, by introducing plantations at suitable points to balance those upon the eastern; nevertheless, it is a most pleasing scene, and one, no doubt, which will be regarded with much interest by the tourist and angler.

This is the reputed birthplace of St. Columbkille, the great patron saint of Tirconnell: and certes, if the saint had any choice in the matter, he could not have selected a scene more suited for pious contemplation than this peaceful and beautiful valley. Everything here is redolent of the saint: the old ruin on the margin of the lake is said to have been one of the many built by the “Pigeon of the Church.” The stone upon which the saint is fabled to have been born is pointed out: it is a flat slab, with four cavities on its surface, said to have been indented by Ethne, his mother, when she made it the bed of her accouchement. It was once much venerated by the superstitious votaries who frequented the hallowed birth-place of this favourite saint, but latterly it has fallen into disuse. At the front

of the glebe there is a number of stones running out into the lake in a straight line: these are said to have been the saint's "stepping-stones;" and in many other localities traces of his name are to be found in objects consecrated as being his haunts.

On the history of this celebrated saint we have not space to enlarge. As the father of the Culdees, the founder of churches,—the remains of many of which still exist, from which he obtained the honourable cognomen of Kille or Cille,—and as the missionary who planted Christianity in the far distant Iona, his name shall long endure, enrolled amongst those pious and ancient fathers whose lives were devoted to the reformation and improvement of their fellow-men. Whatever may have been their faults, their virtues conferred a blessing upon their age; and we take our leave of the remote birth-place of this great and good man with the pleasing reflection that there is no place too remote from which men may not arise to adorn society and to bless mankind.

Issuing from the Lough, the Lennon Water pursues a rather circuitous route for some miles, and then runs northerly through a fertile valley into Lough Fern, and thence by Milford into Mulroy Bay. This river is capable of being made highly attractive to the angler, and productive as a salmon fishery, by proper superintendence. It is much to be regretted that with such capabilities it should have been so long neglected.

From Lough Garton to Lough Veagh, a distance of about six miles, the road is wild and uninteresting until it turns westerly round the base of Losset Mountain, when all at once the great valley of Glan Veagh (or Beagh) opens to the right and left, with its enclosing barrier of mountains, through which the Owencarrow river pursues its way to Glenlough, in the same valley, as already described.

The noble proprietor of this great estate, the Earl of Leitrim, has, however, done much to improve the condition of his numerous tenantry. The abominable system of rundale has been abolished by him. The tenants' holdings have been shaped into convenient farms, and the whole is being well fenced and divided, under the direction of his son, the Hon. C. Clements. Similar improvements are also in progress upon other estates, so that in a few years more, the general aspect of the whole district will be much altered for the better.

In this noble valley, the Callaber river, tumbling down its rocky bed from the base of Dooish, after forming numerous cascades, divides into two, and enters the Owencarrow, forming a large island, in the townland of Greenary; its western branch, thickly skirted with underwood, affords abundance of shelter for wild fowl; and, what is better, has many excellent falls as the sites for mills or factories. To the sportsman this district offers every possible attraction for shooting and fishing; and to the lover of the wild and picturesque, a purer and a nobler gratification.

Let us now turn aside and enter a scene altogether peculiar; of such varied beauty, of such sublime magnificence, of such deep solitude, that we may with confidence challenge competition with any other in England, Ireland, or Scotland. Within a few perches of Glan-veagh bridge, a bridle-road leads you into the deep recesses of Lough Veagh. Upon reaching the shores of the lake, under Garton Mountain, what a scene opens to the view! On the opposite side of the narrow valley, the huge mountain of Dooish lifts itself up in its giant proportions to 2144 feet, with the precipitous breast-work of Keamnacally overhanging the lake to the height of 1200 feet. Looking up the gorge to the southward, which is not more than half a mile across, the lake is seen for miles cooped in between two vast precipices; that on the western side being 1007 feet high, while that on the eastern exceeds 800 feet, and, not being so precipitous, affords space on its narrow ledges for a rich covering of natural copse, the beech, the alder, and the rowan ash, to impart to the scene just so much of softness as to add the charm of beauty to the sublime.

Following this little road, you wend through clumps of natural wood, with tiny lawns and pleasant glades, along the margin of the Lough for nearly a mile; it then penetrates the denser masses of the woods of Mullanagore, and the waters are just seen at intervals quivering through the narrow breaks in the foliage; again running along its margin, for a space, it hides itself amidst clumps, and at length it reaches a rustic bridge

over a mountain torrent, where an open space of a few acres affords an opportunity for observing one of the most interesting views in the valley. From this place the wedge-like point of Claggin Mountain, with its bold and prominent brow, much broken, and pleasantly interspersed with wood to the height of 800 feet, protrudes between the lake and the densely wooded valley of Glenlack burn. Towering above the woodland line, the naked and steep-ribbed bluff of Sturricknagower directs the eye to the crest of Claggin.

The Glenlack burn has a fall of 600 feet in less than a mile, and, if properly opened with walks and rustic seats, might be made one of the loveliest dells in nature.

Upon the opposite side of the lake the Derrybeg torrent is precipitated over a cliff of 1000 feet, forming beautiful cascades; natural woods clothe the lower levels, which screen for some hundred feet the rushing waters, until they come once more into daylight, and plunge into the quiet waters below, near to which two other streams pour their tiny waters with a less headlong force.

We are now at the head of the Lough, where the Owencarrow pours in its floods, as if to repose itself within those tranquil waters after its turbulent course from the upper levels of the glen. Let us look back and contemplate the scene. The sun has just reached the meridian, and has thrown the eastern side into partial shade, while the opposite cliff is lit up in warm sunshine; its huge wall, springing up from the very

edge of the lake, to the height of more than 1000 feet perpendicular, is reflected in the unruffled waters; and the woods on the right hand, in the deeper shadows of Mullanagore, hang inverted, mirrored with the reflected sky in the blue depths below. - What a singular scene! The gorge,—so deep,—so narrow,—so sublimely solitary,—seems to deepen as you gaze, its depth being doubled by reflection, until the head reels in contemplating the apparently fathomless profound. Where can such a scene be paralleled? what other valley can be compared to it? The tiny islands, although low and swampy, yet being chiefly wooded, give a softness to the lake scene, and break the monotony of its receding waters. These are at the farthest or northern end of the Lough. The name of one, the Still Island, marks it as the appropriate scene of illicit distillation; and many a tale of hairbreadth escapes from the gaugers, and some very humorous pranks played upon them by mountaineers, will beguile the stranger who happens to be so fortunate as to get some of the good-humoured and intelligent peasantry of the neighbourhood to accompany him into the recesses of this mountain solitude.

The long line of inaccessible cliffs affords many a site for the nest of the royal eagle and the gyr falcon; the hen-harrier, and many varieties of hawks, may be observed from time to time soaring upon poised wings above the glen, or swooping with startled velocity from the crest of the cliffs at the loud halloo of the tourist.

It would be in vain to attempt to give a sketch of such a scene upon so small a scale; even the pencil of a Petrie would fail to convey a just idea of its charms.

Nor is this wild and savage glen without its romantic associations. It was the chosen fastness of the Mac Swines, chieftains of the district, who long maintained a rude and semibarbarous sway over these glens and mountains; and many a scene of highland warfare and predatory raid, and many a gallant deed of chivalry and romance, were enacted, although unsung by poet, or made a subject "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Pity that Ireland never had her bard to make her unmatched lakes and mountains classic land, or to enamel her fairy scenes with the charm with which the poetry of Scott has invested the not superior scenes of Scotland. Here nature has done her utmost; man, comparatively nothing; and yet, though unadorned by art, the heart that can appreciate the unadorned beautiful will be warmed into poetry and life while gazing on the unsung but everlasting loveliness of Lough Beagh.

A new bridle-road to Glenveagh Cottage, and to the head of the glen, conducts you amidst scenes as wild and beautiful as those we have just described: innumerable waterfalls leap from the brows on either side, and swell the river by their hundred rills. The same steep walls; the same sunny nooks; the deep and steep ravine, fringed with the beech and holly, beguile the eye, and lead you to wish that such beautiful recesses were better known, and more of the appliances of roads and

creature comforts within reach, to lure the lover of the wild and beautiful to visit these almost unknown but sublime solitudes.

In this wild and beautiful retreat Mr. Foster, a gentleman from the county of Monaghan, has built a shooting lodge in the most convenient situation in the glen, and to which he has opened communications to the roads on the north and south, thus creating a facility by which the whole scene may be traversed in at least a third of the time usually formerly required for that purpose.

Should the tourist wish to prolong his visit, he will find a clean and well-aired bed in the humble hostelry of Murray of Creeslough, at the northern extremity of the glen. Sportsmen who have stopped there speak highly of the obliging disposition of the host, and of the excellence of the rural fare which may be obtained upon very short notice. If, however, he desires to push on to Dunlewy, he will find a beautiful road leading through the intervening district between the rival monarchs of the wilds,—Erigal and Dooish,—each exceeding 2000 feet in height; and after a drive of eight miles he will exchange one scene of grandeur for another not inferior, but widely different both in its outline and social aspect.

Dunlewy, formerly the residence of Sir James Dombrian, was purchased by the late lamented Mr. Russel, along with a wide extent of the surrounding country. He commenced improvements upon a large scale; and,

by the persevering efforts of his amiable lady, a neat and elegant Protestant church was erected of the white marble found in the district. Schools were also established; and a district Agricultural School, under the National Board. A handsome glebe-house near the river, and adjacent to the entrance of the demesne of Dunlewy, completes the chief improvements of this interesting place, where nascent civilization is everywhere apparent, promising at no very distant day to make the wilderness and the solitary place both morally and naturally "to be glad, and to blossom as the rose."

The lake and mountain scenery is of the most interesting description. The cone-like mountain of Erigal rises from the margin of Dunlewy Lake to the height of 2462 feet, and forms a truly sublime foreground. Lough Nacung Upper is a fine sheet of water, about two miles and a half long, by a quarter broad, and on one side is united by a narrow passage, called the Cung, to Dunlewy Lough, and on the other to Lough Nacung Lower and the river Gweedore. In such a scene the stranger will experience a refreshment of the mind consequent upon the solicitations of so much variety coupled with so much that is so truly beneficial in a moral and economic point of view.

In this far-off scene he will feel a still further enjoyment when he reaches the Gweedore district, the property of Lord George Hill, whose admirable Statement of "Facts from the Gweedore" is the best guide to enable a stranger to appreciate what has been effected in a

comparatively short period by the well-directed efforts, carried out with an enlightened liberality and with indefatigable energy, by one individual. Of the past and present state of this district his Lordship has given numerous valuable, and occasionally highly amusing, contrasts; and as we are sure no visiter will take up his abode at the elegant and convenient hotel erected by his Lordship, who shall not have an opportunity of reading this exposition, we will not spoil its effect by condensing its information, but refer the reader to the work itself.

Before leaving Dunlewy, the lover of natural scenery should wander up the "Poisoned Glen." No road penetrates this mountain fastness, and a guide must therefore be provided. The distance is not more than two miles off, in a straight line, and a walk of about an hour conducts you into its solitudes. Three glens, with steep and mural precipices, converge towards the Cronanive burn, each narrowing to a gap at the farthest extremity, between impending cliffs. Should the weather be dry and clear, the scene will be regarded as one of great beauty. Having spoken so much of glens and mountains, it would be tiresome to repeat description after description: for although each scene is possessed of striking and peculiar characteristics, it is not easy to convey by words, with sufficient clearness, in what the difference consists; we therefore leave the tourist to his own impressions, by simply assuring him that in visiting these remote glens he will not be dis-

appointed, either as a naturalist or a lover of the picturesque.

What may be the extent of its mineral resources has yet to be devoloped; its geological indications are highly favourable to the notion that it is rich in mineral deposits. Lead mines have been found in various places, and some of them have been worked. A mineralogical survey of this district is still a desideratum.

On the estate of Mr. Stewart, of Ards, there are immense quantities of decomposed quartz, forming a beautiful sand, of the most transparent whiteness, suitable for the manufacture of the finest flint glass. Specimens of the white marbles of Dunlewy have lately been sent to the Museum of Irish Industry, in Stephen's-green, quite free from the grey and bluish veins which so frequently disfigure the imported marbles. No doubt the facilities for reaching the North by the Derry Railways, and Steam Navigation, will speedily afford an opportunity of bringing these matters into notice, and into the markets of the world.

Let us now take a hasty survey of the south of the county; and, supposing the tourist to be once more in Derry, we shall start by rail to Lifford, *en route* to the town of Donegal, through Barnesmore, and from thence to Lough Derg and the holy island of St. Patrick's Purgatory.



Church Bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

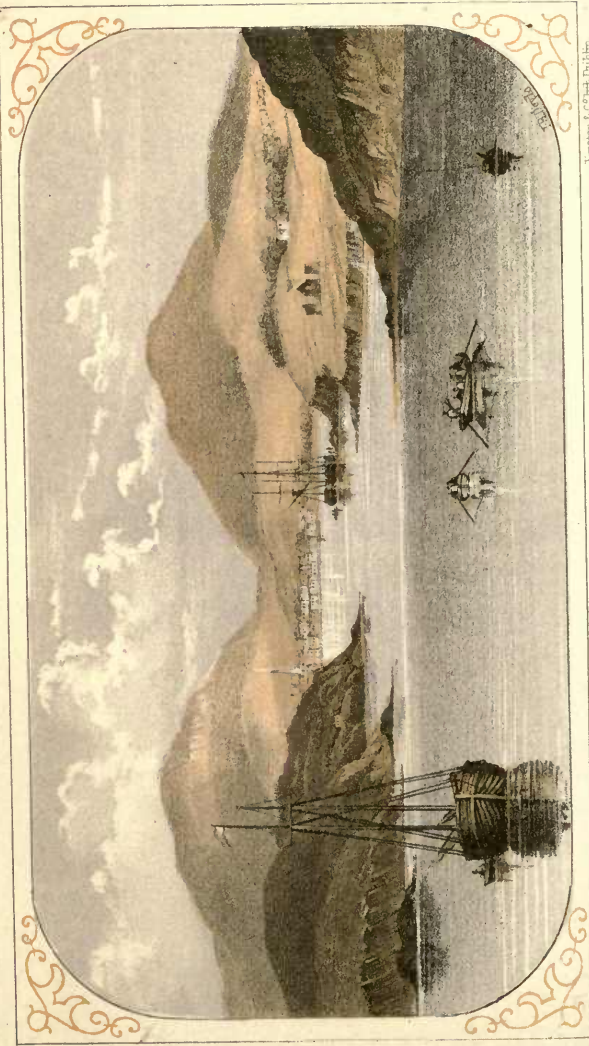
DERRY TO DONEGAL AND LOUGH DERG.

Valley of the Finn—Stranorlar—Barnesmore—Bay of Donegal—
 Castle—Hugh Roe O'Donnell—Kilbarron Castle—Irish Annalists
 —Abbey—Rivers—Ballyshannon—Fishery—Falls of Belleek—
 Church Bay—Castle Callwell—Ross Point—Pettigo—Lough Derg
 —Holy Island—Penances—Pilgrimages.

BEFORE we proceed along the railway route to Enniskillen, let us anticipate the wishes of some tourists to pay a visit to the southern parts of Donegal, including the gap of Barnesmore, the town of Donegal, Ballyshannon, and Lough Derg.

Leaving Derry by train to Lifford, we pursue our route up the valley of the Finn, through the populous barony of Raphoe, to Stranorlar, which, with its suburb Ballybofey, is situated in the midst of a highly im-





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BAY OF DONEGAL.

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proved district. On the banks of the Finn, opposite the latter, is Drumboe Castle, the elegant mansion of Sir Edward Hayes. The markets of this town are well attended, and a considerable trade in knitted stockings is carried on. On either side of the valley, numerous and highly improved villas and small demesnes give evidence of the general prosperity of the neighbourhood.

After passing Stranorlar, as we advance towards Barnesmore, the country becomes more wild and uninteresting; but upon the approach to this noble pass the attention is strongly arrested by its magnificent proportions. The defile is more than three miles in length, and is formed by two ranges of precipitous mountains, those on the northern side being more than 1700 feet, and on the south exceeding 1000 feet. A stream takes its rise in the northern range, and, tumbling down a series of cascades, flows peacefully through the glen towards the sea. The rocks are of a close-grained binary red granite, so hard as to take a fine polish. A beautiful specimen of the stone was presented to the Royal Dublin Society by Mr. Hamilton, of St. Ernan's, for the purpose of being placed with the series of granite pedestals in their Entrance Hall. As a building stone it is considered to be of a very superior quality, and very suitable for ornamental work.

The absence of trees gives a desolate appearance to the glen, without taking from its sublimity. Its ruder outlines are, however, somewhat softened by the purple heath and furze which clothe the sides of the hills;

and after continuous rains its silence is broken by the roar of numerous temporary cataracts,—some of them of great height,—and by the ravings of the swollen mountain stream that flows down the gorge on the south side of the road.

On the right hand are the ruins of a small square fortalice which formerly commanded the pass. As this was the only route through which the O'Donnells and O'Neils passed to and fro in their warlike and predatory excursions from Fermanagh to Tirconnel, its possession must have been of great importance in the olden time. In this building the celebrated Huguenot historian, Rapin, is said to have compiled his history.

Upon leaving the pass, the bay of Donegal and the Atlantic open to the view, skirted in the far distance by the towering cliffs of Benbulbin; and the Blue Stack Mountains and Lough Eske are seen to the right. Along the shores of the latter, and penetrating into the recesses of the mountains, there is a considerable extent of natural and artificial wood. In the corries and glens of this highland district some of the red deer, once so common in Ireland, are still to be found. A ramble through these hills and woods, or a sail to the head waters of the Lough, will repay the adventurous tourist for his trouble.

The road now gradually descends to the town of Donegal, which is beautifully situated on a bay of the same name. Although not large, it is considered a good centre for business, and has an increasing trade, which is likely to improve still more by the impetus given by

the Londonderry and Enniskillen Railway, which has the effect of drawing off the produce of this district to the Derry markets.

To the tourist, the great object of attraction will be the fine old Castle of Donegal, the ancient seat of the O'Donnells, Lords of Tirconnel. The ruin, compared with others in the kingdom, is in a tolerably good state



Castle of Donegal.

of preservation, and, from what remains, it must have been a noble mansion, and worthy of the rank of these once powerful chieftains. Two magnificent sculptured chimney-pieces, in the style of James I., still remain in a very perfect state. The grand hall, on the ground floor, is arched, from which several smaller apartments open;

and upstairs the grand banqueting hall was lit by several Gothic windows, which look out upon the bay; and at one end are the remains of a great bay window the entire height of the chamber, which bespeaks its ancient magnificence.

These ruins derive a melancholy interest from the affecting history of the life and adventures of Red Hugh, the last of the powerful line of chieftains of Tirconnel. It will be found at large in the "Antiquarian Researches" of the late Sir William Betham, a condensed account of which we shall make no apology for inserting.

Hugh Roe O'Donnell, or Red Hugh, when yet little more than a child, exhibited such a daring and restless spirit as to attract the notice of Sir John Perrott, then Lord Justice of Ireland. As the heir to the chieftainship of Tirconnell, it was feared that a person of such promising genius and independence of mind might one day prove a troublesome foe to the English. Perrott therefore determined to get him into his power if possible, and for this purpose he laid a trap to ensnare the youth, in which he was but too successful.

Having sent a ship into Lough Swilly, laden with the finest Spanish wines, the captain sent his men, disguised as Spanish merchants, with samples to the gentry through the country, and especially to the house of the chief. Young O'Donnell was induced to go on board, and was hospitably received by the captain, who invited him and his followers to an entertainment in the cabin. While seated at table the vessel got under weigh, and, the hatches being closed down, O'Donnell

was fairly secured, and given up into the hands of the authorities upon his arrival in Dublin. He was speedily brought before the Privy Council, and, on the plea of not having given a satisfactory account of himself, was committed to the Tower and heavily loaded with irons. At this time he was only sixteen years of age. Instead of breaking down his spirit, such harsh treatment only roused him to a determination to make his escape, at any risk. This he effected after three years. He descended from the Tower by means of a rope, with which he managed to alight upon the drawbridge. The night was stormy and severe; and being insufficiently clad, and without food, he endured great privations, but at length reached the house of Sir Phelim O'Toole, who had been a fellow-prisoner, and with whom he had formed a friendship. O'Toole, however, treacherously betrayed him, and he was given up again to the Government, and subjected to even more cruel treatment than before. Patient, vigilant, and unsubdued, he resolved to effect his escape again; in which, after the lapse of a year, he at length succeeded. Fearing to trust himself again to any person he knew, he sought the most solitary hiding-places in the mountains, where he endured intolerable hardships. O'Byrne, chief of Glenmalur, having heard of his pitiable condition, had him conveyed to his abode, where he was hospitably entertained, until he managed to make his escape to Donegal. After many hairbreadth escapes, he reached the Castle of Ballyshannon, then the residence of his father, upon whose resignation he was elected chief in his stead.

From the moment he took possession of his office he set himself to avenge the wrongs and indignities experienced at the hands of the English. He gained many battles, and succeeded in driving them from Ulster and part of Connaught; he also induced the Spaniards to espouse his cause and to invade the kingdom. Being joined with O'Neil, each of these chieftains laid claim to lead the attack upon the English entrenched camp at Kinsale; and in consequence of the jealousy thus created, they did not support each other, and were completely routed. Red Hugh now fled to Spain, and there he used all his influence to induce King Philip to send an army to his assistance. Delays and evasions wore out his spirit; and being in a very weakened state of health, was seized with a severe illness on his way to Valladolid to obtain a decisive answer, which in a few days terminated his existence.

The noble qualities of the young chief, and his many adventures and misfortunes, are calculated to excite an affecting interest in his behalf, and to render his biography one of the most touching in the Irish annals.

In the year 1610 this Castle and one hundred acres of ground, with privileges of fishing, &c., were granted to Captain Basil Brooke, who beautified it, and made it his place of residence until his death in 1633, at which time it passed into the hands of Young of Lough Eske, who took the name of Brooke. It now belongs to the Earl of Arran.

Upon a rich and beautiful tract lying between the town and the bay are the ruins of an old Abbey, built

by the O'Donnells in the year 1474. Although considerably dilapidated, it has a very striking and picturesque effect as seen from the sea.

The Castle of Kilbarron, memorable as the ancient residence of the hereditary annalists of the kingdom, is situate upon the sea-coast, about three miles from Ballyshannon. It was in this Castle the justly celebrated Annals of the Four Masters were composed. The accompanying sketch, from the pencil of George Petrie, Esq., will convey an accurate idea of its present state. Some idea of the liberal patronage bestowed by the native princes upon the literati may be formed from the extent of the estates granted for the support of these annalists.

“The compilation of Annals among the native Irish was usually intrusted to the hereditary historians of particular families, liberally endowed for that purpose. Thus, we owe, among others, the Book of Lecan (now deposited in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and deemed of such value by King James the Second that he carried it with him in his flight to France) to the liberality of the O'Dowds, by whom the family of the Mac Firbises were supported as the hereditary annalists of Hy Fiachrach; and thus the O'Clerys, the immediate progenitors of the Four Masters, were in like manner the annalists and historians of the sept of O'Donnell. And, as the Mac Firbises were supported in sufficient dignity to maintain a castle at Lecan, in Tireragh, so the O'Clerys, by the bounty of their patrons,

were enabled to support an equal rank at their Castle of Kilbarron, the ruins of which are still standing on a rock overhanging the Atlantic, at a little distance north from Ballyshannon. Of the extent and pretensions of this remarkable scholastic residence, an idea may be formed from the subjoined representation of its ruins as seen from the south."

In noticing this exceedingly interesting ruin, Mr. Petrie, to whom in a great measure the Irish people are indebted for the revival of the taste for historical learning and antiquities in this country, expresses himself, with equal truth and feeling, in these words:—

"From the singularity of its situation, seated on a lofty, precipitous, and nearly insulated cliff, exposed to the storms and billows of the western ocean, the reader will naturally conclude, that this now sadly dilapidated and time-worn ruin must have owed its origin to some rude and daring chief of old, whose occupation was war and rapine, and whose thoughts were as wild and turbulent as the waves that washed his sea-girt eagle dwelling; and such, in their ignorance of its unpublished history, has been the conclusion formed by modern topographers, who tell us that it is supposed to have been the habitation of freebooters. But it was not so. This lonely, insulated fortress was erected as an abode for peaceful men—a safe and quiet retreat, in troubled times, for the laborious investigators and preservers of the history, poetry, and antiquities of their country: this castle was the residence of the ollaves, bards, and



Castle of Kilbarron.

antiquaries of the people of Tirconnell, the illustrious family of the O'Clerys. . . . The lands annexed would at the present day produce a rental of little short of two thousand pounds a year. . . . Alas! it will be long till learning in the history and antiquities of our country be again thus nobly recompensed."

The O'Clerys, in common with their patrons, lost their castle and estates at the time of the plantation of Ulster; and their last and greatest professional work was executed in the temporary shelter of the monastery of Donegal, under the auspices of Fergal O'Gara, styled Lord of Coolavin, and at that time one of the members of the Irish Parliament for the county of Sligo, who became their protector on their final dispossession, in A.D. 1632.

There are many interesting drives along the bay, worthy of the attention of tourists to whom time is no great object. That to the Inver Bay and Saint John's Point, or on to Killybegs, is usually taken by those who proceed to the district of Ardara and the Rosses.

To the angler there are many attractions in the west of the county. The Ardara river, the Gweedore, and Gweebarra, are all fine salmon and trout rivers.

In a bog near Mount Charles, five miles from Donegal, a very singular discovery was made some years ago of a wooden block-house of framed oak; it was about six feet high by ten or twelve feet square; the planks were morticed into each other, and the interstices filled with grease and sand, as also the wooden floor. The door was hung



by means of wooden tennents playing in morticed sockets; the fireplace was outside, about six feet from the house, with which it was connected by a wooden way formed by two planks with uprights, and a door hung in the same manner as already described. Outside this door a quantity of wood ashes and pieces of charred timber were found, and within the house some few articles of the Celtic period, such as a few flint arrow-heads and stone celts, a piece of timber much hacked, a block of stone with a concave surface, and a round sea-stone for cracking nuts, the shells of which were found upon the floor. This curious relic was unfortunately broken up, and the more interesting portions of it taken away by Captain Mudge, then employed upon the Admiralty Survey in the neighbourhood.

Between Donegal and Ballyshannon, at the demesne of Brown Hall, there are very curious caverns and a subterraneous river, much frequented by strangers. The water contains a considerable portion of carbonate of lime, held in solution, which generates a petrifying quality, by which mosses and pieces of wood become so much encrusted as to afford very pretty specimens for the cabinets of the curious.

BALLYSHANNON

is pleasantly situated upon the Erne, which is here a noble river, and was formerly one of the best salmon fisheries in Ireland. Its commercial importance is not equal to its situation, in consequence of the obstruc-

tion of sand at the mouth of the river, which the late Colonel Connolly attempted to remove. He spent more than ten thousand pounds in this praiseworthy effort, but to no purpose, as the westerly storms choked up the mouth of the river again with a bar which only permits vessels of very light burden to enter.

The river is precipitated over a ledge of rocks about twenty feet in depth, forming a splendid fall, especially at low water. The accompanying view is taken from one of the projecting rocks which overhang the pool at the foot of the fall. The tide rises about half its height; and in the season of the salmon fishery it is an interesting sight to see the shoals of these beautiful fish gleaming beneath the clear water, like molten silver, closely packed together, and every now and then at high water springing into the air in their attempts to ascend the river. They are taken in great numbers with the seine net and in the cribs, and forwarded to the English and Dublin markets.

The fishery belongs to Mr. Connolly, and was formerly rented at £1500 a year by Messrs. Sheils, but at present it is let at a much smaller rent. The trade of the town is not considerable, but the markets are well supplied with the produce of the county.

Three miles up the Erne are the

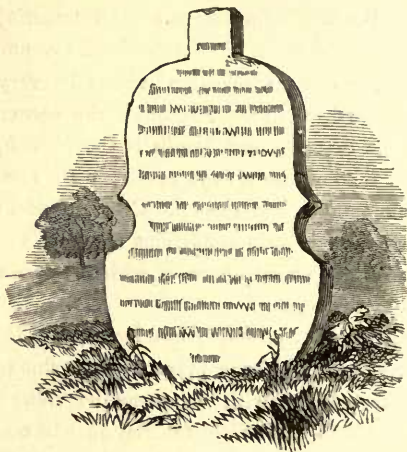
FALLS OF BELLEEK,

a long run of rapids, over which the river tumbles in headlong fury, and in time of high floods, with a deafen-

ing noise, the whole forming a most interesting sight. Upon a beautiful holm the late Colonel Connolly built his neat and elegant mansion, which he very appropriately named "Cliff." Although the owner of the magnificent demesne and house of Castletown, in the county of Kildare, he always preferred the smaller but more comfortable residence at Cliff. Rod-fishing is permitted upon certain conditions along this favourite line of river, in consequence of which it is much frequented by anglers.

The road to Pettigo and Lough Derg, along the northern shores of Lough Erne, presents some fine prospects of the lake scenery, with many smaller views of great beauty, of which that of Church Bay may be mentioned. From this place turf is exported to Enniskillen; and it is rarely that a number of the craft employed in the trade are not seen under large lug-sail drifting across the quiet waters on their voyage to the south. Just opposite is Castle Callwell, the ancient seat of the Callwells, now in possession of Major Bloomfield, who married one of the heiresses of the late Sir John Callwell. The house is situated upon a long and very narrow peninsula, which runs out into the lake, and is thickly planted with noble forest trees, which quite enshroud the ancient and gloomy mansion.

In visiting this curious peninsula we met with a very singular monument at its farthest extremity, called Ross Point, bearing the following humorous inscription upon a slab of stone shaped into the form of a violoncello:

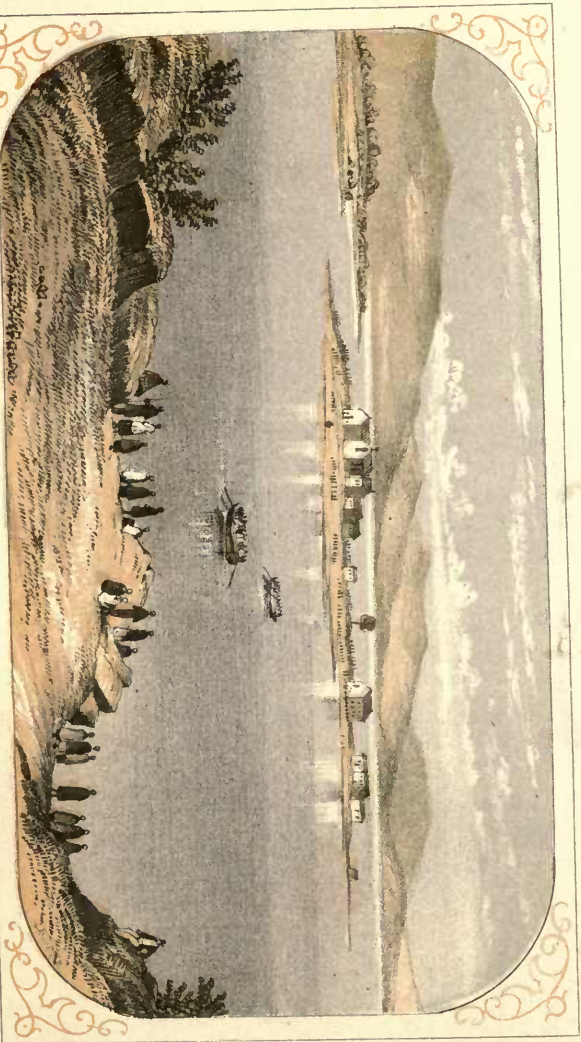


The Fiddler's Tomb.

To the Memory of
 Denis McCabe
 Fidler
 who fell out of the
 St Patrick Barge belong
 ing to Sr
 James Callwell Bart
 and Count of Milan &
 was drowned off this
 Point Aug 13 1770

Beware ye fiddlers of y^e Fiddlers fate
 Nor tempt y^e deep lest ye repent too late
 Ye ever have been deemed to water foes
 Then shun y^e deep till it with whiskey flows
 On firm land only exercise your skill
 There ye may play and safely drink your fill.





Printed by J. H. & Co. at the Old Station, St. James's Street, Dublin.

HOLY ISLAND.
Lough Derg.

Forster & Co. Printers, Dublin.

As the tourist advances along the northern shores of the Lough towards Pettigo, the lake scenery expands more and more into the noblest prospects imaginable. At one point of view an area of at least twenty miles long by seven wide discloses the full glories of this inimitable lake, studded with its innumerable isles, some richly wooded, others as green as emeralds set in its silvery expanse. In the far distance the eye is unable to distinguish more than the faint outline of its southern boundary towards Enniskillen. About one mile from Pettigo the ruins of Castle M'Grath form a striking foreground to this beautiful scene. Colonel Barton's demesne and residence of Waterfoot lies between the road and the lake, and is pleasantly situated.

We have at length, after a charming drive, reached the little town of Pettigo, chiefly remarkable as the last resting place of the pilgrims before they visit Lough Derg.

LOUGH DERG.

There is a strange propensity in man to visit scenes which derive their only attraction from their being associated with ancient superstitions. Lough Derg has been the resort of pilgrims for more than ten or twelve centuries. In Keating's Ireland he quotes the following passage from Cæsius, who, he says, lived five hundred years after Christ: "whoever doubts that there is such a place as purgatory, let him go to Scotia (the ancient name of Ireland), and there he may visit the purgatory of St.

Patrick;" and in O'Sullivan's "*Historia Catholica*," vol. i. lib. ii., there is an amusing account given of the pilgrimage made in the year 1328 by Ramon, Baron of Leita.

From the Annals of Ulster for the year 1497 we learn that the then Pope ordered it to be destroyed as "a filthy nest of superstition and evil deeds," and its "Dean transferred to the deanery of Lough Ern." It appears to have been soon restored, and to have arisen to as great a height of disorder as before, for in the year 1632 the Lords Justices ordered Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stuart to seize this island of purgatory in the King's name, and to "destroy the walls, works, vaults, and the place called St. Patrick's bed and the stone on which he knelt, &c.," charging the owner, James M'Grath, not to permit such practices again. At this time Sir William reported that he found there, an abbot and forty friars, and an average attendance of four hundred and fifty pilgrims, who each paid eight-pence admission. This prohibition was withdrawn by James II., when it again rose into such a state of licentiousness that the then Prior ordered the cave or bed of St. Patrick to be destroyed, as therein not only were many lives lost, in consequence of the eagerness of the devotees to go through their mortifications, but on account of the many irregularities which followed such scenes. Upon the site of this cave he caused St. Patrick's chapel to be erected; which not only prevented the sacrifice of life, but greatly increased the Prior's dues by the increased accommodation which it afforded.

One would suppose that at a shrine so ancient some venerable remains of the superstitions of our forefathers would be found—but there are none—everything is commonplace. The Holy or Station Island is literally covered with buildings: thatched huts, slated houses, chapels, cold, stiff, whitewashed buildings, looking as if only erected a few years ago—not one object to lead the thoughts back to the olden times.

Lough Derg is four miles from Pettigo; for the first three miles there is a good high road, which runs for a considerable distance alongside a considerable stream, called the Tarmon Water; the last mile is through a wild mountain moor to the left. It will be necessary to take a guide and a pony from Pettigo, both of which can always be obtained at the little hotel. Part of this path runs along the steep acclivities of the rocky hills that rise from the moor, and in some instances it is no small trial to the nerves to keep your seat; but it is best to allow the pony to take its own way, and to resign yourself to your fate—the smallest interference on your part might precipitate the horse and his rider into the morass below.

A more wild and desolate scene cannot be imagined than that which presents itself upon gaining the high grounds near the lake. The expanse of water, although more than ten miles in circumference, has nothing pleasing in it—embosomed in a waste of red swampy bogs, its shores are not enlivened by cultivation or beautified by the presence of a single tree. Its peat-stained, slug-

gish waters are broken here and there by a few unsightly islands, upon which nothing grows above the rank of the stunted juniper. At the far side, long ranges of low, uninteresting mountains, with the same brown swampy covering, dip down upon its shores, without grandeur; it looks a very Stygian waste—a dull and melancholy wilderness.

Such is the scene to which “the weary and heavy laden” have come for ages to find rest for their souls, and such the place to which superstition leads her votaries from the broad daylight of the busy world, and the haunts of civilized man.

It is still frequented by large numbers. Upon this subject the following edifying account was given me by a rustic whose office it was to visit the island twice a week with meat for the prior and his priests. Upon inquiring if many pilgrims visited the island now-a-days, he said, “Why yes, your honour, it never was so well attended before; twice as many go there now as there used when I was a boy.” I asked, “How do you account for this?” He said, “Why, sir, it’s hard to say, but I think this thing of the *collery* [cholera] has put an astonishment into people’s minds, and put more religion into their hearts than ever they had, and this brings them from all parts to make their sowls, that’s what I think.”

The following notes were made, verbatim, from the mouth of the boatman C—— M——, who rowed me to the island along with my guide M^c——; and as his account was accompanied with many edifying hints, his

sincere belief in all he stated was very apparent. The truthfulness of his statements has since been verified by many testimonies.

Upon our landing he pointed out the prior's temporary residence, being the first house on the left in the view, near to which are those occupied by his coadjutors. The first chapel near the landing is the "confessional:" here it is that the pilgrims confess their sins, and have the amount of their penances fixed by the priest. Between this and the second chapel, or the "*purgatory*," there are seven stations—circles about twelve feet in diameter—enclosed by low walls about eighteen inches high, in which there is generally a headstone extracted from some churchyard, in order to give greater solemnity to the place, and around each circle there is a narrow gravelled walk which the pilgrims have to traverse upon their bare knees. In most instances the ground is rocky and uneven, and the rough and projecting points render the operation still more painful. Each pilgrim has to go round each station as many times as may be fixed by the prior, some more, some less; and when the whole seven stations have been made, they are then admissible to the sacred cross station, which is marked by the fluted shaft of what had been a very beautiful cross, but which has been broken by sacrilegious hands.

At this station the votaries have to repeat all the prayers said at the seven stations, after which they are "prepared" for purgatory. The Purgatory chapel is capable of holding seven hundred persons tightly

packed; into this they are permitted to go at sunrise, and to remain there until sunrise the next day, without food, drink, or sleep, and during the whole time they are never for a moment to cease repeating their prayers. Should they unluckily fall asleep, they must go through the purgatory again; to avoid this there are persons who undertake for a small gratuity to keep them awake; these are furnished with long wands to be used upon the pates of the unlucky sleepers to keep them up to their prayers, and many a good hard knock is dealt out before the votary is placed beyond danger. It is no sinecure; for in consequence of the state of exhaustion, and the heat of the place, and the buzz of so many voices murmuring their prayers, sleep is most likely to be induced. When the twenty-four hours' imprisonment is over, it would be difficult to recognise many of those who entered in. Their pale and emaciated looks as they emerge into daylight, covered with dust and perspiration, render them not inapt representatives of spectres gliding from the shadows of death. Wearied with such details, I said, "Well, C——, what next; is all over now?" "Why yes, your honour, except the wine." "The wine! what do you mean?" "I mean *wine*, your honour; sure the poor creathurs get the wine to drink afther they come out of purgatory." "Well," said I, "that is very kind; who gives it to them?" "The Prior; they get a pint for a halfpenny, your honour." "Indeed! that is liberal; but where can they get so much wine as to supply such multitudes?" "Oh, sir, there's no stint; sure this

is the greatest miracle of all, sir; it is the water of the lake that they get blessed and heated; come here, and I'll show you how it is made." Upon walking a few paces forward, he pointed out a large boiler, adding, "You needn't laugh, sir, for I've seen men who could scarcely stand upright, after they had taken the 'wine' grow quite strong and hearty; although some of them had not taken more than three meals in nine days, all at once they grew as strong as if they had taken their meat constant."

I make no comments. They are taught to believe that the stimulating effect of warm water upon their empty stomachs is miraculous. Their penances being over, their friends meet them in the boats with refreshments and spirits, and too frequently a heavy score of sins is run up before the pilgrims have lost sight of the Lough.

While making a sketch from the Friars' Island a heavy shower came on, after which I partook of some refreshment, and pitying the boatman and guide who had got such a wetting on my account, I made three parts of the contents of my flask of black currant cordial. As we rowed back to the mainland, C—— questioned me as to where it was to be bought, and upon being informed that it came from Dublin, he said, "I was thinking so much, for the likes of it is not in these parts." After a long and thoughtful pause he said, "I wouldn't say, sir, but it would be good for a man's salvation!" "Well, C——, except to save him from taking cold, I

fear it would have no other efficacy." "I don't know, sir, but sure what's so good for the body must do some good to the poor soul!"

Wending my way back by the boggy and rocky paths through the mountains to the high road, I arrived late in the evening at Pettigo, with humbled feelings, almost regretting that I was so unfortunate as to verify so much that I had previously heard of the superstitions practised at this place.

The Lake is upon the estate of Mr. Leslie, of Glasslough, county of Monaghan, who derives £200 per year for the right of ferry. It has proved a profitable speculation to those who have farmed it. The usual rate of charge is sixpence each, and it is calculated that from ten to twelve thousand visit the island in the course of the season; these pay dues to the amount of a shilling to two shillings and sixpence a head.

The description given by Bishop Jones, in 1647, will apply in many respects to the place at present. He notices the little cross of St. Patrick, part broken, part standing, just as it is now. In his time there were *six* saints' beds, or beds of penance—(there are seven). "Pilgrims are continually praying or kneeling at those beds, and they are compassed around with sharp stones, and difficult passages for the accommodation of the barefooted." He also notices the stones, "which are the memorials of some that are elsewhere buried;" also the "thatched cabins, and place for shriv-

ing or confession; the same period of “nine days for pilgrims to remain on the island,” as now; quoting Roth, he also notices the virtue of the water of the lake for drinking, &c.

Thus in the nineteenth century, the superstitions of Lough Derg, which have so often been condemned by Popes and dignitaries, and suppressed by Governments, and generally discouraged by the regular clergy, still continue to attract thousands of annual votaries. When will the faithful minister of Christ stand upon those desolate shores and speak to the weary-hearted pilgrims the true words of comfort:—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, *and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.*”



CHAPTER XX.

LOUGH ERNE.

Lough Erne—Route to Enniskillen—Boa Island—Castle Archdall—Rockfield—Rosfad—Devenish—Round Tower—Abbey—Enniskillen—The Upper Lake—Belleisle—Erne Navigation—Improvement of Lough Erne—Crom Castle—Castle Saunderson.

ALTHOUGH so truly beautiful, and by far the most extensive chain of lake scenery in Ireland, Lough Erne is yet comparatively little known, and certainly not appreciated in proportion to its merits. It may be said to occupy the heart of the province of Ulster, and extends, under various names, from Killeshandra, in Cavan, to the town of Belleek, a distance of more than fifty-four miles. It assumes a great variety of shapes, sometimes forming a labyrinth of waters intertwining in a most extraordinary manner amidst innumerable islands, like a network of rivers; again suddenly expanding, forming many noble sheets of water, appearing as if they were distinct Loughs: at length it gains its greatest expansion in the lower Lake, where it is at least nine miles broad by fourteen long. Its most beautiful features are the richly planted islands which cluster throughout the entire of the upper Lake, and are thickly scattered through the most picturesque parts of the lower, the most pleasing of which are those

in the vicinity of Ely Lodge, the charming summer residence of the Marquess of Ely, and those within the range of Castle Archdall. Its great defect is the absence of mountains, which strips it of the sublime aspects which constitute the chief attraction of Killarney; the Churchhill Mountains, however, exhibit some bold and interesting features as seen from the opposite side on the northern shores; but what it wants of the sublime is abundantly compensated by the beautiful.

Supposing the tourist to be at Pettigo, the route to Enniskillen will give him some of the finest points of view upon the whole lake. Within two miles of it, is Clonelly, the residence of Mr. Barton; about four miles further on you pass through the village of Kesh, between which and Belleek the Lower Lake attains its greatest expansion. Boa Island, containing about 1300 acres of rich grazing land, is also visible from this point, and upon fine clear days the distant woods of Castle Callwell and the steep escarpments of Shean Mountain and Pol a Phuca, have a charming effect.

After leaving Kesh the Lake is lost sight of until you approach Castle Archdall, the splendid seat of Colonel Mervyn Archdall, which is especially worthy of a visit, and has always been regarded as the finest point of view upon Lough Erne. The mansion-house is a very fine building, and is beautifully situated upon the shores of a deep bay, which is studded with the most lovely islands; some of which are laid out in pleasure grounds, and form a matchless foreground to the widely expanded

scene, which here may be said to comprehend the entire basin of the Lower Lake in its most favourable aspect, having the advantage of the Churchhill Mountains for a background. It would be difficult to select any scene in Ireland of greater beauty.

Passing Rockfield, the seat of Major Irwin, the Lake is observed to contract very considerably, being not more than two miles wide, but from this to Enniskillen a succession of planted islands, and the dense masses of woodland on the western shore, increase the beauty of the scene.

From the demesne of Rosfad the view is hardly inferior to that of Castle Archdall; indeed it is an undecided point which is the more beautiful. The eye wanders through a maze of islands and over the great expansion of the Lough to the north, until the far-off shores fade away to the faintest outline on the distant horizon.

The view we have given is taken from the heights of St. Angelo, from a point of the main road on the left. As we approach Enniskillen the island of Devenish, with its Round Tower in pure preservation, and its renowned Abbey, cannot fail to attract attention, and will certainly be entitled to a visit.

The church and monastery are greatly dilapidated. The ruins of Devenish are thus described in the Parochial Survey:—"The lower church, dedicated to St. Molash, is 76 long by 21 broad, near to which is St. Molash's house, originally roofed with cut stone. The Round Tower is 82 feet high by 49 in circumference, and is also

built of cut stone, finished with a conical top, supposed to have been built in the sixth century. On the summit of



Round Tower of Devenish.

the island is the abbey, dedicated to St. Mary, in the centre of which is the belfry arch, built of black marble,

supported by four Gothic pillars, with a grand winding stairs of eighty-three steps. St. Molash's bed is a little to the north of his house. It is a stone trough, like a coffin, 6 feet long by 15 inches wide, in which people lie down to say some prayers, in hope to obtain relief from pains. The following inscription is inside the Abbey on a slab:—
'Mathæus O Duhagan hoc opus fecit—Bartholomew O Flanigan Priore de Danynis A.D. 1449.'"

In Mr. Petrie's elaborate work upon the Round Towers, published by Hodges and Smith, the Tower of Devenish is selected for illustration as the most perfect example in the kingdom.

One unique feature of great interest requires to be noticed. A beautifully sculptured band encircles the Tower just beneath the cornice, of which exquisitely finished drawings by Dr. Petrie are faithfully copied in the annexed woodcuts.

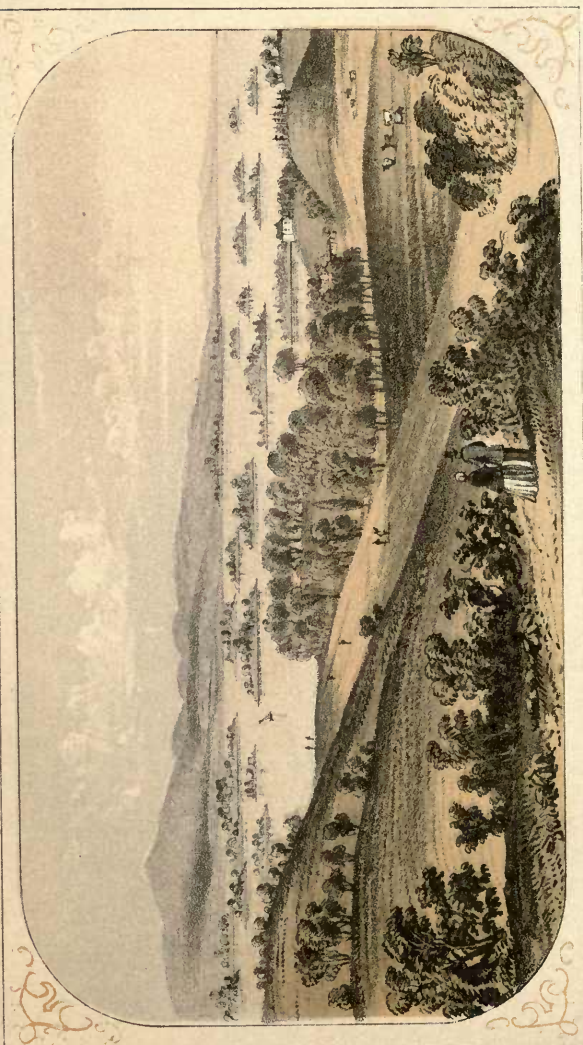
"In their masonic construction the Round Towers present a considerable variety : but the generality of them are built in that kind of careful masonry called spawled rubble, in which small stones, shaped by the hammer, in default of suitable stones at hand, are placed in every interstice of the larger stones, so that very little mortar appears to be intermixed in the body of the wall; and thus the outside of spawled masonry, especially, presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone, supplementary splinters being carefully inserted in the stone of the undried wall."—*Dr. Petrie.*

North*East**South**West*

ENNISKILLEN,

the chief town of Fermanagh, is built upon an island, and connected with the mainland by bridges. It is rising rapidly into importance. Two railways are in progress towards it, so as to connect it with Derry, Dundalk, Belfast, and Dublin, thus constituting it an *entrepôt* for the produce of the counties lying west of the Lake. Already has a considerable revival of its trade taken place. The markets are well attended and abundantly supplied, and the value of agricultural produce greatly increased. The butter market is held upon Monday and Tuesday, and is one of the best in the kingdom. The quantity sold averages from £2000 to £2500 weekly. There are three branch banks, those of the Bank of Ireland, the Ulster, and Belfast Bank; and four principal hotels,—the Imperial, the White Hart, M'Bride's, and Enniskillen Arms. The charges are moderate, and the accommodation tolerably good. There are two market-houses, with good storage and yards. It is a military station of much importance, and the headquarters of the district. The infantry barrack is capable of accommodating a whole regiment. There is also a small artillery barrack, and a fort at either end of the town capable of being greatly strengthened, so as to command this important pass in case of necessity. The town is not of ancient date, having been built about the year 1610. In 1689 it was rendered memorable by its gallant defence against the army of James II. Although a highly





Forster & Co. Lith. Dublin

LOUGH ERNE

respectable town, it possesses no objects of peculiar interest. To the tourist it forms a most convenient centre from which to make excursions to the Upper and Lower Lakes, and to the adjacent scenery. The Earl of Erne has a beautiful lake steamer, fitted up in the most elegant style, in addition to which there are two tug steamers for the purpose of towing canal boats that ply between Enniskillen and Belfast, and Newry, by means of the Ulster Canal.

THE UPPER LAKE

is much smaller than the Lower, but not less beautiful, and a sail through its islands, which amount to nearly one hundred, will not fail to leave a most agreeable impression on the mind. Of these islands Innishmore is the most considerable, where a new bridge has recently been built, and its channel deepened, thus affording a ready access from the eastern side to the western, and greatly improving the navigation.

Belleisle, once the beautiful residence of the Earls of Rosse, but now wholly forsaken, is capable of being made a most charming demesne. It is about four miles from Enniskillen. From this to Belturbet the Upper Lake may be said to extend a distance of about fifteen miles. Crom Castle and Demesne will form the principal attraction in this direction. The ruins of the old Castle of Crom, which withstood for several days the army of King James in 1689, are worthy of a visit. Here, also, is a noble yew tree, which is a great curiosity, said to be the largest

in the kingdom. Further south, on the borders of Cavan, is the demesne of Castle Saunderson, beautifully situated on a considerable elevation over the Lake.

Nearly opposite to Castle Saunderson the Ulster Canal enters Lough Erne to the north of Wattle Bridge, connecting it with Lough Neagh, and opening the water-carriage to Belfast and Newry. This great line of inland navigation was completed in 1844, and has had the effect of greatly stimulating the trade upon Lough Erne, by opening such an important outlet to the produce of the rich and populous country around its shores. The advantages realized are not, however, as great as might have been expected. This is owing to the imperfect state of the Erne Navigation, in consequence of the numerous shoals and impediments which interfere with the traffic, especially in the summer months.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF LOUGH ERNE

has long been a favourite speculation with the numerous proprietary around its shores, and with mercantile men connected with its local trade; but unfortunately, after years of planning and consultation, nothing worthy of the name of improvement has been effected; and unless the Government, or a company of enterprising strangers, like those who have deserved so well of this country by the construction of the Derry and Enniskillen Railway, take up the subject upon public grounds, it is scarcely to be hoped that it will be effected by native enterprise, although stimulated by self-interest. We

are persuaded that such an effort cannot be far distant. Enniskillen is likely to become too important a commercial centre to permit the vast advantages afforded by such an inland sea to remain much longer undeveloped. The importance of this subject is fully discussed in a very ably written pamphlet by Mr. R. Gray, C. E., the County Engineer of Fermanagh,—a work which we hope will find its way into channels where its valuable information will be duly appreciated.

It is much to be regretted that the efforts hitherto made to obtain trustworthy reports upon the nature of the difficulties that exist, and the means of their removal, have not been followed by proportionate results. In 1840, Mr. Rhodes, C. E., was engaged, upon the recommendation of the Board of Works, to make a survey and report upon the drainage of the flooded lands, and the improvement of the navigation. He contemplated the erection of a great regulating weir at the Falls of Belleek, 1100 feet in length, the removal of artificial obstructions, and the cutting of canals, 200 feet wide by 7 feet deep through the shoals; by these works he hoped to render the navigation practicable at all seasons for craft suitable for the trade, and to relieve the flooded lands by keeping the lake nearly at its summer level; his estimate for the necessary works was £29,797.

The surface of the country exposed to inundation around the Lake has been ascertained to exceed 17,000 acres, of which 14,000 are in Fermanagh. “To relieve so large a district from prolonged immersion must be

admitted to be an object of great importance," both in an agricultural and sanitary point of view. In effecting it in a proper manner, another most important result may be attained,—that of rendering water-power available to an extent almost incredible.

According to the Commissioners' Report, Lough Erne forms the reservoir of a district of 1500 square miles, nearly one million of acres. Mr. Forsyth ascertained that the average *summer* discharge at the Falls of Belleek exceeded 100,000 cubic feet per minute, which he estimates at 20,000 horse-power on a fall of 114 feet in continuous action as far as Ballyshannon; Mr. Gray estimates that there is thus running to waste 100,000 horse-power, equal at the lowest estimation to £100,000 per annum, lost to those who possess the right of ownership. Surely matters put forward upon such authority are well worth the serious attention of capitalists, if those chiefly concerned choose to remain indifferent.

No efforts have yet been made to carry out these plans. In 1847 the Board of Public Works took up the matter, and directed their able assistant, Mr. Forsyth, to make a survey and report, which he did with great ability, after a most careful and comprehensive consideration of the details of the very difficult subject he had to deal with. His estimate exceeded £100,000; which, it is thought, is much nearer to the mark than that of Mr. Rhodes. This plan was in some measure repudiated by the Commissioners of the Board, who proposed to modify it to such an extent as to incur the disapproba-

tion of the parties chiefly concerned; in consequence of which, the matter has fallen to the ground.

Mr. Gray's plan is limited to the improvement of the navigation only; that being, as he conceives, the primary object to be attained; his estimate is under £10,000. The weir at Belleek, and some other desirable but secondary matters, are dispensed with. Taking into account his professional standing and his long experience in the county, and his thorough knowledge of the previous plans, we think his proposal merits a fair trial, especially as his estimate does not exceed the very moderate sum already named.



CHAPTER XX.

THE DERRY AND ENNISKILLEN LINE.

The Foyle, the Mourne, and the Sproule—Strabane—Lifford—Newtownstewart—Baron's Court—Omagh—Advantages of Railway Communication—Further Extensions—General View of the Railway System of the North—Commercial Progress of Ulster.

THE beauty of scenery witnessed through the length of this line cannot but attract admiration. The river Foyle, with its lough-like appearance, is succeeded by the Mourne and Sproule; while the waters of the Finn and the Derg add not only to its volume, but to the general brilliancy of the prospect. The distant mountains, with the great variety and abundance of wood, perfect the richness and grandeur of the ever-changing view as the train passes through these several river valleys.

Running along the western side of the Foyle, along the confines of the rich and populous barony of Raphoe, it crosses to the east side near Strabane, and upon leaving that town it takes the general direction of the valley of the Mourne and the Sproule, to Omagh; thus opening up a direct communication between these fertile districts and the seaport and markets of Londonderry.

STRABANE,

which is sixteen miles from Derry, is a considerable town, having a population of 4896. As the great outlet of the export trade of Tyrone and the south-eastern parts of Donegal, its markets are well supplied with agricultural produce. The linen market is one of the best in the North of Ireland; and notwithstanding the irregular appearance of the town, and general want of neatness, it is very wealthy and respectable. The Marquess of Abercorn is the sole proprietor; and although a large portion of it is let at will, and consequently in his power, it is not much indebted to his public spirit, there being scarcely any evidence to a stranger of its being the property of one of the richest of our aristocracy.

LIFFORD.

The county town of Donegal is little more than a suburb of Strabane, containing only a few houses and insignificant shops, the greater portion of it consisting of the Gaol and Court-house, and other county buildings. The district of Urney, inclosed between the Finn and Mourne, is one of the richest and best cultivated districts in Tyrone. Its pretty villas and demesnes, and thriving homesteads, make a very pleasing impression upon the tourist.

There are many eligible sites for factories between Strabane and Newtownstewart: should these be occupied, it is the intention of the Company to run sidings

to the mills, to convey the goods for transmission by rail. Between the latter town and Omagh there are still better sites, some of which have been recently occupied to great advantage; so that, with the convenience of a railway within a few yards of the river, we may expect that the whole valley will soon become a scene of manufacturing industry.

NEWTOWNSTEWART

is a small village, half way between Omagh and Strabane: the situation is fine, and it was once a military station of great importance, as commanding the pass through these valleys to Strabane and Derry. It was anciently called Lisslass, but changed its name on becoming the property of Sir William Stewart, by a grant from Charles I. The ruins of the ancient Castle, near the bridge, form the most attractive object to a visitor. It is said that James II. slept here on his way to Derry.

Baron's Court, the seat of the Abercorn family, is situate in the centre of a deep and narrow valley extending more than two miles in length. Three very beautiful Loughs fill the greater part of the space between the slopes, and are called after the names of three of the daughters of the late Lord Abercorn,—Lough Mary, Lough Fanny, and Lough Catharine. The whole vale is densely wooded, and has quite a park-like effect. The house has been greatly enlarged and improved by the noble proprietor, who resides here a

great part of every year, devoting much attention to the comforts and encouragement of the tenantry of his vast estates. Upon public occasions, when his Lordship takes part in any county demonstration, it is not unusual for him to ride out at the head of not less than a thousand of his tenantry, all of whom are well mounted, and of a highly respectable appearance: no slight evidence of the value of their interests under his Lordship. The demesne, flanked by the mountains Bessy Bell and Mary Grey, has an aristocratic air, unparalleled in the North of Ireland.

Near Omagh, the once magnificent demesne of Mountjoy Forest, the seat of the Blessington family, affords nothing worthy of the attention of the tourist, being quite broken up, and sold to different proprietors.

OMAGH,

the county town of Tyrone, is far inferior to Strabane, and differs nothing in appearance from the most ordinary class of country towns.

It is built upon the sides of rather a steep slope, and is situate in the centre of a very extensive and highly improved district, in the midst of a confluence of river valleys, formed by the Drumragh, Comowen, and Fairy-water rivers, all of which swell the Sproule into the goodly-sized river already described.

The benefits conferred by the railway are already being experienced by the farmers in the vicinity. Instead of making sales to corn-factors and commission

agents, who generally took care of their own profits, the merchants run down by the early trains on market days, and buy directly from the producers ; and thus much higher prices are realized than formerly. One of the most important improvements in the town, or indeed upon the line, is the splendid market or great Corn Exchange built by the Railway Company. Its ample accommodation and great convenience are the theme of general commendation. The merchants have each their own door and bin into which the corn can be started, and delivered into the railway truck beneath the store, for immediate transmission to Derry. Such attention to the interests of the public is worthy of imitation. The remainder of the line, by Fintona to Enniskillen, is expected to be open in the early part of the present summer : when this is completed, the splendid scenery of Lough Erne, already described, will be within two hours of Londonderry.

Nor is it intended to stop here. The active promoters of the line to Enniskillen, chiefly English capitalists, have directed their energies towards an extension of their line from Enniskillen to Sligo, for which they have just obtained their Bill, so that its execution may be safely calculated upon within a very limited period. This line will throw open the delightful scenery of Lough Macnean, and the romantic glens of Leitrim, and will enter Sligo by the justly admired vale of Glencar, under the majestic bluffs of the Benbulbin Mountains.

It is also contemplated to run a short line to the head

of Lough Allen, and thereby open a communication with the Shannon.

There is little doubt of this being accomplished, for the principal proprietors along the line are most anxious to unite their efforts with those of the company. When we take all these things into account, we may fairly say that this line, when perfected, will be one of the most important, and certainly the most picturesque, lines of railway in Ireland. Derry will thus become a railway focus of great importance.

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF THE NORTH,

however late in coming into operation, will be the most perfect in the kingdom.

Let us take a rapid glance at it as is now being developed. The great northern trunk, which terminates in Belfast, is connected with the lines either made or contemplated in the county of Down. Belfast is united to the city of Armagh; and a further extension of that line to Clones is intended, so as to connect it with the Dundalk and Enniskillen, now in progress. Enniskillen will thus become a third great northern focus, with lines connecting it with Derry, Belfast, Dundalk, and Dublin. Again, the Belfast and Ballymena and Portrush line traverses the centre of the county of Antrim, which will be united with the Coleraine and Derry; thus completing the great railway circle of communication with all the principal towns, and the agricultural and manufacturing districts of the entire province.

It is also probable that a railway communication will be opened between Derry and Lough Swilly, the beauties of whose shores have been so long a theme of admiration.

If such communication be made, the rapid increase of trade from the county of Donegal may be fairly calculated upon: even now the Swilly affords to Derry the eggs and poultry sent from the port of Derry to Glasgow and Liverpool; a trade at the present time of no mean importance, not unfrequently providing eighty or ninety tons of eggs for each successive vessel.

To the tourist this little branch would afford a more ready access to the lovely scenery of the county of Donegal, as already described, which is scarcely to be equalled throughout Ireland.

It is not for us to say what may be the relative effects produced on other places by the improved value of the land in the vicinity of the above lines; but we know that already, before a tithe of the advantages can be realized by the new lines, the land-owners at Castle Derg and up the river Finn are seeking for railway communication with the existing line; and Letterkenny desires not to be left behind.

Vastly as the province of Ulster is already in advance of every other province, it requires but little penetration to foresee that, through the operation of causes now coming fairly into play, she bids fair speedily to arrive at a degree of prosperity not surpassed by the most favoured district in the kingdom at large.

To meet the requirements of such rapid and perfect intercommunication in a province so densely populated, Glasgow and Liverpool will not be slow in co-operating with the Derry and Belfast merchants, and thus a daily intercourse between these great commercial towns of the sister kingdom must soon be established.

Surely these considerations are well calculated to fill the men of Ulster with hope, and to quicken their enterprise in every department of commercial life.



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ON. VISCOUNT CRAIGAVON

the people of Ulster had in their determination the closest political relation with Britain, and when this was enacted at Westminster Members were not by descent. Guided by their leader, Sir Edward (now supported by such colleagues as James Craig (now Viscount Craigavon), Ronald MacNeill (now Lord MacNeill of Dunblain), and others, they followed the line of this measure. That fierce wars had raged through all the ages for the possession of territory, and the hatred of peoples, but history had never shown a case of deliberate conquest of a country by the expulsive, contented and peaceful people.

It was apparent that the British Government had definitely decided to make its bargain with Red Russia, and the issue was changed to Ulster. The north was in danger!

It ran through the length and breadth of Ulster and was re-enforced by the enrollment of 100,000 men following the example of their ancestors on a memorandum signed on the 28th of September. Their "Solemn League and

men and women of the severance of the north from the Kingdom.

This challenge to the independence and authority of Westminster was to expel Ulster from the Kingdom. The majority of the Kingdom was taken up by the British Government. The army stationed in the South was ordered to march North and occupy the Province; and then the mischief happened. The officers of the British Army refused to march against their fellow countrymen of Ulster, and threw up their commissions. Constable reigned at Westminster. The Army had revolted, councils were evaded. Against such forces, the Government was powerless.

But, in the midst of all this confusion, a cloud of more ominous portent loomed up on the horizon, overshadowing the obduracy of the Government.

On Aug. 4, 1914, that day of doom, when colossal war burst on a world, and the activities of the Ulster Volunteers (now the famous 36th Division) found a wider arena in the soil of Flanders. To the glory of the Ulstermen, His Majesty the King paid a special tribute.

Following the war, the British Government, under the premiership of Lloyd George, reopened the Irish question and passed a measure through Parliament known as "The Government of Ireland Act, 1920." This provided for the establishment of two separate states in Ireland with full relationship to the United Kingdom. These two states were officially known as Southern Ireland, comprising 26 counties, and Northern Ireland, six counties.

Unfriendly critics of the severance of the two states in Ireland complain, as occasion arises, that the area and population of Ulster are too small to be economically and financially sound. An examination, however, of the statistical matters relating to the industries, commerce and finance of the Province disproves such a contention.

Taking 1932 as the latest year in which official statistics are available, the external trade of Ulster and comparable states is as follows:

Province of Ulster.....	£89,000,000
Irish Free State.....	67,000,000
New Zealand	53,000,000
Norway	64,000,000
Austria	71,000,000
Portugal	24,000,000

Notwithstanding the restrictions on trade and other economic disorders in the world, the assessments for income tax purposes in Ulster increased between 1924 and 1932 by 17½ per cent, while in the latter year, the total annual income of the Province was calculated at £65,000,000.

The capital city of Belfast, with its 500,000 inhabitants, possesses one of the finest harbors in the Kingdom. In ease and facility of approach, it is unrivaled.

For the year of 1934, the clearance of tonnage from Belfast harbor is estimated to have amounted to approximately 4,000,000 tons. Its principal ship-building yard is the largest of its kind in the world and has constructed during its long career a greater volume of ocean liner tonnage than any other yard.

Ulster, always noted for the beauty and excellence of its linen, is the great-

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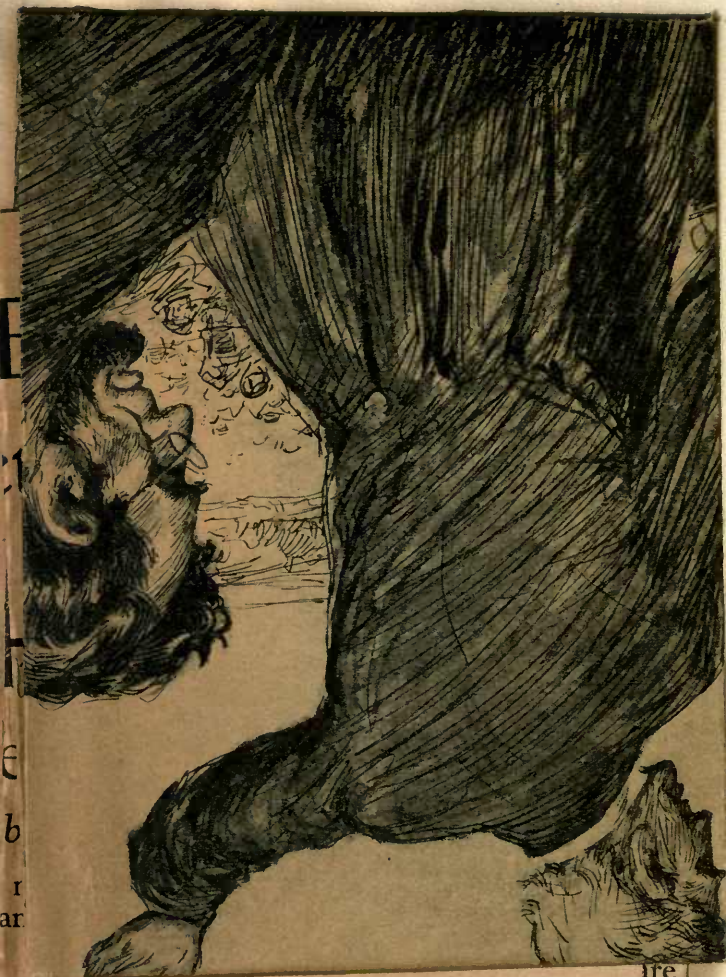
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.. Ulster .

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est center in the world for the manufacture of these goods. In addition to its output of linen and ships, other important industries in Northern Ireland which have a world market are engineering, rope, cord, twine, tobacco, etc.

In common with most other countries, agriculture is the most important industry of the Province. As part of a densely populated kindom, with Britain lying at its door, Ulster has practically an unlimited and free market for all its surplus farm produce. There are approximately 120,000 agricultural holdings in the Province, and, as a result of the beneficent policy of the Imperial Government, all the occupiers of the land are freeholders, subject to a small Government terminable annuity, and are also, by local enactment, relieved of all local rates upon their lands.

act regulating the licensing arrangements of the province in this connection, it may be of interest to mention that Ulster enjoys the distinction of being the "soberest" part of the British Isles. The consumption of alcoholic liquor per head of population is only one half that of England, Scotland or the Free State.

In the educational sphere, Belfast is the seat of a university which has more than 10,000 students, and there are in the province 72 state-aided high schools with 12,700 pupils. There is also one of the largest and most fully equipped technical schools in the British Isles, and there are 123 of these schools throughout the country. The total number of technical students enrolled exceeds 23,000. There are 1,100 elementary schools numbering 177,000 pupils. These are administered by parent elected committees, with

As regards its general financial and economic position, it may be remarked that, although in pre-war days Ireland, as a whole, depended on Britain to underwrite an annual deficit in its accounts of more than £2,000,000,

